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THE NEW YORKER

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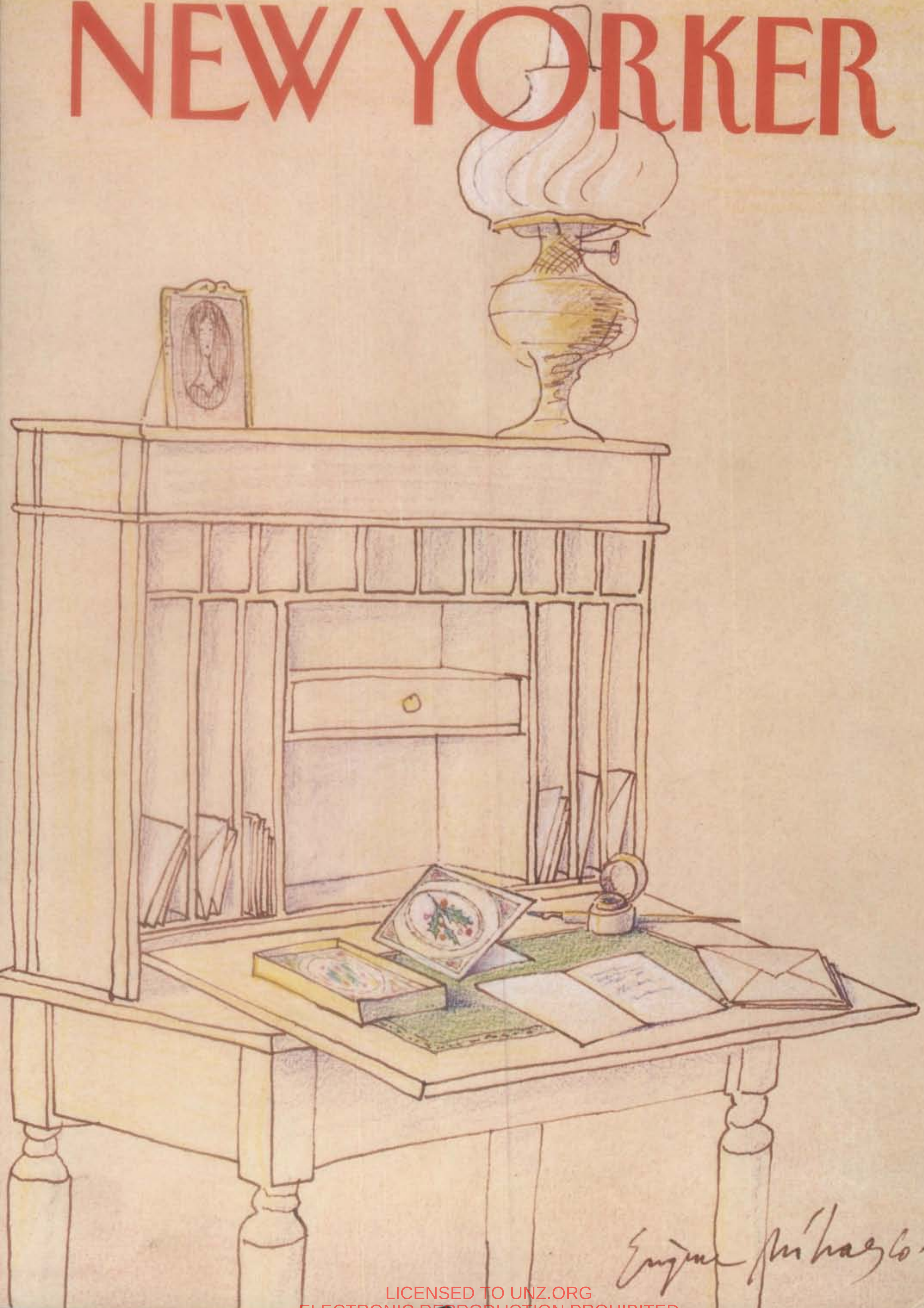

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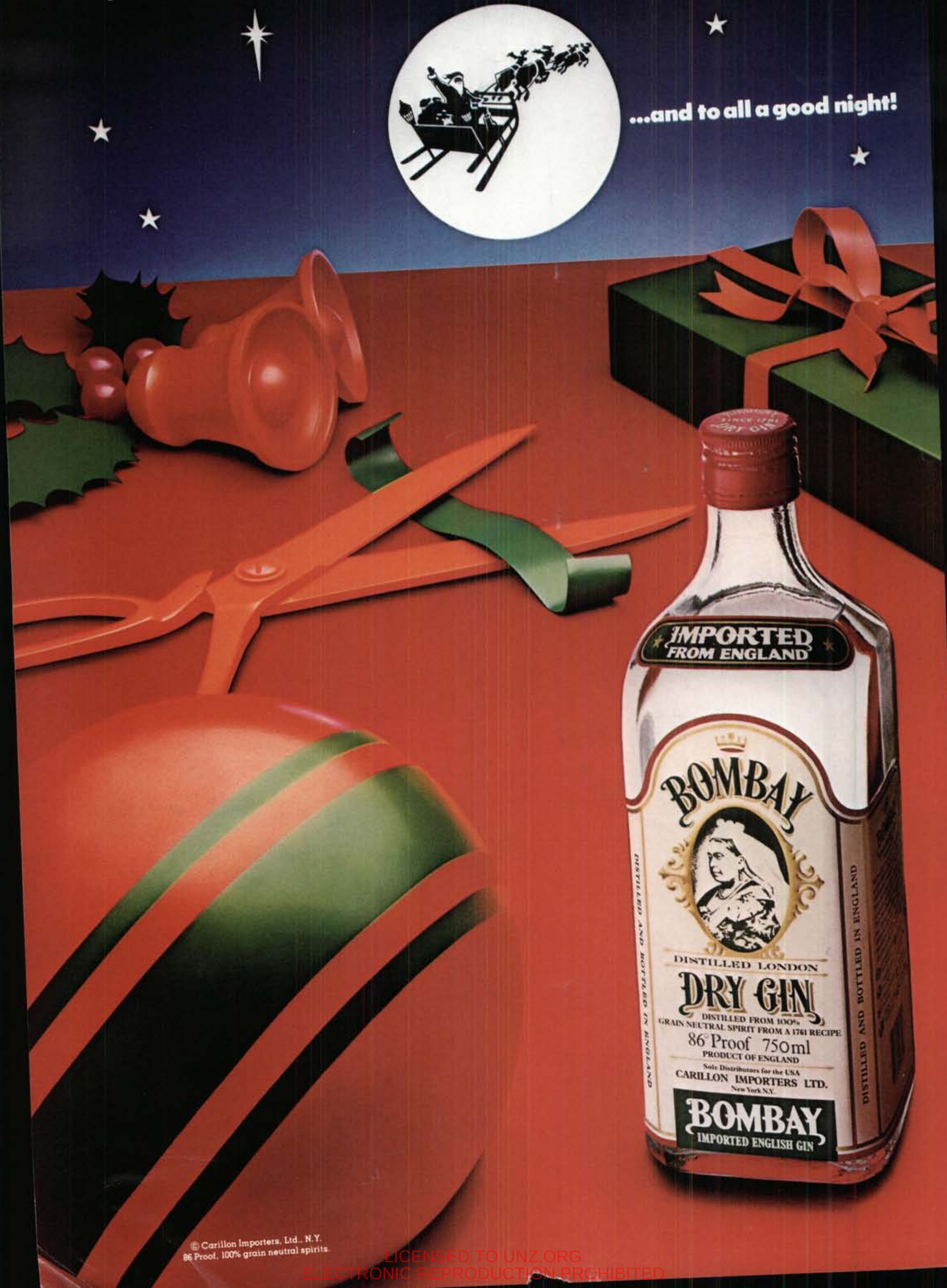
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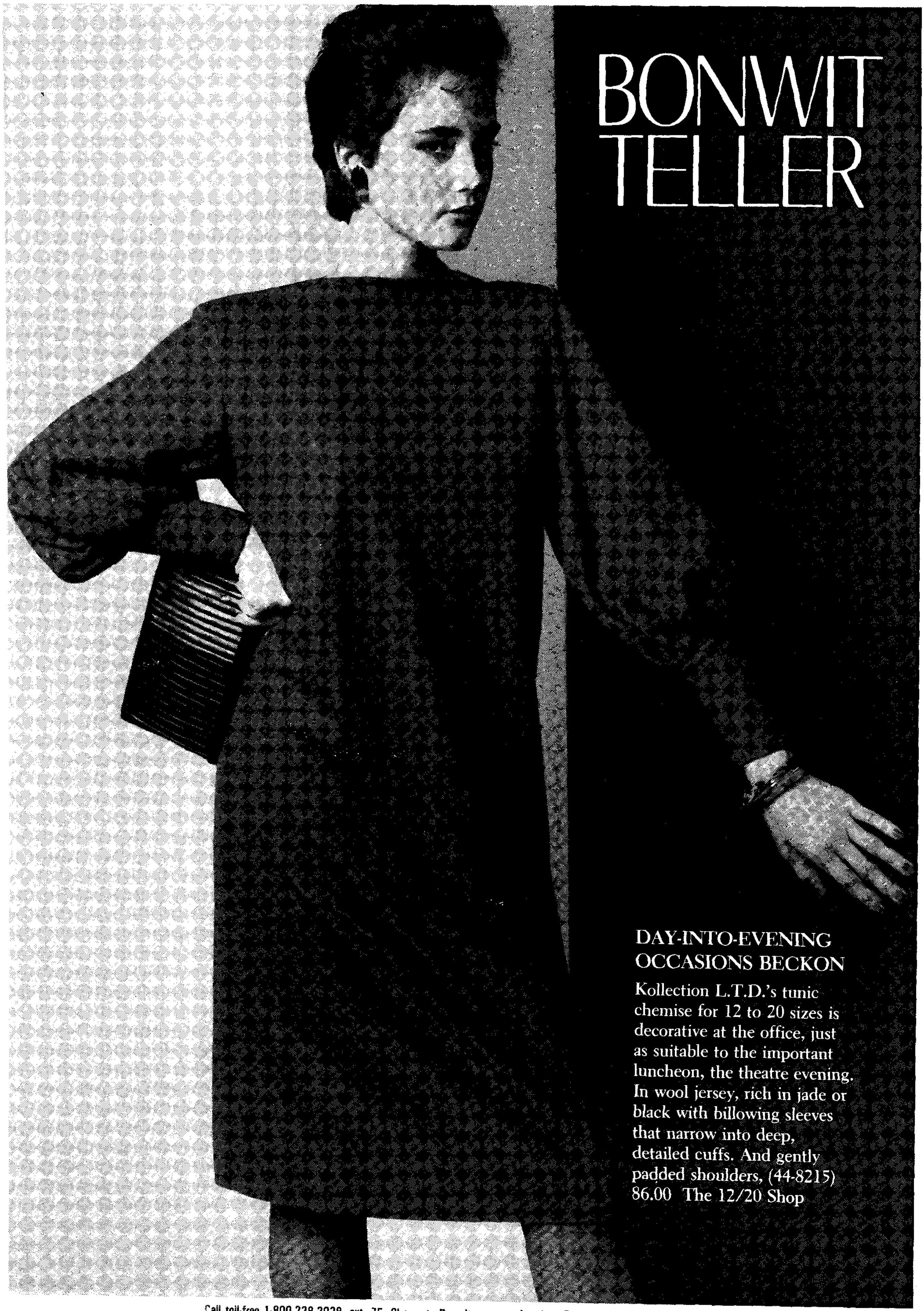

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Edmond—David Mamet's play about a New York businessman who leaves West Seventy-ninth Street for the Times Square underworld is as hypnotic as a nightmare, although once it is over, a few flaws become apparent. It is very well performed, under Gregory Mosher's direction, by a cast imported from the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. (11/8/82) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A dramatization by James Roose-Evans of the Helen Hanff work. Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher will star in this London import. Directed by Mr. Roose-Evans. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Frank D. Gilroy's **who'll save the plowboy?** will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Foxfire—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are superb as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—A first-rate play in a first-rate production by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The author is C. P. Taylor and his subject is the rise of Hitlerism as reflected in the lives of two close friends, one a German who is Christian and the other a German who is Jewish. Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn play the two friends superbly. The director is Howard Davies. Not to be missed. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Diane Venora in the title role. Directed by Joseph Papp. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7; opening-night curtain at 6.)

Herman van Veen: All of Him—A one-man m
sical show by this performer from Hollan
Preview Tuesday, Dec. 7. Opens officially
Wednesday, Dec. 8, and will run throug
Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Ambassador, 215
49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Satu
days at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:4
Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domest
play that all but stifles in its own gentilit
The late Wynyard Browne was the dramati
Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/8
(Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 24
7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at
Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Su
days at 2.)

It's Only a Play—A comedy by Terren
McNally. (Actors and Directors Theatre, 4
W. 42nd St. 239-0827. Thursdays a
Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 1
Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, D
12.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Gilbert and S
livan's **h.m.s. pinafore** will play through Su
day, Dec. 5. Wednesday through Saturday
8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturd
and Sunday at 4. . . . ¶ Victor Herbert's **ba
in toyland** will follow, opening Wednesd
Dec. 8, and running through Thursday, D
30. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, a
Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays
2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. (Eastsi
334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger C
man's 1960 horror quickie about a man-e
ing plant, this exuberant, jokey musical
untainted by camp. The spirited, tune
rock score is by Alan Menken, and How
Ashman wrote the witty book and witty
ics; the singing and comic acting by the
tire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman,
inventive director. Martin P. Robinson

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chair
George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Yo
advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wil
Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. L
No. 42, December 6, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Departm
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In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

signed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Portrait of Jennie—A musical version of the Robert Nathan novel. The book is by Enid Futterman and Dennis Rosa, the music by Howard Marren, and the lyrics by Miss Futterman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Showgirl—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesdays at 8, Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Some Men Need Help—A play by John Ford Noonan, with Philip Bosco and Treat Williams. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 757-5458. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Twice Around the Park—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach make a couple of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal bearable if not always risible by dint of artful acting and much energy. The title doesn't mean a thing. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Welcome to the Moon—A play by John Patrick Shanley. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 5.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,400 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Andy Gibl heads the cast of a musical derived from th Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webbe composed the score and Tim Rice wrote th lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-620C Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sunday Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday Dec. 5, at 6:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collectio of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 24 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays throug Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute t the good old days of black vaudeville, in goo old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the cleve inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance play trumpet in the accompanying jazz banc (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-727(Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner a tached, somewhere in the South. Most of th appealing songs were written by Jim Wan or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princes Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, e: cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATI EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is scathing satire on Catholic education: a craz nun verbally molests her small pupils unt she is given her comeuppance by four visitir alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor Nightmare," a businessman dreams that l is on a stage and forced to perform, givir rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respec ed playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43 St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLA** The Negro Ensemble Company production Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an i vestigation into the shooting of a black se geant at an Army camp in Louisiana 1944. The performances by all members the company are excellent, under Dougl Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 4 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays throu Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sunda at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sunda at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunni potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affor ing us again and again a welcome shock recognition. The cast, headed by Mauri Hines, sings and dances with extraordina energy; few musicals have ever moved swiftly from a confident start to a no less co fident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46 St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILO** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentiment and witty—by and starring Harvey Fi stein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler a drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitut for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée perf mances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch hea the cast of this musical-comedy version of t old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever sor are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47 St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

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Suzanne

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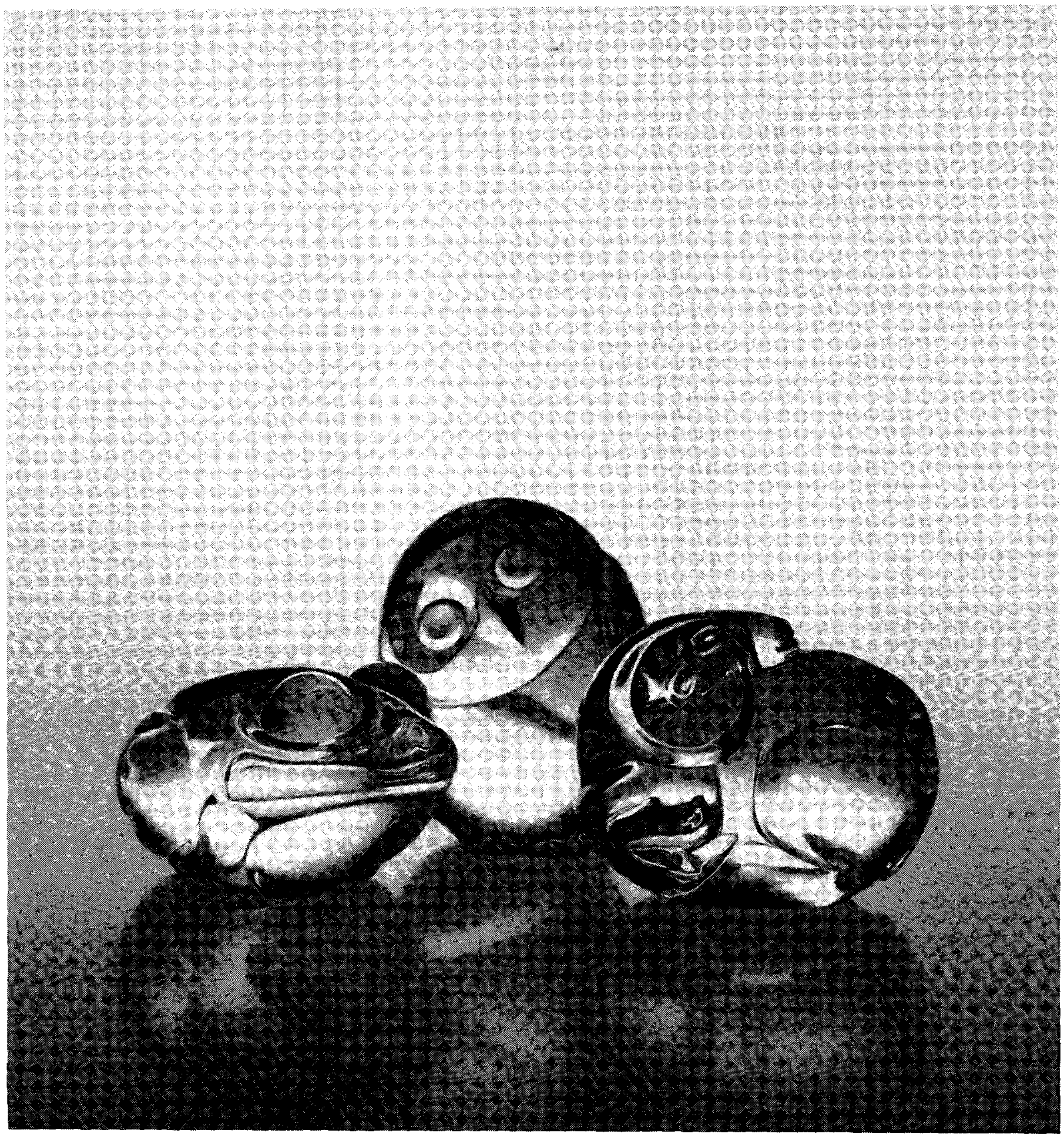
MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Sl bert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the so parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pa son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-74(Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Frida and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Su days at 9.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A liv little revue with a young cast of six, wh ranks may or may not include a future Ch Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 4 St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wedn days through Saturdays at 8 and 10: Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lipizzaner Horses—Twenty-six white stalli from the Spanish Riding School of Vier



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1-2, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 5, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 6.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Opens Friday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 2. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 6, at 4 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 9, a benefit performance at 6:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 4 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 5, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, at 6; Friday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19—Wednesday evening, Dec. 1: "Fontessa and Friends," "Songs Without Words" (company première), *and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday* evening, Dec. 2: "The Stack Up" (première) and "Revelations," plus a dance entitled "Manhattan Suite," performed by the company with guest artist Peter Allen. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 921-8977.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3: "Landscape," "Waves" (company première), "Introduction and Allegro" (première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 4: "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "The Stack Up," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 5: "Landscape," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 5: "Phases," "Songs Without Words," *and "Memoria."* . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 7: "Streams," "Treading," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 8: "The Stack Up," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "Phases," "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10: "The Stack Up," "Songs Without Words," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 11: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 11: "Landscape," "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

José Limón Dance Company—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30: "Sonata," "Magritte Magritte," and "The Emperor Jones." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Missa Brevis" and excerpts from other works, in a benefit program celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of the company. Former Limón company dancers will appear as guest artists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7; Thursday, Dec. 9; and Saturday, Dec. 11, all at 8: "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," "The Moor's Pavane," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Sonata," "Carlota," and "Missa Brevis." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Dutch National Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 12—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7; Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7; Friday, Dec. 10, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8: "A Garden Unkempt," "Four Last Songs," and "Pyrrhic Dances II." . . . ¶ *Friday, Dec. 3, at 8; Saturday,* Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2; Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7; and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Dialogues," "Twilight," "Piano Variations II," "Piano Variations III," and "5 Tangos." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

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Mel Wong Dance Company—Two programs of new and repertory works. Thursday, Dec. 2, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8: Program I. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: Program II. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr., at 120th St. 864-2929.)

David Gordon/Pick Up Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement of a full-length work, "Trying Times," that will run through Monday, Dec. 20. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 6, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 8-11, at 8.)

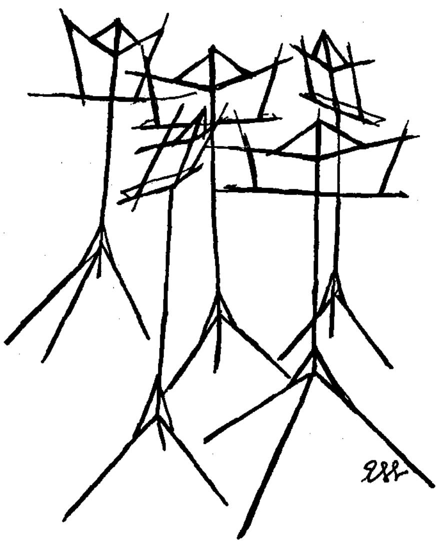
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar *and restaurant* that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, the **JOHN HICKS** trio will perform on the little four-foot-high bandstand, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 9-11, pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will be found here. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Latin-jazz percussion wizard **TITO PUENTE** leads his band through Sunday, Dec. 5; Monday, Dec. 6, will belong to Tom Chapin and Craig Purpura; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, will be claimed by **TANIA MARIA,** a lively Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist, and her combo; and on Thursday, Dec. 9, **LIONEL HAMPTON** will arrive. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Monday, Dec. 6, the **AVERAGE WHITE BAND;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, the Dregs; Thursday, Dec. 9, George Winston; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, **ARLO GUTHRIE** and Shenandoah. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine an midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228 6440)—Some of the most accomplished an famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on th premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New Yor bar and restaurant. On Monday, Dec. 6 pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTE WILLIAMS** will set up shop. Sundays are no given over to guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JA LEONHART.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eight Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swingin **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten i Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *ver* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets a impressive second wind. He's here from ten thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. a 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist wh plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel musi heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturday from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744 1600)—The **BILLY TAYLOR** trio holds forth f one night, Wednesday, Dec. 1, in the Ca Carlyle. On Thursday, Dec. 2, **BOBBY SHORT** wi return for his final month of this New Yor stint, with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVER PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnigh Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the pia and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Ba nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)– **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, the star at this dark-brown room just in ba of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker S (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 1, t Grownups, Tyrany Pop, and Future; Thur day, Dec. 2, Ism, the Ordinaires, and t State; Friday, Dec. 3, **JOHN CALE;** and Thur day through Saturday, Dec. 9-11, U.K. Sub Monday is showcase night. Music long aft nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (67 4450)—Pianist **DON SHIRLEY** is here with h trio Sundays through Tuesdays; **ALBERTA HUNT** sings blues and standards with help fro bassist **VISHNU WOOD** and pianist **GERALD CO** Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows nine and eleven. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave. at 65th St. (37 9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singi his repertoire of Porter, Gershwin, Cowar and Joel (Billy, that is), with assistance fro bassist **FRANK TATE.** *In the Aquarium Loun* Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine one.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth A (924-0275)—A homey music room for devo admirers of bluegrass, old-time country m sic, and British and Irish folk music. (Devo doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy ki but the supporting, appreciative kind—a handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesda Dec. 1, John Roberts; Thursday, Dec. 2, B and Richard Carlin; Saturday, Dec. 4, Wi chester, with Marty Laster; Thursday, D 9, Brad Leftwich & Marth Higginbotha with David Wierhake; and Saturday, D 11, Mac Benford's Old-Time Band. Mu from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, *from eig* fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Satu days.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)— dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditio al jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). T house sextet works Tuesdays through Satu days, from eight-thirty to two. On Monda **BOB WILBER** leads the **BECHET LEGACY.** Sund Dec. 5, the **WAYNE ANDRÉ** quintet will drop at about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, E and George Simon's quintet works from fi thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (53 7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belo stairs room, which is patronized by touris *people on dates, and music lovers, and wh*

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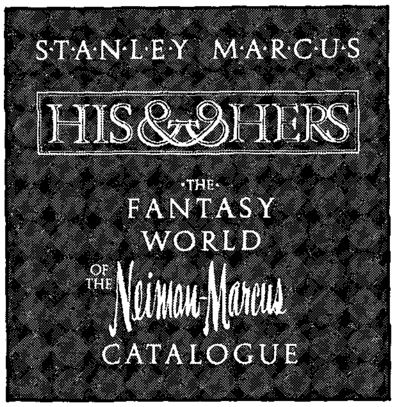

Once upon a time, when Neiman-Marcus was very young, the Christmas catalogue tradition began. And over the years, as the store grew, so too did the stories surrounding the catalogue. Now, Stanley Marcus tells all, in "His and Hers": The Fantasy World of the Neiman-Marcus Catalogue. (Viking, 25.00.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is frequently very crowded. **WOODY HERMAN** is here, guiding a sextet, through Sunday, Dec. 5; and on Tuesday, Dec. 7, drummer and composer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** will move in with his fine ensemble, **SPECIAL EDITION.** Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Dec. 1, the Meat Puppets (at ten); Friday, Dec. 3, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Saturday, Dec. 4, the Harp Band; Sunday, Dec. 5, Tom Paley; Tuesday, Dec. 7, Bill Fern's rock jam; Thursday, Dec. 9, Priscilla Herdman and David Mallet; Friday, Dec. 10, the gravelly-voiced wonder **DAVE VAN RONK;** and Saturday, Dec. 11, Ronee Blakley. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Dec. 1, singer and guitarist Charles Hughes; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, violinist **BILLY BANG;** Monday, Dec. 6, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with Deidia Murray; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, singer Kim Shaw; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, singer Carmen Lundy. Sundays are the property of singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). The Jack Fragomeni trio is present Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays Graham Forbes and Ray Carle can be heard, and on Tuesdays a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** plays stride-piano tunes and some Ellington material and sings a little.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Bassist **STEVE ROANE** is at the helm of a trio through Saturday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 7, pianist Mike LeDonne will bring in *his* trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. **NINA SHELDON** is at the piano Sundays and Mondays from seven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, can be found at the dining-room grand—except on Wednesday, Dec. 8, when **DILL JONES** will be filling in—Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND,** a vibrant, young octet, plays wild, infectious, swirling sambas; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will lead a Brazilian-jazz ensemble. Sets from about nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **HILTON RUIZ,** a vivacious piano soloist, and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, wind up their stay on Saturday, Dec. 4; on Tuesday, Dec. 7, pianist **JOHN LEWIS,** founding father of the Modern Jazz Quartet (thirty years back!) and, lately, jazz professor at C.C.N.Y., will begin working with super bassist **RON CARTER.** Sunday and Monday players are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

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LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Dec. 1, **PAUL BUTTERFIELD,** the searing blues singer and blues-harp wonder, with singer-bassist **RICK DANKO;** Thursday, Dec. 2, the sublime R. & B. sextet **STUFF;** Sunday, Dec. 5, bluesman **ALBERT COLLINS;** Monday, Dec. 6, guitarist Roy Buchanan; Tuesday, Dec. 7, super fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** and Wednesday, Dec. 8, Uncle Floyd. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

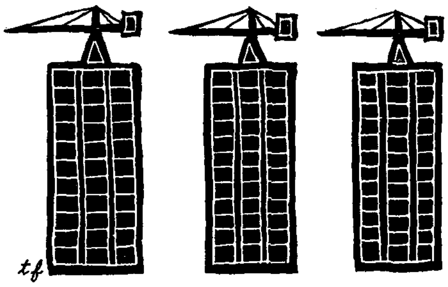
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** is currently (through Saturday, Dec. 4) on hand with his quartet; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 5-6, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** and drummer **RASHIED ALI** will team up; and on Tuesday, Dec. 7, tenor great **DEXTER GORDON** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 1, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Dec. 2, Curry Allen; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, **CISSY HOUSTON,** an uplifting soul singer; Tuesday, Dec. 7, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE;** Wednesday, Dec. 8, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Dec. 9, Nitesprite; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 1, Witness; Thursday, Dec. 2, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** and Natasha & Company; Friday, Dec. 3, Fat City; Saturday, Dec. 4, Badfinger; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 5-6, **JERRY JEFF WALKER;** Wednesday, Dec. 8, **FINN & THE SHARKS;** Thursday, Dec. 9, jazz singer **MARK MURPHY;** Friday, Dec. 10, Billy Mernit and Marcos Estbez; and Saturday, Dec. 11, the Strangers. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play music to dance to, to listen to, or to gawk out the windows to (the room is sixty-five stories up) Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to



two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dir
ing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th S
(876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beate
track—far from West 54th Street and th
Village, that is. Different bands work fro
nine every night but Sunday, when the mus
begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fanc
(but the appropriate dress is black sneake
rather than black tie) thirties ballroom th
presents past, present, future, past-perfec
present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfe
forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Dec. 2, t
Psychedelic Furs; Friday and Saturday, De
3-4, Culture Club; Monday, Dec. 6, t
Swinging Madisons; Tuesday, Dec. 7, P
Collins; Wednesday, Dec. 8, **THIRD WORLD,**
reggae sextet; Thursday, Dec. 9, **IGGY POP;** a
Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Mode
English. Shows tend to begin sometime aft
midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S.,
Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant secon
floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a n
view of the street from the window tabl
The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 1, guitari
YOSHIAKI MASUO; Thursday through Saturda
Dec. 2-4, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN;** Su
day, Dec. 5, Roland Vasquez; Monday, D
6, the Lynn Welshman band; and Tuesda
Dec. 7, trombonist **STEVE TURRE.** Music fr
nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houst
St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovat
luncheonette—that offers, in the words of
proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian ex
rience." The schedule of very lively sam
and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesdays t
LLOYD MC NEILL sextet; Thursday, Dec. 2, a
Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, **LORE**
MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Friday a
Saturday, Dec. 3-4, and Thursday, Dec.
Brasil 2000; Sunday, Dec. 5, singer **CLAR**
TAYLOR; and Tuesday, Dec. 7, Tony Semifu
Music from ten. Dining.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Si
Ave. (242-3166)—Very good weekend ja
Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, **DAK**
STATON sings bluesy, up-tempo numbers w
pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and Friday and Sat
day, Dec. 10-11, bassist **MICKEY BASS** will h
up a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

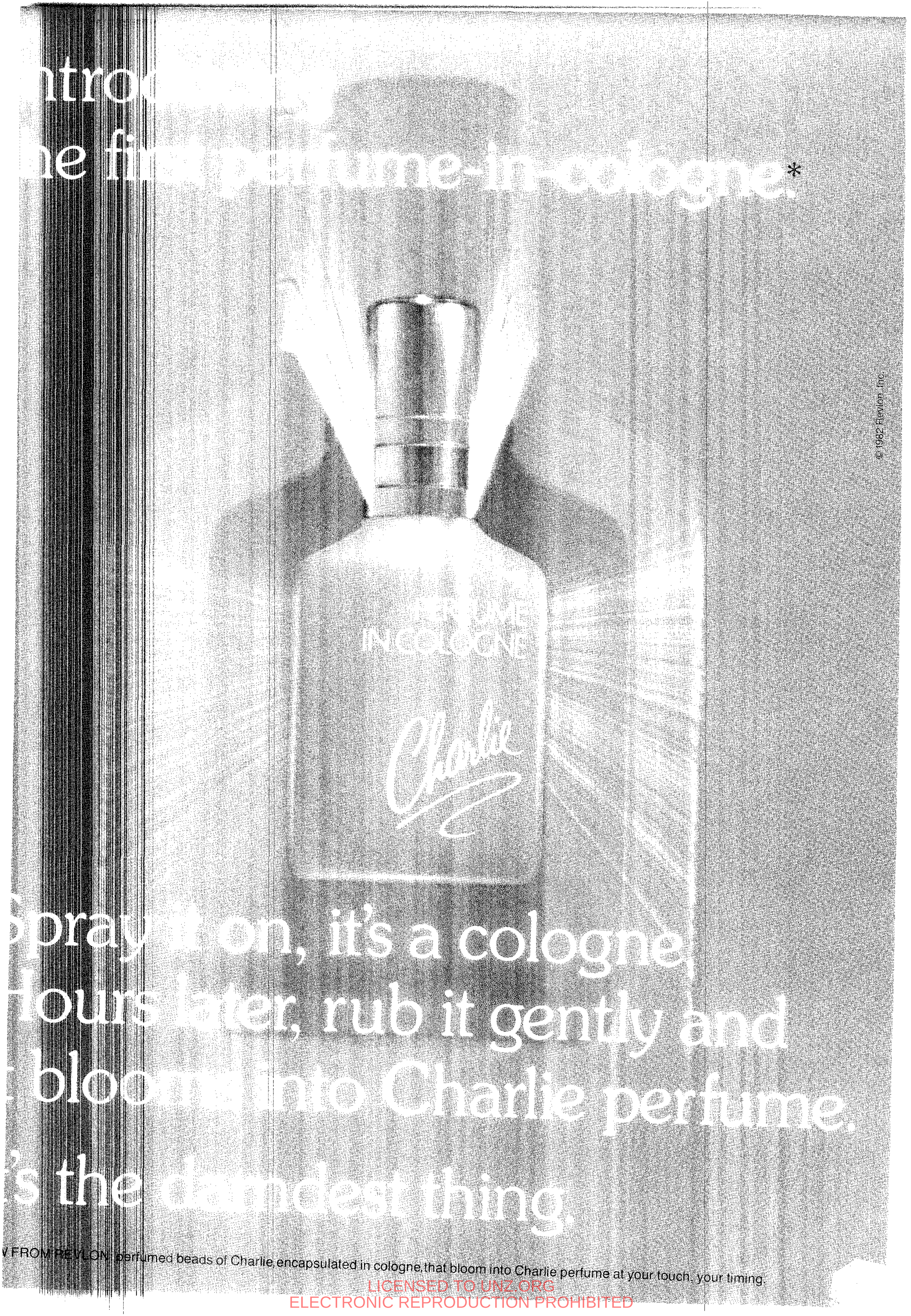
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker
(242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE C**
MAN heads his hard-bop quartet through S
urday, Dec. 4, and beginning Tuesday, D
7, Kansas City pianist and singer
MC SHANN will perform (and there'll also b
screening of "The Last of the Blue Devils,
documentary about McShann, Basie,
Turner, and other K. C. personages). Sund
and Mondays, pianist and French hor
SHARON FREEMAN performs with her com
Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (7
5077)—A simple, unpretentious blues c
with only one blues attraction at the mom
—but what an attraction! **BIG JOE TURNER** s
Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine
eleven-thirty. Sundays through Tuesda
Greg Ryan and Brian Conway play Irish
sic from seven-thirty to midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus A
(799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you
find the front door—rock-showcase c
Wednesday, Dec. 1, Diamond Dupree
the Lies; Thursday, Dec. 2, Daryl & Cu
and the Dave Leonard Group; Friday,
3, Scarlett Fever and the Privates; Satur
Dec. 4, Urban Blight; Tuesday, Dec. 7,
Gift and Blackout; and Wednesday, Dec
Racy Peters and Femme Fatale. Music a
eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120
Mondays are nights of salsa music in the
barnlike downstairs room; on Dec. 6,
bands, **HECTOR LAVOE'S** orchestra and **LA SENS**
and one guest soloist, trumpeter **CLA**
RODITI, will be present from about nine. M
while, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DA**
HELLMAN leads a trio on Tuesdays from nin

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 1
St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement
jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE AD**
and pianist **DON PULLEN** pilot their qua
rounded out by drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND**
bassist **CAMERON BROWN,** through Sunday,
5; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec.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he first perfume-in-cologne.*
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Hours later, rub it gently and
t blooms into Charlie perfume.
’s the darndest thing.

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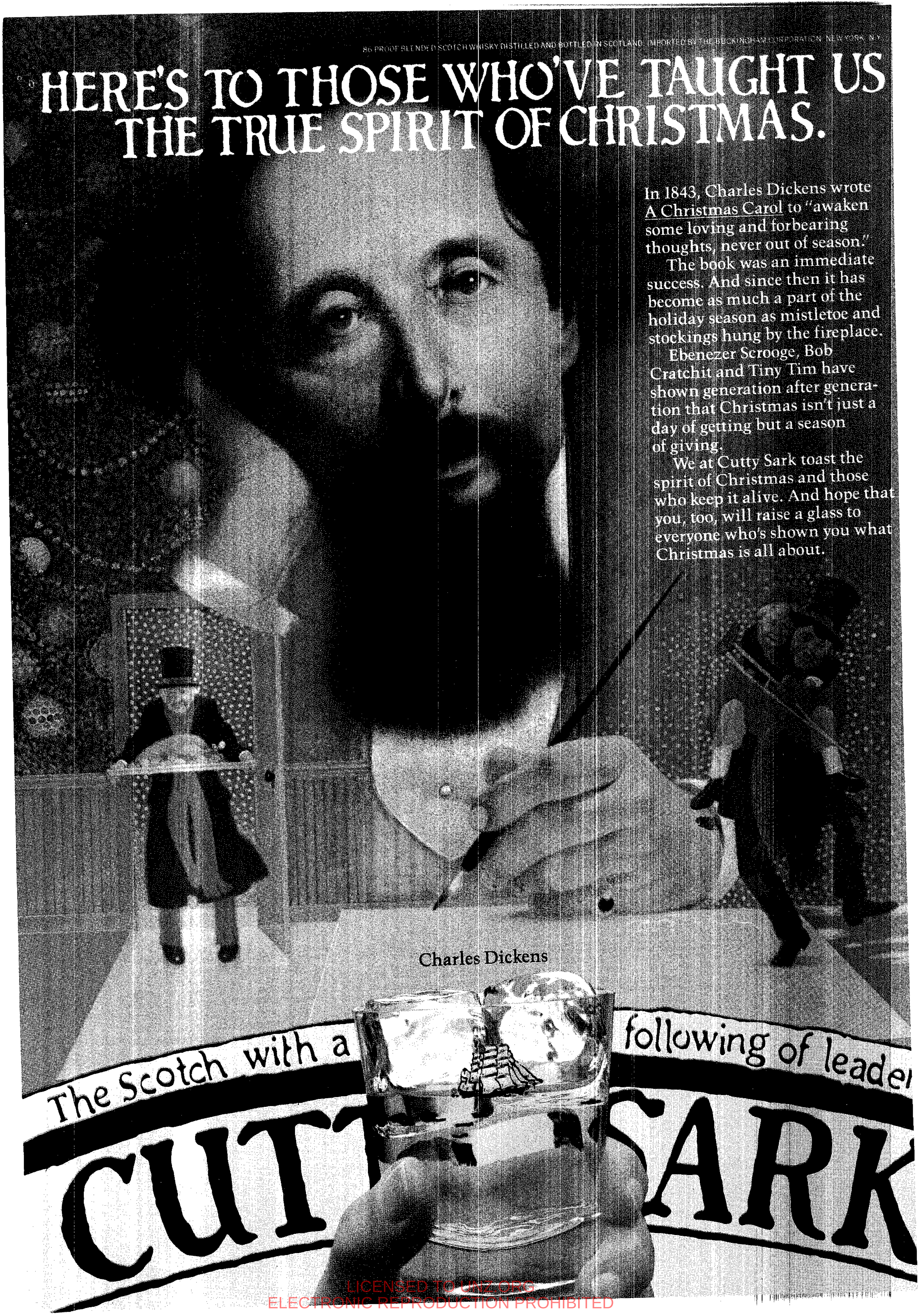
Come to your nearest Bell PhoneCenter and see all of our Christmas Bells. We've got a unique gift idea for everyone on your list!

IT'S INGENIOUS.
IT'S GENUINE BELL.

Bell
Phone
Center

Genuine Bell

GIVE GENUINE BELL.



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In 1843, Charles Dickens wrote A Christmas Carol to "awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season."

The book was an immediate success. And since then it has become as much a part of the holiday season as mistletoe and stockings hung by the fireplace.

Ebenezer Scrooge, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim have shown generation after generation that Christmas isn't just a day of getting but a season of giving.

We at Cutty Sark toast the spirit of Christmas and those who keep it alive. And hope that you, too, will raise a glass to everyone who's shown you what Christmas is all about.

Charles Dickens

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

earthy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** will lead a trio; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 9-12, will belong to pianist and composer **CHICK COREA,** drummer **ROY HAYNES,** and bassist **MIROSLAV VITOUS.** Nothing different about Monday nights here—the **MEL LEWIS** big band still owns them. Music from ten.

illage West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** are on hand through Sunday, Dec. 5, and on Tuesday, Dec. 7, the long-standing chamber-jazz duo **DWIKE MITCHELL** and **WILLIE RUFF** will move in. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

est Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; *another is the warm atmosphere.* Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

est End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The line-up: trumpeter Franc Williams through Sunday, Dec. 5; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 8-10, pianist **SAMMY PRICE;** and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON.** Mondays and Tuesdays are Percy France nights. Music from about nine.

inno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **LARRY WILLIS** can be found here through Saturday, Dec. 4; guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** begin collaborating on Monday, Dec. 6. On Sundays, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** handle the piano-bass duties. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ush—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8.

avid Murray—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 11.

rl Ives—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3.

hil Collins—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Salute to Doc Cheatham—Mr. Cheatham will be there, along with Vic Dickenson, Budd Johnson, Jackie Williams, Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, Chuck Folds, Bobby Rosengarden, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

dy Collins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.

zz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 2-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, George Mraz, and Al Foster. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Lou Donaldon quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

undscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4: Clifford Jordon and Barry Harris. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11: Hilton Ruiz and Jorge Dalto. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

nless otherwise noted, galleries are open uesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 1 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

mpeo Batoni (1708-87)—A loan exhibition of paintings by an artist who has been called "Italy's last Old Master." (A collection of neoclassical European drawings is also on view.) Through Dec. 18. (Colnaghi, a recently opened gallery at 26 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.)

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Robert Cronin—*Sculptures: small grids of* painted tinplate and large steel abstractions. Through Dec. 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tommasi Ferroni / Joseph Hilton—Mock-heroic paintings (and preparatory works) by an Italian artist. / Paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Watercolors. Through Jan. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kathleen Gilje—Figurative paintings (children at play, a fallen caryatid, mother and child) reduced to their simplest elements. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Howard Hodgkin—*Abstract oils on board.* Through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Margaret Israel—Inventive new paintings, collages, and sculptural works, among the latter a pagoda-roofed pâtisserie stocked with ceramic goodies. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Helen Lundeberg—Stylized paintings of architecture and interiors by a California artist; first solo exhibition in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, small studies in ink on paper. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Mercedes Matter and Fritz Bultman—Recent figurative drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

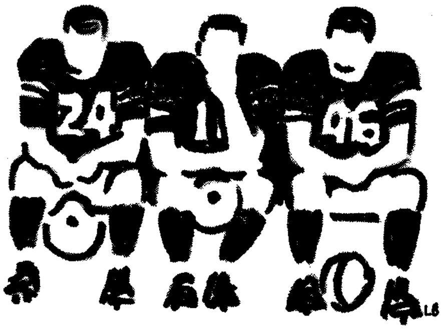
William Ridenhour—Colorful paintings, including several inspired by television weather maps, and a study of the old Maine church Marsden Hartley used as a studio. Through Dec. 15. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Rosenquist—Three paintings and six drawings dated 1982. Through Dec. 18. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lucy Sallick—Maine landscapes in acrylic and watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Morton Livingston Schamberg (1881-1918) / **John Adams Griefen**—A retrospective of paintings, including portraits and machine abstractions, by an American modernist. Through Dec. 31. / Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)



Sean Scully—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: Works from the gallery stock, by Milton Avery, Thomas Hart Benton, Georgia O'Keeffe, Roy Carruthers, and others. Through Dec. 30. . . . **BROWNE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century prints on loan from the McNay Art Institute of San Antonio, among them an album of ten aquatints by Mary Cassatt. Through Dec. 23. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Forty American paintings on loan from the Parrish Art Museum, in Southampton, including eight canvases by William Merritt Chase. Through Dec. 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Barbizon school and pre-Impressionist French landscape paintings, by Théodore Rousseau, Charles-François Daubigny, Jules Dupré, Constant Troyon, and others; forty-four works from a single collection. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary Arcadian paintings by Lennart Anderson, Milet Andrejevic, Bonnie Sklarski, and others. Through Dec. 22. . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: More than a hundred Art Nouveau and Art Deco paintings and works on paper and a few sculptures by artists who worked in Vienna and Munich at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 8. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: White and black drawings by Barry Ledoux, Susan Rothenberg, Tod Wizon, and others. Through Dec. 23. . . . **YORK,** 21 E. 65th St.: Plant forms in American modernism: paintings, drawings, and photographs by Dove, O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Anna Bialobroda—Abstract acrylic paintings based on animal and vegetable forms, plus drawings in black and blue inks. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Blake (1757-1827) **and Francisco Goya** (1746-1828)—Engravings from the former's "Book of Job," *and etchings from the latter's* "Los Caprichos" series. Through Dec. 24. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Sculptures in bronze and marble, including a series of male and female portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Brancusi and Mondrian—A congenial pairing of their respective sculptures and paintings; the works are on loan. Starts Thursday, Dec. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Scott Burton—Among four new pieces by the sculptor are a dining table, with chairs for ten, in upholstered leather and bronze. Through Dec. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils by a painter noted for his copious use of white. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Wash drawings, oils, gouaches, and temperas. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Abstract canvases painted in a rich black Japanese medium with occasional glimmerings of dark blue. A few of the works are enlivened by a narrow stripe of contrasting color. Through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Abstractions from landscapes. Through Dec. 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Ten abstract gouache paintings on paper. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Marina Karella—Sculptures of draped objects in marble, bronze, and plaster. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Steel, brass, and bronze sculptures in settings of plants that suggest the gardens for which they are intended. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Ten new monochromatic paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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57th St.) . . . ¶ Painted wall sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Castelli Graphics, in a second location at 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1. Until recently, these sculptures were at the Castelli on East Seventy-seventh Street.)

Markus Lüpertz—*Large paintings by a present*-day German Expressionist who works abstractly but who also uses recognizable classical elements. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Maisner—Intricately patterned paintings on paper, plus handmade books. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscape paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ricardo Garcia Mora and Immi Casagrande Storrs—Corpulent women are the subject of drawings and paintings by the former and bronzes by the latter. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—*More than a hun*dred paintings, drawings, and prints by this Norwegian artist. Through Dec. 22. (Bellman, a newly opened gallery at 41 E. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Watercolor abstractions. Through Dec. 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Biblical themes, Dante's poetry, and memories of a Brooklyn childhood are among the subjects for these recent paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Edward Willis Redfield (1869-1965)—Landscapes, marine paintings, and scenes of New York by an American Impressionist. Through Dec. 17. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stephanie Rose—Large-scale abstract oils. Through Dec. 24. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Stairways, doorways, and windows are recurrent themes in these painted constructions, many of them set in irregularly shaped frames of raw plywood. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Two large paintings, one stemming from and including a friendship-ring quilt and the other centered on a theatre stage. Also, smaller related works. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscapes in pastel on canvas, some of the works concentrating on such details as treetops, some taking in the whole view. Through Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elbert Weinberg / Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Stylized representations of cats in bronze and in terra-cotta. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Willenbecher—Gold-leafed found objects set in altarlike constructions painted to look like marble. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Works on paper (pastels, mostly) and some sculptures celebrating the people of his native Mexico, and a series of lithographs inspired by a 1981 trip to Egypt. Through Dec. 31. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Oil paintings on wood by Marina Cappelletto, pencil-and-watercolor drawings by Don Dudley, paintings and floor sculptures by Ira Joel Haber, and etchings by Jeff Way. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. . . . **marisa del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by seven American abstractionists, among them Sam Francis and Helen Frankenthaler. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: "From the Mirror" is the apt title for a group of self-portraits by Paul Georges, Alice Neel, Michael Mazur, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.). . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lifes by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photographs by Henry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, and Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank, Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—*Very large acrylic drawings* (just under seven feet tall) by an artist known for works of political and social commentary on a smaller scale. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ A related installation (through Dec. 17) is at the Chamber of Commerce, 65 Liberty St., between Broadway and Nassau St.

John Baeder / Raymon Elozua—The Lan Ting Chinese Kitchen is the subject for one of this artist's Photo-Realist paintings. / Miniature painted-ceramic re-creations of an amusement park and a sawmill. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstract paintings on linen canvases that have sections cut out to reveal the gallery wall behind. Through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

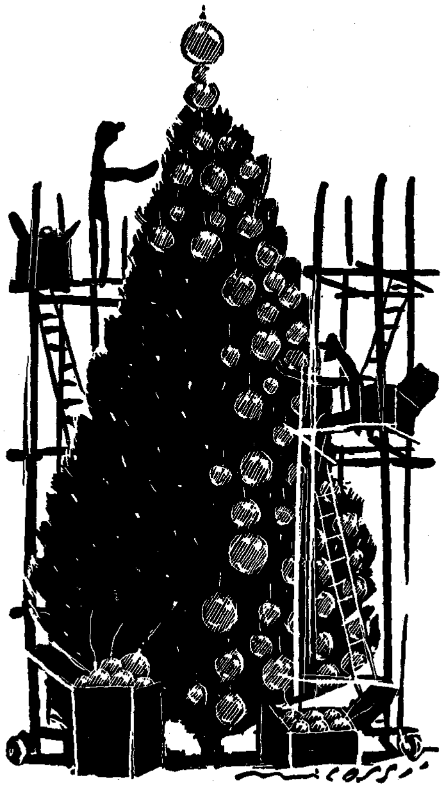
John Chamberlain—Wall-mounted and freestanding sculptures in painted and chromium-plated steel. Through Dec. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

David Deutsch—Big paintings of idyllic landscapes intruded upon here and there by sketchily depicted man-made objects—a radar antenna, an oil derrick, a television transmitter. Through Dec. 15. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Erté—Sculptures, gouaches, prints, tapestries, set designs, costumes, headdresses, posters, and other items. Through Jan. 3. (Dyansen, 122 Spring St. Open daily; Sunday hours are noon to 7.)

Ken Kiff—Paintings and drawings in which primitive masks and mythical creatures figure; also, portraits done in this English artist's own idiosyncratic style. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Graham Nickson / Nancy Giesmann—Very large (almost life-size) realist charcoal drawings of people at the beach. / Stylized semi-abstract paintings in acrylic and gold enamel, depicting geese, fish, buffalo, tigers, a chorus of howling wolves, canoeists, sailboats. Through Dec. 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)



A. R. Penck—*Paintings. Through Dec. 18.* (*Son*nabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Representative works from his career, including the racing-car pieces and the sled series. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Sketchy still-lifes and semi-abstract figurative works done in thin washes of oil or acrylic. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Russ Warren—Biblical, mythical, and autobiographical themes expressed in stark New Image figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among them Elisa Amoroso, Brandt Junceau, Mariann Nowack, and Peter Schuyff. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ricco-johnson,** 475 Broome St.: This new gallery offers American naïve paintings, including a spirited ice-hockey game (Rangers vs. Maple Leafs) and a depiction of the Battle of King's Mountain. Through Jan. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Garrick Dolberg—Sculptures (wall pieces, mostly) carved from blocks of laminated wood and accented with metal or Formica. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Richard Fishman—Totemic sculptures in cement and steel; also, chalk drawings. Through Jan. 8. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Livio Saganić—Cut-slate sculptures, both freestanding and mounted on pedestals. Through Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Nahum Tevet—Two freestanding constructions using slender strips of wood to form overlapping geometric shapes. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Albok (1896-1982)—Photographs of New York in the Depression years. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Photographs of art critics. Through Dec. 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Hans Namuth—Photographic portraits of artists and photographs of South American Indians. Through Dec. 15. (Hunter Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Opens at 1 Mondays through Fridays.)

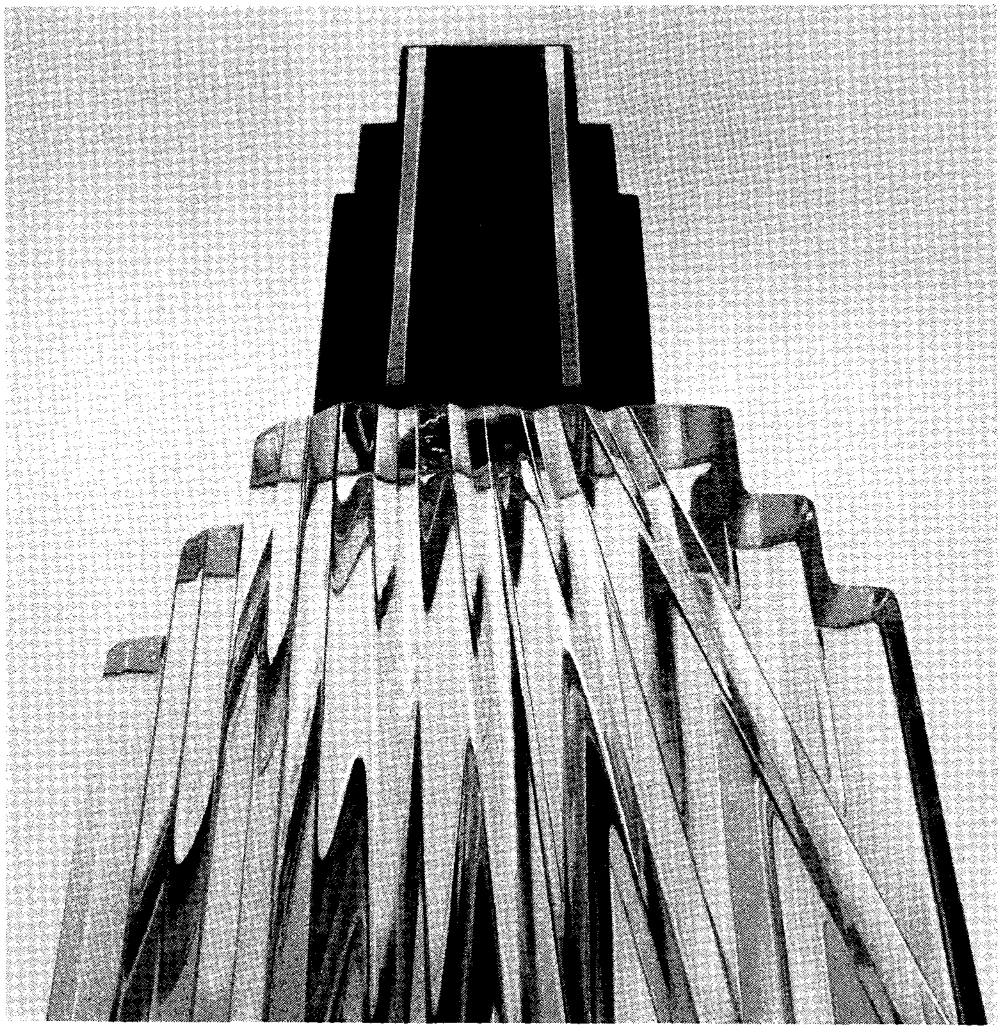
Jerry N. Uelsmann—Prints from the past twenty-five years by a photographer of surreal tableaux. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

International Center of Photography—Photographs by Jacques Henry Lartigue (dated 1902-39), which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. . . . ¶ Sixty pictures of Australia selected from ninety-six thousand recorded in the course of one day (March 6, 1981). The assignment was given to a hundred photographers by a group of Australian corporations. Both shows through Jan. 9. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The American Wing's first twentieth-century period room will be a living room designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, in 1912-14. The room, part of a house that was subsequently dismantled, has leaded-glass windows that for-

Paradis



If there ever was anything ephemeral that could capture the very essence of Saks Fifth Avenue— if you've ever dreamed of surrounding yourself totally with the aura of Saks Fifth Avenue— the elegance, the specialness of everything those three words stand for...now it's here: Paradis. An Eden of florals, of luxury and romance. Warm, intoxicating fragrance that soars...to new dimensions, to a new destiny, to a higher level of scent. Powerful and diffusive; elegant, yet wonderfully enticing. Created to be a reflection of Saks Fifth Avenue and the Saks Fifth Avenue woman. Forever and only at Pulse Points. One ounce Parfum in the faceted crystal bottle, $110. The collection, from $20 to $110. Visit our fragrance experts and let them introduce you to Paradis. Now at Saks Fifth Avenue— where we are all the things you are.

Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

merly looked out on Lake Minnetonka, in Minnesota, and now look out on Central Park. In addition, about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—from the museum's collections. Starts Friday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ "The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of *Hellenistic art lent mostly* by museums in Greece. Chief among the works are a fourth-century-B.C. solid-gold wreath with oak leaves and acorns; a pebble-mosaic floor, depicting a lion hunt, from Pella; and a *three-foot-high* bronze pitcher weighing almost a hundred pounds. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of miniature watercolors by the landscape and marine painter William T. Richards (1833-1905). Through Jan. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of the abstract sculptures of Louise Bourgeois, including vertical segmented wood and marble pieces and a room-size latex-and-wood installation. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Starts Thursday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Jan. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Dec. 9—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays *through* Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of paintings and monotypes. Through Sunday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joel Shapiro. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge *after* 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. *Edvard* Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Starts Saturday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of watercolors and oils by the Swedish illustrator and designer Carl Larsson. Through Jan. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary *photomural* of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. Starts Friday, Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Janet Fish, Michael Loew, H. N. Han, Flora Natapoff, and other contemporary artists showing fifty-five works, some of which will be purchased by the Academy/Institute, with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher, and given to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Marcel Breuer, Wallace K. Harrison, Joseph Hirsch, Julian Levi, and Tony Smith. Both shows through Dec. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

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Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts *of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated* manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in *furniture, glass, ceramics, metal,* and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A display of movie-theatre art (original drawings for the murals and carpeting in Radio City Music Hall) and artifacts (seats, ushers' uniforms) surviving from the heyday twenties and thirties. Also photographs. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

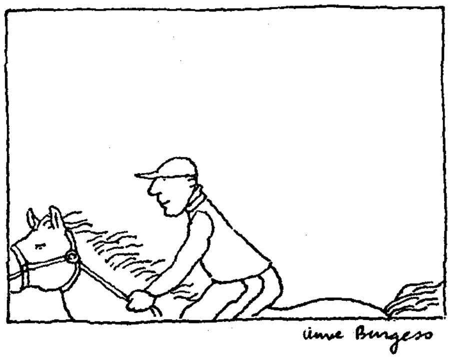
Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six different temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts of compositions by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and drawings of Abbott Handerson Thayer (1849-1921), including his paintings of idealized, Madonna-like women, portraits, landscapes, and wildlife scenes. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam.



Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Monday
and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays throug
Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings u
til 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may i
volve not only traditional art but music, vide
dance, and so on.)

Chamber of Commerce, Great Hall, 65 Libert
St., between Broadway and Nassau St. 57
2206. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays throug
Fridays, noon to 5:30.—Bob Carroll (perfo
mance), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at
Theodora Skipitares (performance), Tuesda
Dec. 7, at noon, and Friday and Saturda
Dec. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ An installati
(through Dec. 17) by Ida Applebroog whi
complements her show at Ronald Feldma
Fine Arts, 31 Mercer St.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-467
Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Satu
days, noon to 6.—Charles Dennis (perfo
mance), Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; John Ma
pede (performance), Thursday, Dec. 9,
8:30. . . . ¶ A corresponding installation
Mr. Dennis, through Saturday, Dec. 4.

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhib
tion hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1
6.—The main gallery has paintings co
cerned with animal imagery by Jonath
Borofsky, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, Kom
& Melamid, and others. Through Dec. 12.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolit
Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Ha
362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; f
Carnegie Hall, 247-7459; for Grace Rain
Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu
Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Ka
mann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexingt
Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merk
Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 1
W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office nu
bers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at
"Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherr
Milnes, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Rugge
Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. .
¶ *Thursday*, Dec. 2, at 8: "Il Barbiere
Siviglia," with Maria Ewing, Håkan Hag
gård, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Renato Cap
chi; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3,
7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, T
tiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Ber
Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec.
at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Jo
Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, Pablo Elvira, a
James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Sat
day, Dec. 4, at 8: "Macbeth," with Rena
Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuseppe Giacomi
and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. .
¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: The Erik Satie ball
"Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Met
politan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's "Les Mamel
de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfita
David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Rave
opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with H
da Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merri
Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor
all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at
"Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Louis Quili
Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; Jam
Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:
"Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, Tatia
Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Bernd Wei
James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at
"Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Suth
land, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, a
James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ F
day, Dec. 10, at 8: "Macbeth," with Oli
Stapp, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, a
Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturd
Dec. 11, at 1:30: The Erik Satie ballet "P
rade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropo
tan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's "Les Mamelles
Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, Da
Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's ope
"L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda H
ris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Man
Rosenthal will be the conductor for all th
works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7:
"Tannhäuser," with Johanna Meier, Gwy
Cornell, Edward Sooter, and Bernd Wei
James Levine.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pratt directing a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," staged by Peter Westergaard. With Alice Helgeson, soprano; William Anderson, tenor; and Don Sheasley and Jack Lanning, basses; the Princeton University Orchestra, and the Princeton University Opera Theatre Chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Jesus Lopez-Cobos conducting a program of music by Schubert, Nielsen, Barber, and Richard Strauss Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf directing performances of Bach's Mass in B Minor on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7; Friday, Dec. 10, at 1; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7; and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 6:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Claudia Catania, mezzo-soprano; Mira Zakai, contralto; John Aler, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and the New York Choral Artists).

National Symphony—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a program of music by Nordal, Sibelius, Sallinen, and Nielsen, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: An all-Brahms program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Tom Krause, baritone; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: Schubert's Symphony No. 4 and Bruckner's Symphony No. 9. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3: A Dvořák-Haydn-Stravinsky program, with Thomas Stevens, trumpet. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: A Verdi-Laderman-Beethoven program; no soloists.

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Eduardo Mata conducting a Stravinsky-Ravel-Bizet program, with Zehava Gal, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Krzysztof Penderecki directing a performance of his "Te Deum," with Benita Valente, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Norman, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the Temple University Choirs; and William Smith conducting Sibelius' Symphony No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—At Avery Fisher Hall, André Previn conducting. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: A Haydn-Brahms program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: A Berlioz-Sessions-Beethoven program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzmon conducting an all-Brahms program, with Steven De Groote, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Solisti New York Chamber Orchestra—Ransom Wilson conducting and acting as flute soloist in a program of music by Telemann, Dukas, Stravinsky, Francaix, Vivaldi, and Mozart. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Symphony—Vladimir Kin conducting a Glinka-Rachmaninoff-Prokofieff program, with Dolora Zajic, mezzo-soprano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of John Cage, Leo Smit, Rocco di Pietro, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Jorge Mester, guest conductor, and Michala Petri, recorder. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program entitled "Benjamin Britten Remembered." (Merkin Concert Hall Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 4 at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program of music by Orlando di Lasso. (St Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday Dec. 5, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Societ and the Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and Richarc Crist, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday Dec. 8, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catherine Melhorr and Richard Sparks directing a Christma concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. a 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormie directing, with Peter, Paul and Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30 and 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directin Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Virgine," with vocal and instrumental soloists and chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Andras Schiff—Piano. (Grace Rainey Roger Auditorium. Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, in the first in a serie of three all-Bach programs. (Merkin Concer Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday Dec. 2, at 8.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A progran of twentieth-century American music performed by the Atlantic String Quartet an others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 12 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8. Ticket at the door on the night of the concert.)

Roger Rundle—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hal Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Isaac Stern and Eugene Istomin—Violin an piano, in the second of two programs c Beethoven sonatas. (Washington Irving Hig School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Friday, Dec. 3 at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Lydia Artymiw, pianc (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Thomas Arm, Glenn Dicterow, and Lauri Smukler, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola Barry Tuckwell, horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Sunday Dec. 5, at 5.)

The Bach Winterfest—The first in a series c four programs, this one performed by Ber Lucarelli, oboe; Linda Comparone, flute; Joseph Porrello, tenor; and Elaine Comparone harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixt Ave. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30, and a repea performance at St. Michael's Church, 225 W 99th St., on Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

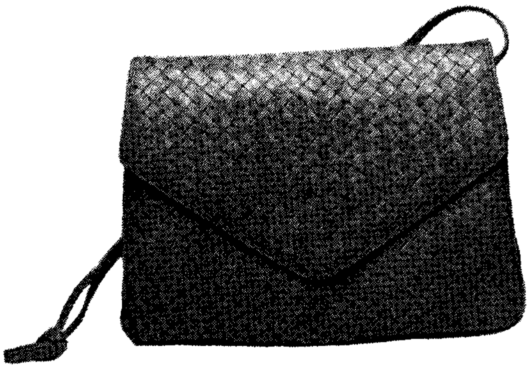
Roberta Peters—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Dec. 4, a 8.)

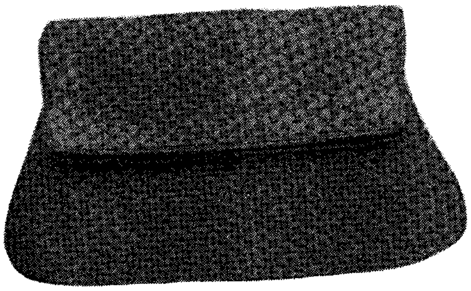
Richard Goode—Piano. (Kaufmann Concer Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.

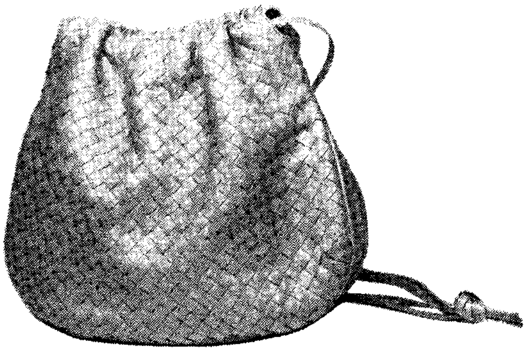
Robert Schwartz—Piano. (St. Michael's Churc Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th S Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3. Tickets at the door o the afternoon of the concert.)

Roman Romanov—Baritone, in a program c Russian gypsy songs. (CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th St. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3. For ticket call 567-2306.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazé piano; Edna Michell, violin; Philipp Naegel viola; and Hakuro Mori, cello. (Kaufman







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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 4.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Allan Sternfield—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—The first in a series of four concerts of baroque and contemporary chamber music. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Soprano, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-3050.)

Music for Harp and Strings—Heidi Lehwalder, harp; Daniel Phillips, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Music of Leo Ornstein—A program of his works performed by Martha Anne Verbit and William Westney, piano; Daniel Stepner, violin; Patricia McCarty, viola; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Syoko Aki—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of six programs, this one devoted to the works of Milton Babbitt, Morton Subotnik, and others, performed by John Sampen, saxophone, and Aleck Karis and Eliza Garth, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Roger Salander—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Dante Rosati—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Rose-Nagata-Kreger Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.)

Leslie Parnas and Grant Johannesen—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute; Stephen Kates, cello; and Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Dec. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7:40. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 10, at 7:35.

College Football—Army vs. Navy. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 12:35.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Houston Oilers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, *Sunday, Dec. 5, at 1.* . . . ¶ Jets vs. Detroit Lions, at Detroit, Monday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 12:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Friday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Monday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 9. (Games *begin at 7:35.*)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Edward Hirsch, Carole Oles, and Jordan Smith reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Hardwick, Walter Abish, and David Bradley reading from their own novels. For the benefit of PEN. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 9:30 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Dec. 5, from 1 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: European works of art, armor, furniture, and tapestries. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 4. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10 and 2: Chinese and Japanese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 5:30 on Monday, Dec. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Dec. 14 (Detroit), Dec. 16 (Boston), Dec. 21 (Milwaukee), Dec. 25 (Nets), Dec. 30 (Cleveland), Jan. 1 (Washington), Jan. 4 (Phoenix), Jan. 6 (Atlanta), and Jan. 8 (Los Angeles). . . . ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Dec. 21 (Detroit), Dec. 23 (Washington), Dec. 27 (Cleveland), Dec. 29 (Atlanta), Jan. 1 (Dallas), Jan. 6 (Phoenix), and Jan. 9 (Detroit).

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, DEC. 12:** Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Shea Stadium. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 18:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 19:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 26:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis, and Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings, at Bloomington. . . . **SUNDAY, JAN. 2:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia, and Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Dec. 12 (Devils), Dec. 15 (Los Angeles), Dec. 17 (Islanders), Dec. 20 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 22 (Buffalo), Jan. 3 (Detroit), Jan. 5 (Buffalo), Jan. 7 (Quebec), and Jan. 9 (Devils). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Dec. 14 (Buffalo), Dec. 18 (Philadelphia), Dec. 23 (Washington), Jan. 4 (Buffalo), and Jan. 8 (Quebec). . . . ¶ The Devils at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Dec. 22 (Philadelphia), Dec. 30 (Rangers), Jan. 2 (Vancouver), Jan. 5 (Toronto), Jan. 7 (Boston), and Jan. 10 (Quebec).

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 3-March 15.

Tennis—Toyota Championships. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Dec. 14-19.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (362-6000): The opera season continues through April 16. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and James Levine, piano, Dec. 12. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 12 and 26. . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 15 and 18. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 22. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459) Jessye Norman, soprano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Orpheus, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 18-19. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 9. . . ¶ Rossini Opera Festival, Jan. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 12-14 and Jan. 7 and 9. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec 18. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, Dec 19. . . . ¶ New York Vocal Arts Ensemble Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec 31. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street (427-4410): Walter Hautzig, piano, Dec 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 14-15. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 18-19 and Dec. 27-30. . . . ¶ Ursula Oppens, piano Jan. 6. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Bach Aria Group, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Dec 18 and Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Jan. 8-9.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Dec 22-Jan. 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A London play, "Steaming," by Nell Dunn, will feature Polly Rowles and Pauline Flanagan. . . ¶ Set sixteen years after "The Miracle Worker," William Gibson's "Monday After the Miracle" will star Jane Alexander and Karen Allen. . . . ¶ Angela Lansbury and John McMartin will head the cast of "A Little Family Business," a comedy by Jay Presson Allen, adapted from the French play "Potiche," by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. . . . ¶ "Almost an Eagle," a comedy by Michael Kimberley, starring James Whitmore. . . . ¶ Anthony Shaffer's new comedy thriller, "Whodunnit," with Jack Weston Fred Gwynne, and Hermione Baddeley. . . ¶ Eva Le Gallienne will direct and appea in a revival of her 1932 production of "Alice in Wonderland." Kate Burton will have the title role. . . . ¶ "Merlin," a musical, with Doug Henning and Chita Rivera as the principals. Richard Levinson and William Link wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein supplied the score, and Don Black is responsible for the lyrics.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fal on Saturdays. . . . ¶ A total eclipse of the moon will take place on Dec. 30. . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State and New York City income-tax payments are due on Tuesday, Jan. 18.

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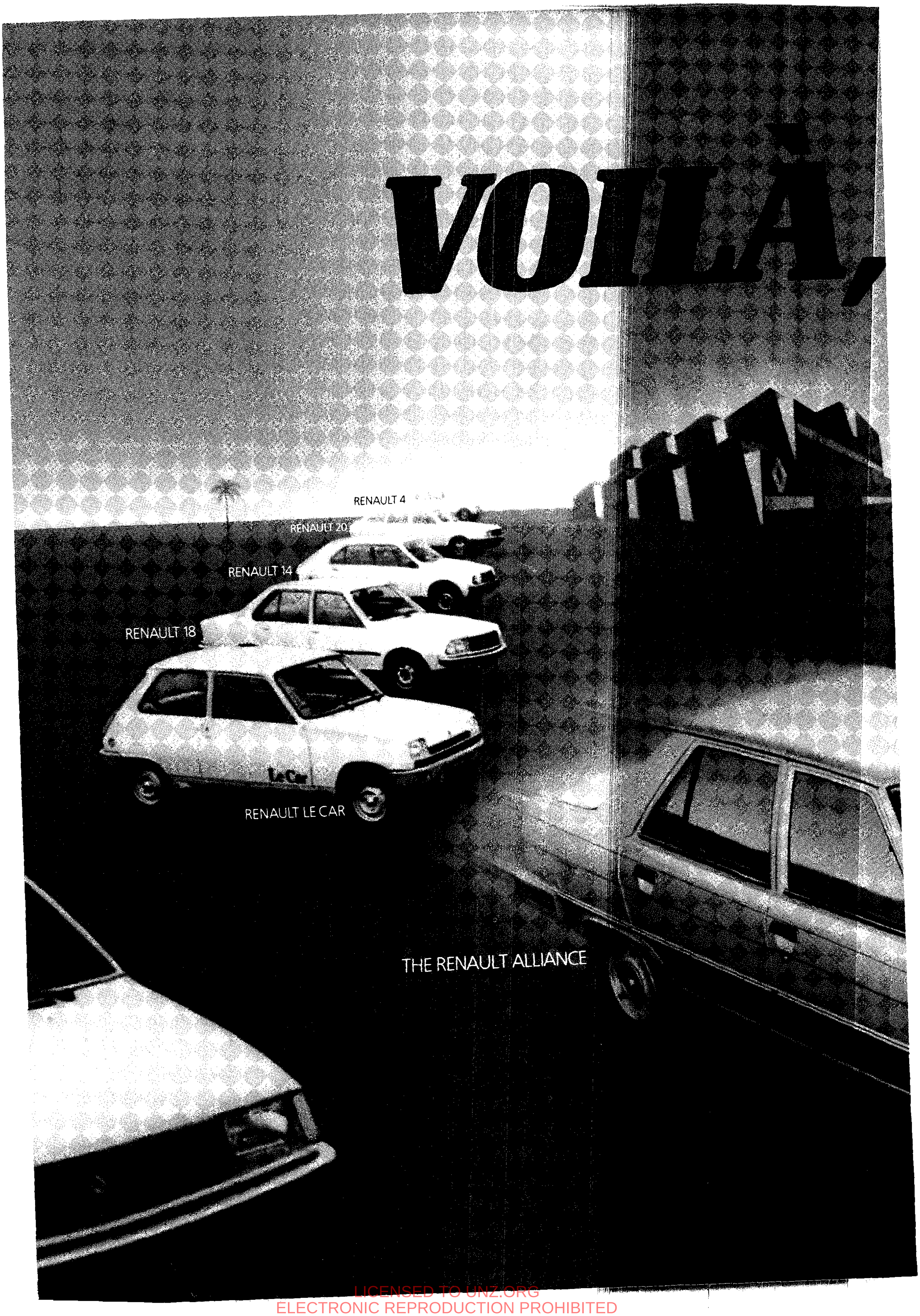
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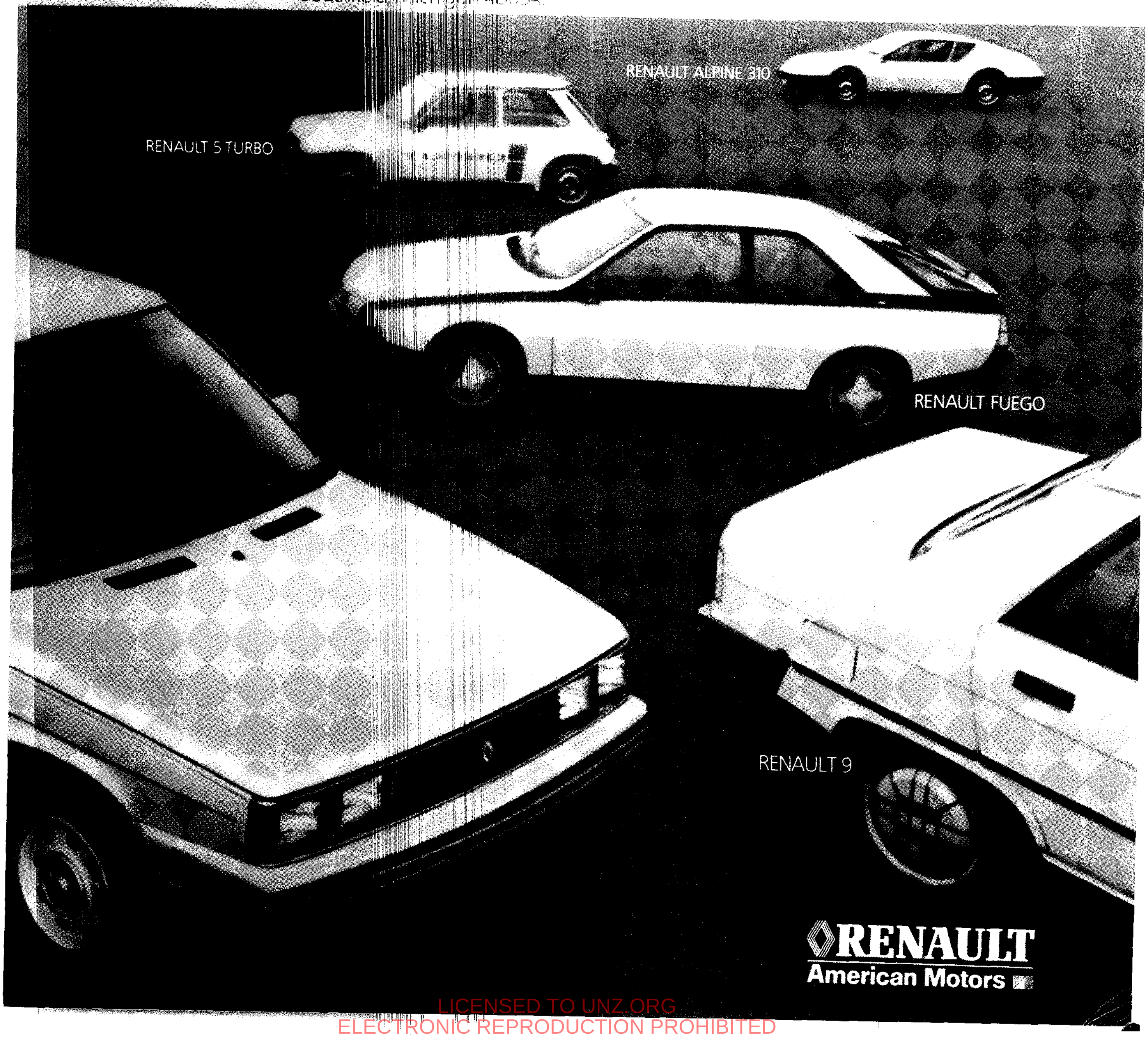

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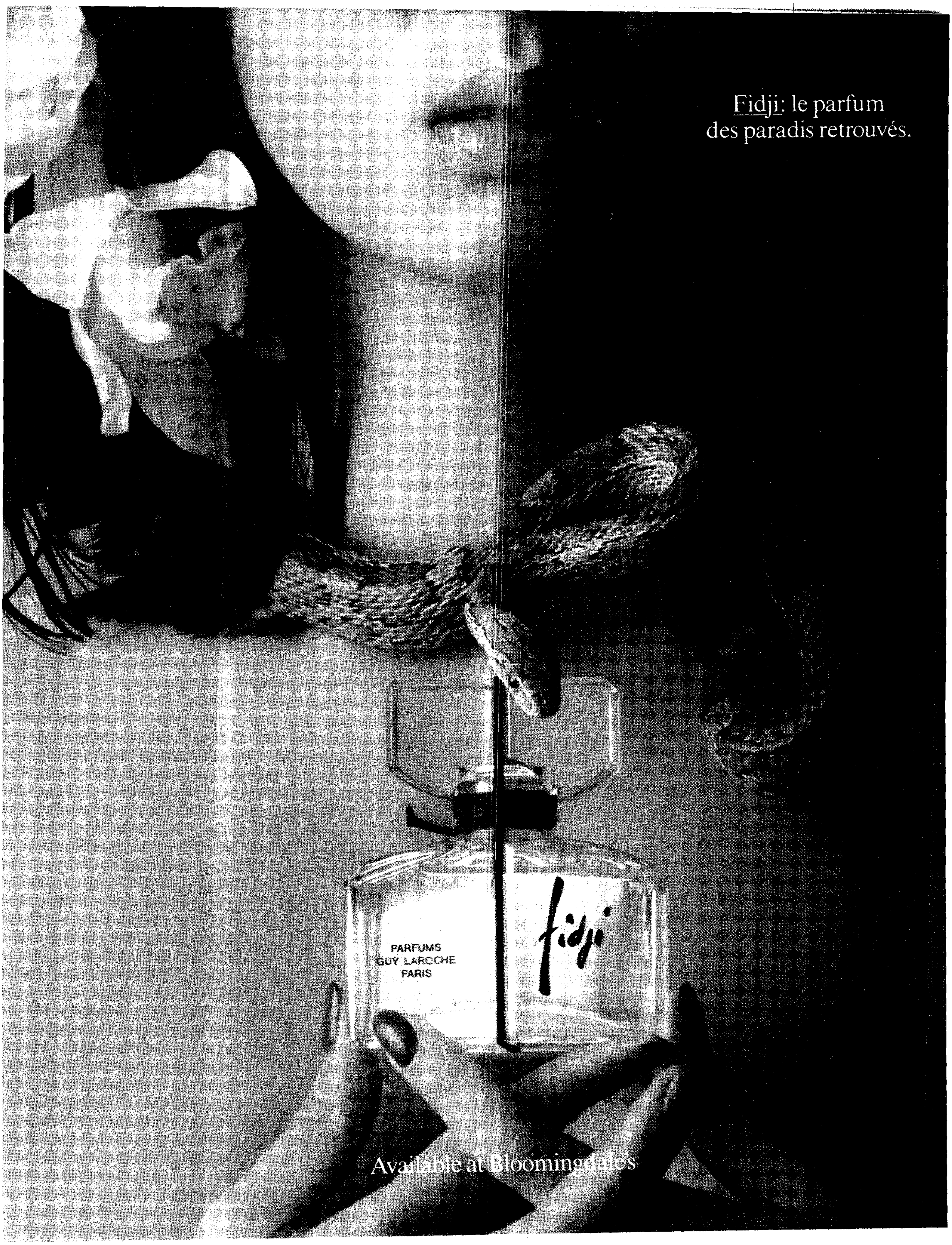
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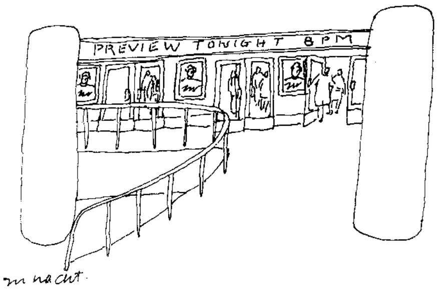
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

ittle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 5: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).
From Dec. 7: "Nicholas Nickleby" (†).

.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Brimstone and Treacle" (directed by Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†) and "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 7: A festival of gay films. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules.
From Dec. 8: "Personal Best" (†); and "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 7: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
From Dec. 8: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

ews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 7: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 8: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

stside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Heartaches" (Donald Shebib), with Margot Kidder and Annie Potts.

tton; 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 7: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
From Dec. 8: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

aza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

anhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Bugs Bunny's 3rd Movie: 1001 Rabbit Tales," an animated film. Dec. 3-9: "Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield. From Dec. 10: "It Came from Hollywood."
Theatre 2: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

ronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). From Dec. 8: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
'Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.

nema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/774)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Five Days One Summer" (Fred Zinnemann), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 10: "Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 2: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). Dec. 3-9: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From Dec. 10: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

mini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
Theatre 2: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 7: "Time Bandits" (†). The theatre will be closed on Friday, Dec. 3, Monday, Dec. 6, and Wednesday, Dec. 8. From Dec. 9: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Still of the Night" (Robert Benton), with Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 2: "Fat Chance" (1980: Manuel Summers), with Farnham Scott and January Stevens.
From Dec. 3: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Last Unicorn," an animated film.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (†).
Theatre 2: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 2: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.
From Dec. 3: "Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 3: "Forced Vengeance."
Theatre 2: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Sartre par Lui-Même" (1976; directed by Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), an interview with Jean-Paul Sartre, filmed in 1972. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of a film diary by George Lucas, "The Rain People" (1969; Francis Ford Coppola), and (for a separate admission) "The Trials of Alger Hiss" (1980; John Lowenthal).
Theatre 2: Dec. 1: "White Bird with a Black Spot" (1971; Yuri Ilyenko; in Russian); and "Nine Days of One Year" (1961; Mikhail Romm; in Russian). Dec. 2-4: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film). Dec. 5-6: "King Lear" (†). Dec. 7-8: "The Overcoat" (†); and "The Duel" (1962; Tatiana Berezantseva and Lev Rudnick; in Russian). Dec. 9-11: "Uncle Vanya" (†) and "The Lady and the Dog" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tex" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 3: "Heartaches" (Donald Shebib), with Margot Kidder and Annie Potts.
Theatre 4: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Heidi's Song," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 5: "Fantasia" (†).
Dec. 6-7: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 8: "Gandhi" (Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 3: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From Dec. 4: Theatre temporarily closed.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Fitzcarraldo" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 2: "Amor Bandido" (1979; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Dec. 3-9: To be announced.
From Dec. 10: "Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 2: "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt. From Dec. 3: "La Femme Enfant" (Raphaele Billetdoux; in French), with Penelope Palmer and Klaus Kinski.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 3: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 2: "Bugs Bunny's 3rd Movie: 1001 Rabbit Tales," an animated film. From Dec. 3: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 2: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 3: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 2: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 3: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Horror Planet." Dec. 3-4: "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Dracula" (1979; John Badham), with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence. Dec. 5-7: "Heaven Can Wait" (†)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (†). Dec. 8-9: "King Kong" (1932 †) and "King Kong" (1976 †). Dec. 10-11: "Cat People" (1942 †) and "Cat People" (1982 †).

Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 2: "Tex" (†). From Dec. 3: "Forced Vengeance."

Theatre 4: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 7: "Alone in the Dark." From Dec. 8: "The Verdict" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 2: "Bugs Bunny's 3rd Movie: 1001 Rabbit Tales," an animated film. From Dec. 3: "Nurses for Sale."

Theatre 4: "Concrete Jungle."

Theatre 5: "*National Lampoon*'s Class Reunion" (Michael Miller), with Gerrit Graham.

Theatre 6: Through Dec. 2: "Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve. From Dec. 3: "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce; and "Nightmare" (1981; Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Dec. 7: "Heidi's Song," an animated film.

From Dec. 8: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 8: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 9: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Dec. 10: "It Came from Hollywood."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Annie" (†). From Dec. 3: "Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Time Bandits" (†). Dec. 7-9: Theatre closed. From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Tex" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

Theatre 2: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: "Horror Planet."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 2: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film. From Dec. 3: "Forced Vengeance."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 2: "Underground" (1976; directed by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, and Haskell Wexler), a documentary.

Dec. 3-4: "Between Rock and a Hard Place" (1982; Kenneth Fink).

Dec. 5: "Joe and Maxi" (†); and "The Dozens" (1981; Christine Dall and Randall Conrad), with Debra Margolies.

Dec. 6-7: Theatre closed.

Dec. 8-9: "Resurgence" (1982; Pam Yates and Tom Sigel); and "Blood and Sand" (1982; Sharon Sopher).

Dec. 10-11: "The Scenic Route" (1982; Mark Rappaport); and "Local Color" (1982; Mark Rappaport).

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Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 1: "The Battle of Chile" (1976; Patricio Guzmán), a documentary.

Dec. 2: "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Michael Burns, and Susanne Benton.

Dec. 3: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Alligator" (1981; Lewis Teague), with Robert Forster and Robin Riker.

Dec. 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7;" and "Piranha" (1982; Joe Dante).

Dec. 5: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Dec. 6: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Dec. 7: "The Human Condition: Part I" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

Dec. 8: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "*The Marquise of O . . .*" (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Dec. 9: "California Split" (1974; Robert Altman), with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "Welcome to L.A." (†).

Dec. 10-11: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 2: "China Is Near" (1968) and "Fists in the Pocket" (1965), both films in Italian, directed by Marco Bellocchio.

From Dec. 3: "Leap Into the Void" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

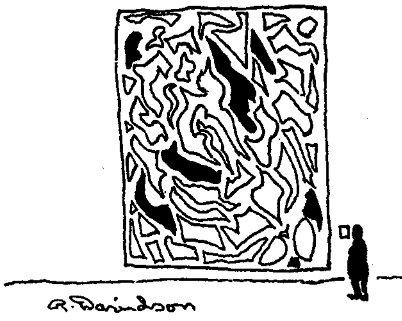
Through Dec. 2: "Insatiable" and "Skin Flicks" (both X-rated).

Dec. 3-4: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

Dec. 5-7: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

Dec. 8-9: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo.

Dec. 10-11: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (†).



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.) To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Dec. 1: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

Dec. 2-4: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolore Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

Dec. 5-6: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell) with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook) performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Dec. 7-8: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jaso Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sa Shepard.

Dec. 9-11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanle Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Th Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath) with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)

Through Dec. 2: "Amarcord" (1974; Federic Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; an "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellin in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunell Bovo, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Ma sina.

Dec. 3-4: "The Man Who Would Be King (1975; John Huston), with Sean Conner Michael Caine, and Christopher Plumme and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), wit Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and France Sternhagen.

Dec. 5: "Patton" (1970; Franklin J. Schaf ner), with George C. Scott and Karl Malde

Dec. 6-7: "Polyester" (1981; John Water with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Femal Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with D vine.

Dec. 8-9: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boo man), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ne Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Sharky's M chine" (1981; Burt Reynolds), with Rey olds.

Dec. 10-11: "The French Connection" (197 William Friedkin) and "French Connecti II" (1975; John Frankenheimer), both fil with Gene Hackman.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 1: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Seller and Shelley Winters; and "Death in Ve ice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Di Bogarde.

Dec. 2: "The Third Generation" (197 Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German with Eddie Constantine and Han Schygulla; and "In a Year of 13 Moon (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in Ge man), with Volker Spengler.

Dec. 3: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robe Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van P landt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Ryde and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (197 Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty a Julie Christie.

Dec. 4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Vict Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Cla Gable.

Dec. 5: "National Velvet" (†); and "Fath of the Bride" (1950; Vincente Minnell with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Tayl Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor.

Dec. 6: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, An Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, a Thelma Ritter; and "Sweet Smell of S cess" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), wi Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, and Sus Harrison.

Dec. 7: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edwa Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merk

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and "The Old-Fashioned Way" (1934; William Beaudine), with W. C. Fields and Baby Le Roy.

Dec. 8: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Westworld" (†).

Dec. 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

Dec. 10: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

Dec. 11: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 1: "Nana" (1934; Dorothy Arzner), with Anna Sten, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill, and Richard Bennett; and "We Live Again" (1934), with Fredric March, Anna Sten, and Sam Jaffe.

Dec. 2-4: "The Real Glory" (1939; Henry Hathaway), with Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Broderick Crawford; and "Arrowsmith" (1931; John Ford), with Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman, and Richard Bennett.

Dec. 5-6: "Woman Chases Man" (1937; John G. Blystone), with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea; "The Wedding Night" (1935; King Vidor), with Anna Sten, Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy, and Helen Vinson; and "The Devil to Pay" (1931; George Fitzmaurice), with Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, and Myrna Loy.

Dec. 7-8: "Cynara" (1932; King Vidor), with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis; and "The Dark Angel" (1935; Sidney Franklin), with Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall.

Dec. 9-11: "My Foolish Heart" (1950; Mark Robson), with Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Kent Smith, and Robert Keith; and "Stella Dallas" (1937; King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 1: "Stand Up and Cheer" (1934; Hamilton McFadden), with Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Shirley Temple, and James Dunn; "Thanks a Million" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell, Fred Allen, and Ann Dvorak; and "Pigskin Parade" (1936; David Butler), with Patsy Kelly and Stuart Erwin.

Dec. 2: "Short Eyes" (1977; Robert M. Young), with Bruce Davison and José Perez; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

Dec. 3-4: "Don't Cry, It's Only Thunder" (1982; Peter Werner), with Dennis Christopher and Susan Saint James; and "Orphans" (1977; Nikolay Goubenko; in Russian).

Dec. 5: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Dec. 6: "Bed and Board" (†); and "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Béatrice Romand.

Dec. 7: "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno; and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" (†).

Dec. 8: "Cavalcade" (†); "Me and My Gal" (†); and "The Power and the Glory" (1933; Preston Sturges), with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore.

Dec. 9: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" (†).

Dec. 10-11: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 1: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

Dec. 2: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone.

Dec. 3-4: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "10" (1979; Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, Bo Derek, and Robert Webber.

Dec. 5: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

Dec. 6: "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young) and "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Dec. 7: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Dec. 8: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Marlowe" (1969; Paul Bogart), with James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Carroll O'Connor.

Dec. 9: "Laura" (†) and "Leave Her to Heaven" (†).

Dec. 10: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

From Dec. 11: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 2 at noon: "Observations on the Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; directed by Hans-Dieter Hartl; English commentary). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "The Last Hole" (1981; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "After Midnight" (1982; Wolf Gremm; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "Observations on the Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "After Midnight." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "The Logic of Emotion" (1982; Ingo Kratisch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 from noon to 9 P.M.: "Berlin Alexanderplatz: Episodes 1 to 7" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). There will be a thirty-minute intermission at about 2:30 and a sixty-minute intermission at about 6. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 from noon to 9:30: "Berlin Alexanderplatz: Episodes 8 to 13 and Epilogue" (1980). There will be a thirty-minute intermission at about 3 and a sixty-minute intermission at about 6. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Th Logic of Emotion." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "Th Last Hole." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Our Bodie Are Still Alive" (1981; Rosa von Praunheim in German), with Lotti Huber. . . . ¶ Dec. at 6: "Rise Up and Walk" (1982; John Ankele). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at noon: "Observations o the Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz." . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Victo Mature, Linda Darnell, and Walter Brennan . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: "Observations on th Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz." . . . ¶ Dec 10 at 2:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933 Lowell Sherman), with Mae West and Car Grant. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: "Our Bodies Ar Still Alive." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 from noon to "Berlin Alexanderplatz: Episodes 1 to 7. There will be a thirty-minute intermission a about 2:30 and a sixty-minute intermissio at about 6. (A limited number of tickets ar available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of th showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th S (570-0537)—Through Dec. 5: "The Juda Window" (1982; Leandro Katz), a film-an sculpture installation. Continuous showin noon to 6. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 10: "Call Sleep" (1982; Isaac Cronin and Terr Seltzer) and "Casual Shopper" (1980-8 Judith Barry), both videotapes. Showings a noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie—As the soused, man-hungry Miss Hannigan, the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is both hag and trollop, and her inflections spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm; she's gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. And when they dance it's showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. When Annie, who is invited to the mansion of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks, arrives, his household staff dances, and the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stamping feet—turns into commotion. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney (with a shaved head) gives a smooth, amused performance and models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Loews State; through Dec. 2.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would l easier to take if he'd stop directing to a me ronome. In French. (10/4/82) (Cinem Studio.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married li of Truffaut's hero Antoine Doinel (Jea Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to ha developed a dogged resistance to acting, bu as Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who loo like a less ethereal, more practical Catheri Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, conventionally "beguiling." With Hirol Berghauer, Barbara Laage, and Dani Boulanger; cinematography by Nestor A mendros. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (To Conway) calmly explains to his patie (Simone Simon) that her idea that she turning into a member of the cat family is fantasy; she silences him with fang and talo Val Lewton made his name as a produc with this ironic horror film, produced f R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While oth B-budget horror producers were still usi gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodi

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewer's fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures (this was his first) aren't really very good, but they're so much more imaginative than most of the horror films that other producers were grinding out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the cat woman's husband, Jane Randolph, Jack Holt, and Alan Napier. Written by DeWitt Bodeen; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca; editing by Mark Robson. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 10-11.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; Dec. 10-11.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tearjerker that begins with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and follows the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Noël Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, and Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titanic. Adaptation of Noël Coward's play by Reginald Berkeley; William Cameron Menzies worked on the war scenes. (Thalia; Dec. 8.)

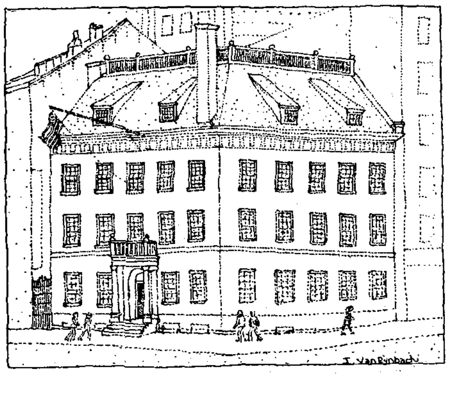
Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work, but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently lef on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusio of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you o the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, an rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on th audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The star are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., wh was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Dre Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wa lace, and Peter Coyote. The script is b Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Loews Ne York Twin, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Bay Cir ema; through Dec. 7.)



Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd a sortment of collaborators (among them St kowski, who did it voluntarily, an Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntar ly), and this grab bag of ambitious animate shorts—an attempt to combine high art an mass culture—was publicized as if it were a artistic landmark. Disney's animato provided visual interpretations of Bach "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in St kowski's transcription, which is a precursor the musical processing in "2001") and hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcrack Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "T Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads in the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and din saurs battle during "The Rite of Spring garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Be thoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was box-office failure, but it proved successful revivals, especially in the early seventi when it became a popular head film becau of such ingredients as the abstract first se tion, the mushroom dance during "The Nu cracker Suite" (one of the livelie sequences), and the overly bright—somewh psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Appre tice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts other sequences are first-rate Disney, but t total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfe through Dec. 5.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment this epic written and directed by Wern Herzog is Peru. After a visually promisi beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest the external world (and no one in this mo has much of an internal world, either). Set the eighteen-nineties, the film is about three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat ing dragged over a mountain that separa one tributary of the Amazon from anoth At times, the ship slowly climbing the mo tain seems rather magical, but the delib ateness of Herzog's pacing can put you i stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski trying to get rich in the rubber trade so t he can build an opera house in the jungle bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems mean be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know qu what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because not like anyone else in the world—exc maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Ha As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Clau Cardinale is ripely alive in this asex movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Paris).

Heaven Can Wait (1978)—We all can wait something better, in spite of the acting c tributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead fo ball player intent on being reincarnated Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in with him; of James Mason, as a heave guardian angel; and—most startling of al in spite of a script by the tremendously in ligent Elaine May, in collaboration Beatty. (A remake of "Here Comes Mr. dan," see below.) (Olympia Quad; Dec. 5-

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—In this scat brained fantasy, the soul of Joe Pendl (Robert Montgomery), a contender for heavyweight championship, arrives in hereafter fifty years before the appoi time through the overzealousness o Heavenly Messenger (Edward Everett ton) who has snatched Pendleton from an plane crash that he was supposed to surv The problem of getting Joe back into m flesh so that he can win the championsh so acute that it's taken over by Mr. Jo (Claude Rains), a high executive on the O Side. The slickly hammy Rains gives Mr. dan a sinister gloss, as if he were involve some heavenly racket, like smuggling nese; James Gleason has the contrasti

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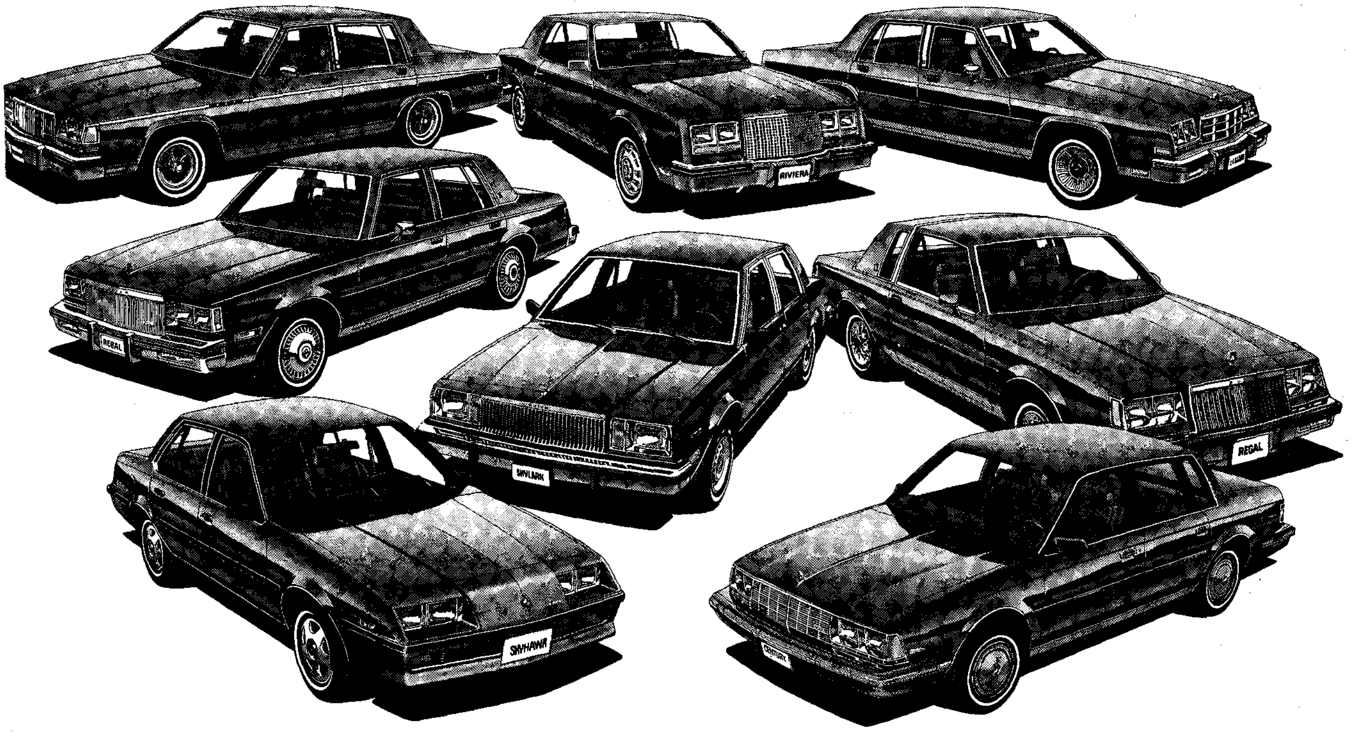

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gruff-voiced role of the fighter's manager. There's too much metaphysical gabbing and a labored boy-gets-girl romance, but audiences loved this heavy chunk of whimsy. With Evelyn Keyes, Rita Johnson, John Emery, Donald MacBride, Halliwell Hobbes, and Benny Rubin. Alexander Hall directed; Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller adapted Harry Segall's play "Heaven Can Wait." (Olympia Quad; Dec. 5-7.)

INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION (1970)—Elio Petri's indirect way of telling a story—which gradually takes the form of a paranoid fantasy—makes the viewer apprehensive. His purpose is ostensibly political, but sometimes he becomes so sophisticated and nasty and perverse that you don't trust his purposes. Here, starting with Kafka's cryptic "He is a servant of the law and *eludes judgment*," he sets out to demonstrate that those in authority are above the law they are supposed to serve. He chooses for his demonstration the megalomaniac chief of Rome's homicide squad (Gian Maria Volonte), who believes he has a license to kill, and who has just been promoted to a new post, in which he is to deal with political dissidents. The queasy, tense atmosphere derives not from the horror of the proposition itself but from the kinkiness of the details, such as Ennio Morricone's jangly music when the cop slits the throat of his mistress (Florinda Bolkan). The film is extremely dislikable. Petri is a highly skilled director but he doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he doesn't resolve the tensions, and so you're left in a rather foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

JOE AND MAXI (1980)—A disturbing, imperfect documentary about Joe Cohen, a caustic, self-made, self-driven, big-bellied New Jersey shorefront entrepreneur, and his relationships with his grown-up children—a daughter and two sons—at a time when it is discovered that he is dying of cancer. The picture, which was made by Joel Gold and Maxi Cohen (Joe's daughter, a professional film-and-video artist), is upsetting because of its intrusions on several lives during a time of intractable difficulties, but it is also moving and absorbing because of its willingness to deal with the hard and irresolute material of daily existence. (Agee Room; Dec. 5.)

KING KONG (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig, and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 8-9.)

KING KONG (1976)—The greatest misfit in movie history makes a comeback in this new version. Monster, pet, misunderstood kid, unrequited lover, all in one grotesquely oversized body, the innocent ape is martyred once again. The movie is a romantic adventure fantasy—colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). This new "Kong" doesn't have the magical primeval imagery of the first "King Kong," and it doesn't have the Gustave Doré fable atmosphere, but it's a happier, livelier entertainment. The first "Kong" was a stunt film that was trying to awe you, and its lewd underlay had a carnival hucksterism that made you feel a little queasy. This new "Kong" isn't a horror movie—it's an absurdist love story. When the forty-foot Kong stands bleeding and besieged at the top of the World Trade Center, and his blonde (Jessica Lange) pleads with him to pick her up, so that the helicopters won't shoot at him, even Wagner's dreams seem paltry. We might snicker at a human movie hero who felt such passion for a woman that he'd rather die than risk harming her, but who can jeer a martyr-ape? This film can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.,'s script; with Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, John Randolph, Ed Lauter, Julius Harris, René Auberjonois, and John Agar. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline; music by John Barry. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 8-9.)

KING LEAR (1971)—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet," uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 5-6.)

THE LADY WITH THE DOG (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 9-11.)

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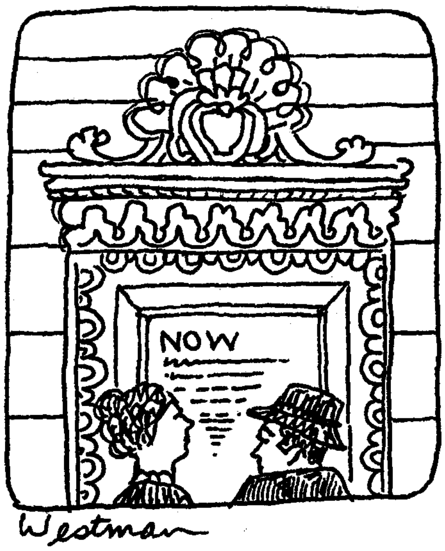
LAURA (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. (Speaking of Price, she says, "He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, neither is he. . . . We're both weak and can't seem to help it.") Produced and directed by Otto Preminger; adapted from the novel by Vera Caspary; script credited to Jay Dratler, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Betty Reinhardt—but it was Hoffenstein's work that saved it. With Dorothy Adams as Bessie. *Music by David Raksin.* (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

LEAP INTO THE VOID (1979)—The Italian director, Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near"), has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This new film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a worm—a spoiled worm wriggling in its comfortable nest; he's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has spent her life keeping the nest cozy for him; she has begun to rebel—she has been having fits of hysteria. Bellocchio is probably the only director (with the big exception of Buñuel) whose morbidity is exhilarating; this film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. There's greatness in it. With Michele Placido as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Dec. 3.)

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my minc like clouds across the summer sky." John M Stahl directed; Jo Swerling did the adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, Gene Lockhart, Reed Hadley, Mary Phillips, and Chill Wills. (Theatre 80 St Marks; Dec. 9.)



ME AND MY GAL (1932)—Joan Bennett is livel as a wisecracking, gum-chewing waitress Spencer Tracy is her policeman boyfriend The Irish humor is spread on thick, but ever once in a while Arthur Kober, who did th script, gets off a good one. The melodramati plot revolves around Bennett's brunette siste (Marion Burns), who is in love with a gangster. Raoul Walsh directed this naïve, pasted together yet rather pleasing picture. Wit Henry B. Walthall as a man who has lost th power of speech; George Chandler as hi foolish, good-natured son; and J. Farrell MacDonald. (Thalia; Dec. 8.)

MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID (1948)—Willia Powell fantasizing a romance and Ann Blyt with a lot of scales on her dress. So-so, an that's putting it generously. Audiences love the idea, though. Irving Pichel directed; th cast includes Irene Hervey, Andrea Kin and Clinton Sundberg. Based on a novel b Guy and Constance Jones; the script is b Nunnally Johnson, who was also th producer. (Thalia; Dec. 9.)

MY FAVORITE YEAR—The year is 1954, when S Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, ar this movie is a fictional treatment of li backstage during the days when many soo to-be-famous writers worked on his show brainstorming together. As the brawn truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna sugges an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole King's guest star from Hollywood—the not rious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who part John Barrymore and part Errol Flyn Bologna has an authentic boss-comic au and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky dari that is simply astounding. This show-busine farce is the first film directed by Richa Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviema ing, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Ma Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and An De Salvo all have a crack at fresh materi Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harp Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jaco Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Ba Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norm Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sanc and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Loews 34 Street Showplace, Baronet, and Loews P amount.)

NATIONAL VELVET (1944)—*One of the most* able movies of all time. Under the directi of Clarence Brown, the twelve-year- Elizabeth Taylor rings true on every line speaks; she gives what is possibly her m dedicated performance as Velvet Brown, little English girl who wins a horse in a lage lottery and is obsessively determined enter him in the Grand National. The film a high-spirited, childish dream; like " Wizard of Oz," it makes people smile wh they recall it. As the jockey who coaches vet, Mickey Rooney is very fine in so scenes; in others he's a shade too professi al, too ready with his lines. As Velv mother, who was the first woman to swim English Channel, Anne Revere is convi ingly strong and daring, even though sh made all-wise, in the M-G-M parental tra tion. Donald Crisp is Velvet's father, Ang Lansbury is Velvet's dreamy, out-of-it ol sister, and Jackie (Butch) Jenkins is the li brother of everyone's dreams. With Art Treacher, Reginald Owen, Norma Varc Terry Kilburn, and Arthur Shields. The 1 novel, by Enid Bagnold, was adapted Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch. 1978 sequel, "International Velvet," sta Tatum O'Neal as Velvet's niece.) (Metro ema; Dec. 5.)

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY (1947)—Alberto Cavalca the Brazilian who was active in the Fre film avant-garde of the twenties, is known in this country for his direction of ventriloquist episode in "Dead of Night." fast-moving, English-made version of the ly *Dickens novel has been undeservedly* glected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. The action moves from Dotheboys Hall, where the odious Squeerses board unwanted children, to the King's Bench Prison, where debtors not yet utterly destitute are held. John Dighton did the adaptation. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 7.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Dec. 10.)

The Overcoat (1962)—Russian adaptation of Gogol's story, directed by Alexei Batalov. Gogol set the story in the early nineteenth century, Batalov in the early twentieth century, which gives the film a peculiar double-period feeling, and the photography is arty; all the same, it is a wonderful story (about a badly off clerk and the life of pawnshops), and the Slav sense of detail transfigures the film. Well worth seeing, and infinitely more delicate and less maudlin than the Wolf Mankowitz version of the same material. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 7-8.)

'ennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

ersonal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles

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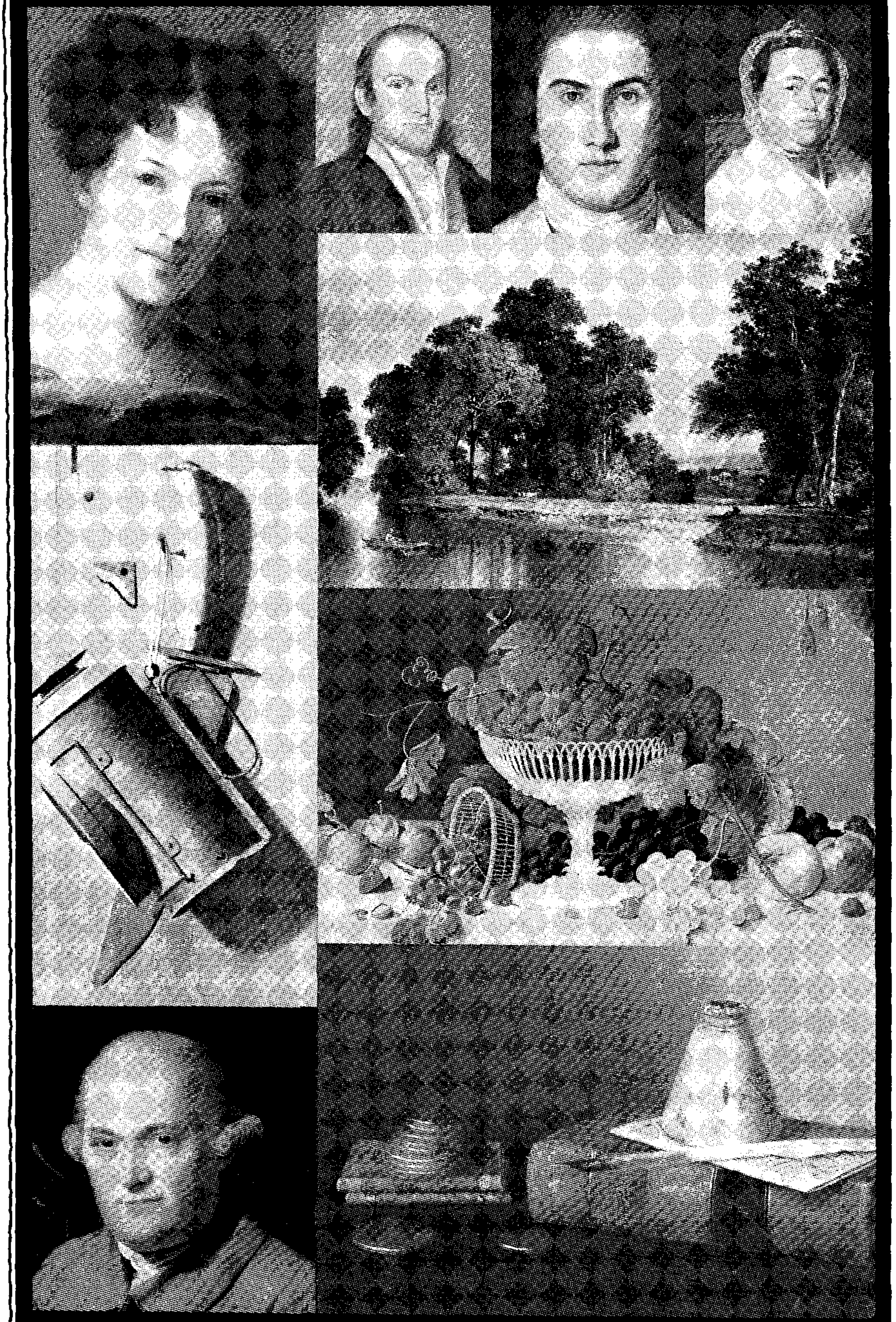

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play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Gramercy; starting Dec. 8.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-foot-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy; through Dec. 9.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea (1976)—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (Cinema Village; Dec. 10-11.)

Tex—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his début as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. This adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm. With Jim Metzler as

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Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Dec. 2.)

Time Bandits (1981)—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on D & D (Dungeons and Dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mistiming; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews State; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 7. The theatre will be closed on Friday, Dec. 3, and Monday, Dec. 6.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a terrorist kidnapping centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 5.)

ZOO SHOP
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ELEPH

Uncle Vanya (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 9-11.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an Englis singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work a a female impersonator. The picture is at it yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments o the preparatory sequences; when the infu riatingly sane and distant Julie Andrew finally gets into men's clothes, there's noth ing remotely funny about it. And you don' believe that she could successfully imperson ate a woman on the stage. Edwards pull laughs, though. He does it with the crudes setups and the moldiest, most cynical dum jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the wors sense. As an aging homosexual entertaine who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Rober Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. H plays a sentimental stereotype so heartil and likably that he redeems the musty ma terial. (This is yet another movie in which girl's best friend is a homosexual.) Jam Garner, with a mustache and acting like funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-clu owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend h discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesle Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exa gerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal pe ulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and y feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties t cans to her tail—he makes her into a nast screeching floozy. This picture featur speeches about sexual politics that are the la est in show-biz enlightenment; it also fe tures a chorus line, headed by Lesley A Warren, that may be the most contemptuo display of women's bodies ever seen in major-studio movie. With Alex Karras Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Hen Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland a forgettable. Based on the 1933 German fil comedy "Viktor und Viktoria," this is at lea the fifth version. (5/3/82) (New Yorker, a R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ 57th Playhouse; through Dec. 3.)

Welcome to L.A. (1977)—The writer-direct Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sublitera way; he overvalues mournful poetic though And Richard Baskin, whose suite of ro songs "City of the One Night Stands" w the starting point for this sick-soul-of- Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyr on the soundtrack. Their whimsical, la back alienation is stagnant and irritating; picture seems drugged. Keith Carradi Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harv Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sa Kellerman, and others perform attentive but they're undirected, and you can se their unease as they trudge from one che less affair to the next. Cinematography Dave Myers. Produced by Robert Altm (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 9.)

Westworld (1973)—Michael Crichton wr and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where va tioners can play out their movie-fed fantas by living in total environments that simul past ages—ancient Rome, the medie world, or the West of the eighteen-eight Computer-programmed humanoids sat the guests' vanity and lust and aggress The idea is ingenious, and the film mi have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie the skimped TV-movie look of a too-ti budget), but it's moderately entertain and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Brynner) are far superior to the actors in usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (M Cinema; Dec. 8.)

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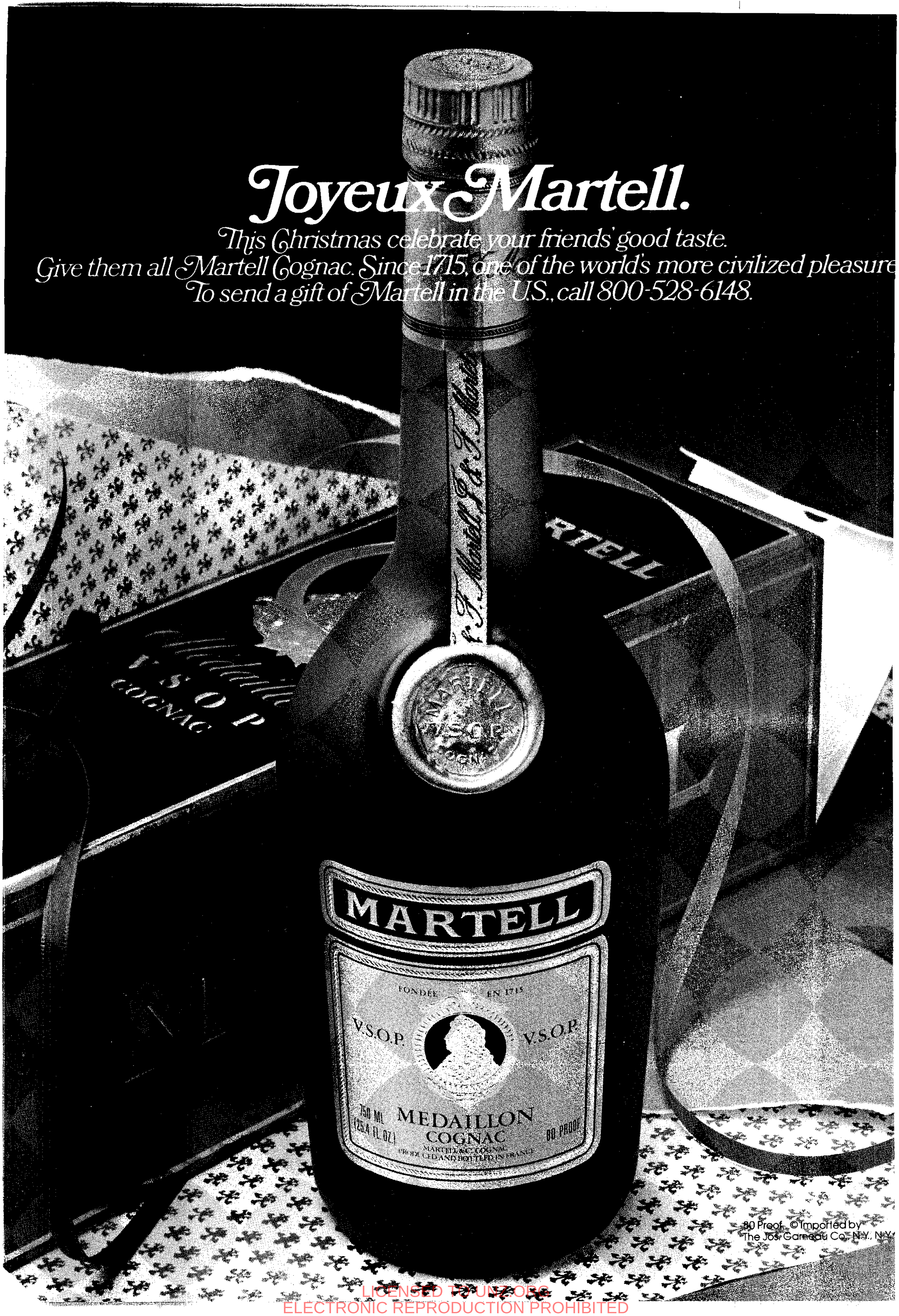
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

es and Comment

twenty-four hours last week, we
ooked around and saw:

Newspaper headlines: “GANG
IT KILLS MAN IN NYU DORM,”
PS RAID QUEENS CREDIT CARD
,” “SLAYING BARES HER SECRET
,” “NAB COUPLE IN CHILD PORN,”
'S HOTEL FORCES HER TO BE SEX
” “CALIF. QUARREL ENDS IN
TH HERE,” “HIT BY TRAIN AND
,” “FIRE KILLS N.J. GIRL, 3,”
Y'S DEATH PROBED,” “SAY HE
DOWN FANS,” “JEAN HARRIS
PS ON TV AS SHE RELIVES MURDER
IT,” “MADMAN SEARS 2 WITH
IN SUBWAY,” “ARREST 3 IN MID-
N STICKUP,” “FALLING DEBRIS
WALKER,” “FAMILY SUFFERS 2ND
RUN,” “FIRE FEM ROASTED BY
S & MOMS,” “3 ARRESTED AFTER
HIGH SCHOOL RIOT,” “JOB SITE
TESTER SHOT IN CLASH WITH
HATS,” “KINKY HUBBY'S INTO
AGE,” “SURRENDERS IN COP'S
ING,” “2 TEEN-AGE CHILDREN
HELD AS PLOTTERS OF FATHER'S
DER,” “WORKER FALLS 8 FLOORS
AR,” “ARIZONA CHURCH BISHOP
ED OVER SHOOTOUT,” “SUSPECT-
SMUGGLER SLAIN AT TEXAS
ER,” “PROGRESS REPORTED IN
G INDIAN PT. ATOM-DISASTER
,” “CITIZENS' GUN USE ON RISE
USTON,” “CONSPIRACY TRIAL IS
ALE OF TAPES,” “DETECTIVE
TS OFFICER IN ARGUMENT IN
NS,” “WIFE DEFENDS LECH ON
TAPE CHARGES,” “POPE BLASTS
IA,” “INDONESIA SQUEEZING
RILLAS IN EAST TIMOR,” “NI-
ANS OUTLAW SECT LINKED TO
L RIOTS,” “FOR LEBANON, ‘A
Y WAR' IN MOUNTAINS,” “FOR
INENT TURKS, SHAVED HEADS
JAIL GARB.”

ls: “How to Survive in the Electronic Jungle,” “Faden Fur Fashion Explosion!,” “Face-to-Face Design Confrontation by Michaele Vollbracht,” “N.Y.'s Biggest Auction Outlet Strikes Again.”

Movie titles: “Creepshow,” “First Blood,” “Brimstone & Treacle,” “Dawn of the Dead,” “Friday the 13th: Part 3,” “Funeral Home,” “The Slumber Party Massacre,” “Conan the Barbarian,” “Alone in the Dark,” “The Burning,” “Halloween III: Season of the Witch,” “Maniac,” “Jinxed,” “Caligula,” “Horror Planet,” “Basket Case.”

Toys: Masters of the Universe Battle Ram Mobile Launcher, Masters of the Universe Skeletor Lord of Destruction, Masters of the Universe He-Man Most Powerful Man in the Universe, Masters of the Universe Beast Man Savage Henchman, Masters of the Universe Zodac Cosmic Enforcer, Masters of the Universe Battle Cat Fighting Tiger, Masters of the Universe Wind Raider Assault Lander, Masters of the Universe Mer-Man Ocean Warlord, Masters of the Universe Stratos-Winged Warrior, M*A*S*H Medical Unit Helicopter, G.I. Joe A Real American Hero Mobile Missile System (MMS) with Removable Missiles You Elevate and Swivel, Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back Rebel Transport Vehicle, Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back Laser Pistol, The Star Wars Micro Collection Hoth Turret Defense.

Games: Stay Alive, Survive!, Conspiracy, Cobra Battle Game, Curse of the Cobras, Clue, Trouble, Headache.

Video games: Communist Mutants from Space, Chopper Command, Megamania, Night Stalker, Laser Blast, Gangster Alley, Suicide Mission, Sub Hunt, Rip Off, Berzerk, Demon Attack, Space Hawk, Star Strike, Astrosmash, Space Armada, Space Battle, Armor Battle, Sea Battle, Space Spartans, B-17 TM Bomber, Bomb Squad.

Rock groups called Cheap Trick, The Boomtown Rats, Missing Persons, The Clash, George Thorogood and the Destroyers.

Records called “Screaming for Vengeance,” “Bad Boy/Having a Party,” “Children of the Grave,” “Famous Last Words,” “Combat Rock,” “Maneater,” “Paranoid,” “Bad to the Bone.”

Television fare: “The Human Vapor,” “Roots of Evil,” “The Ambushers,” “Hear No Evil,” “Cape Fear,” “Peeping Tom,” “Someone Behind the Door,” “Murder on Lenox Avenue,” “Escape from Alcatraz,” “An Eye for an Eye,” “The Gun,” “Destroyer,” “Shark Bait,” “The Border Menace,” “Terror in the Wax Museum,” “Juggernaut,” “White Line Fever,” “The Howling.”

We sought cover by turning on the new “Saturday Night Live,” and there we heard the guest host, seven-year-old Drew Barrymore, of the movie "E.T.," deliver these lines written for her: "I'm a Barrymore. Get me a drink. And make it a double!"

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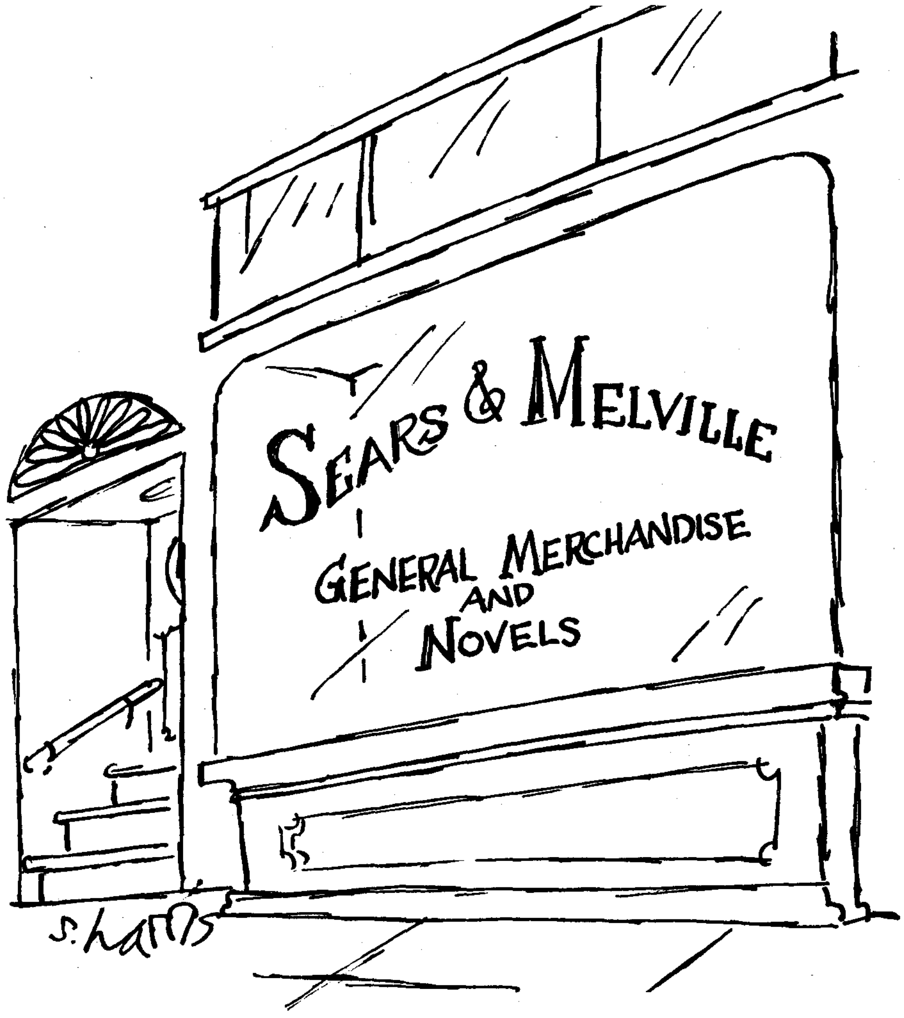
A Man in the Street

MOST people take the world as it comes. What is, is. But some people—poets, philosophers, and John Stapleton, for instance—insist on asking questions. And, of all the seekers, Stapleton must be the champion—at least, in sheer numbers. For the last ten years, Stapleton has stopped a minimum of ten people a day on the streets of New York; that's well over thirty-six thousand. Every day, he has a different question. One day not long ago, he was working on two questions: "The city has enacted an anti-noise ordinance that will fine dog owners up to a hundred dollars if their pet barks, and motorists up to five hundred dollars for excessive honking of their horns. What do you think of that?" and "Recently, the master of ceremonies at a television show asked his audience if they wanted to live to be a hundred years old. They all shouted 'No!' Are those your sentiments?" First, Stapleton strolled up Madison Avenue to Fiftieth Street, where he put his questions to two women eating a bag lunch in a plaza. Next, he ambled over to Rockefeller Center, where a doorman friend of his introduced him to two chauffeurs, who offered their opinions. Then he wandered through Times Square for an hour, interrogating random pedestrians. Finally, he returned to his desk in the News Building, sat down at his typewriter, and churned out the "Inquiring Photographer" column, his Op-Ed-page feature, which appears in the *News* every day except Christmas.

Only certain questions will do for the Inquiring Photographer (who
til a few years back was the Inquir
Fotographer—an orthographical
novation that failed to catch on
other users of the English langu
and was finally abandoned). The q
tions can't be unduly cosmic or un
trivial, and they must be answerabl
approximately fifty words. Still,
ting the questions is the easy part: th
sands of *News* readers submit idea
the hope of copping a ten-dollar pr
What's hard is getting answers,
that's where the tricks that Stapl
has acquired in the course of his ca
come in handy: always call pe
"young man" or "young lady," e
cially if they are not; approach wo
who are walking in pairs, so they
feel less threatened; show people
press card, and say, "This and se
ty-five cents will get you on the
way," so as to get them laugh
don't waste time trying to talk to
ple wearing headphones; resort to
tery, if necessary, to get people to
for pictures; and if someone do
want to answer just let the person
away. "I'm not a wise guy," Stapl
says. "I don't try to talk them into
thing. There's a lot of rejection in
job. Turndowns used to really bo
me. I'd think that I had done so
thing wrong, and I would worry.
now it doesn't get to me. That's
the way people are, some of them.'

A tape recorder slung over
shoulder and an aging Nikon ca
over the other, Stapleton sets off
each afternoon. "I do my work m
in the four boroughs—I rarely, if
get to Staten Island," he said whe
talked to him the other day. "By
I know the parts of the city whe
will get a predominance of a cer
type of person. If I have a questio
city affairs, I never go down near
Hall, because no one will talk. Act
ly, one of the best places in the ci
near Yankee Stadium. There's a co
house there, and people come in
jury duty from all parts of the boro
so you can talk to all types. Some
can be easy. Other days, it's pul
teeth. And let me tell you this—
one who deals with the public
agree that the full moon has a cer
influence. When there's a full mo
know about it without having to lo
His job has its dangers, Stapleton
ed. "One time, some guy said he
going to punch me in the nose,'
told us. "But I've never been arre
That happened to Jimmy Jemail,
was the Inquiring Fotographer be

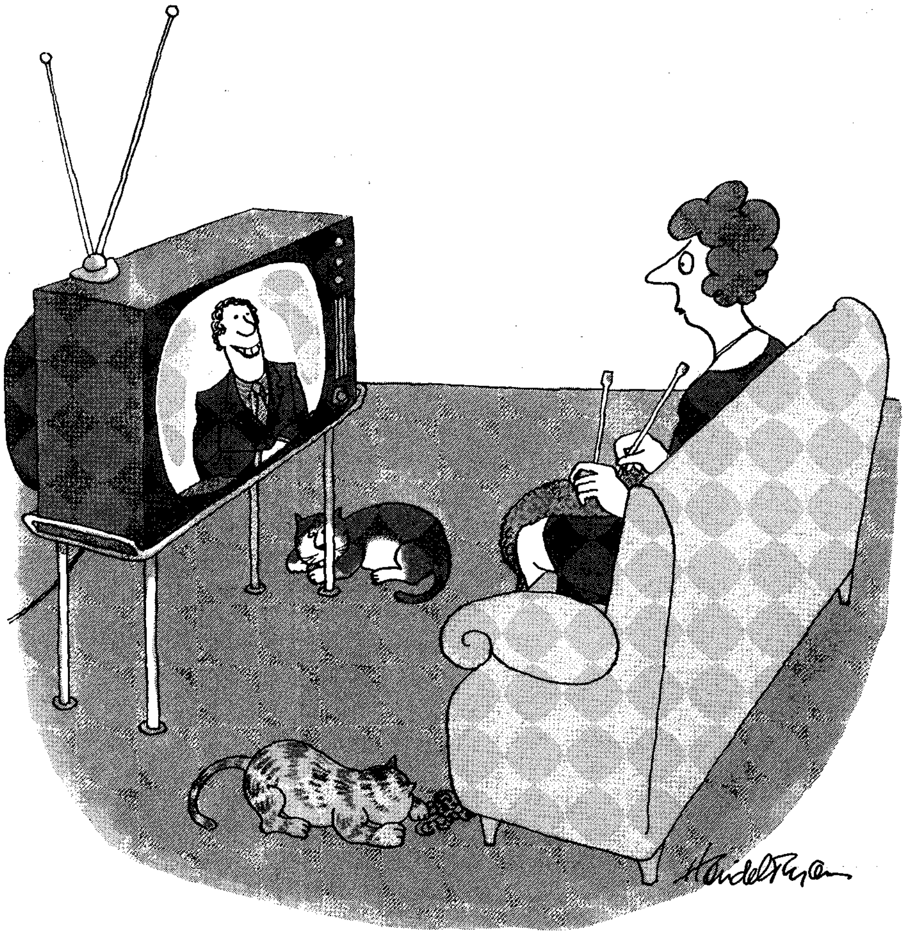


FAILED ALLIANCE

ıe. He spent the night in jail for sking middle-aged women whether hey remembered their first kiss and, if o, whether they had enjoyed it. The olice thought he was crazy."

Stapleton began his career at the *Vews* thirty-eight years ago, as a opyboy. "I was straight out of high chool, and there was no money for ollege, so I had to get a job," he said. My father had lived through the)epression, of course, and he told me ıat even in the worst of times there rere newspapers. No matter what, ıere were always newspapers. So I ot on the Third Avenue 'L' and went) the *News*. Actually, I was very forınate. If there had been a Forty-fifth treet stop on the 'L,' I might have one to work for the *Mirror*, and then would have been out of work in the xties." As a copyboy, Stapleton ap-renticed himself to Jemail, the suc-essor to the original Inquiring Fo-ıgrapher, John Chapman, who had one on to become drama critic. Jimmy Jemail, he made the column ı institution," Stapleton said. In the ·n years that Stapleton has been in ıarge, his longest night followed the unday-morning pardon granted for-ıer President Nixon. In two hours, tapleton conducted thirty-five inter-iews. "I got back and wrote up my ɔpy—that was before they had these ɔmputer terminals—and I made the rst edition with a full page," he told s. "An editor came up to me the next ıy and said, 'How did you do that?' I ıid, 'It doesn't matter how. That was ıe assignment, and I had to get it ɔne, so I did.' "

Midtown seemed united in its oppo-tion to barking dogs and honking orns, though some of the men and omen in the street (actually, on the dewalk) whom Stapleton chatted ith found the proposed fines a bit xcessive. One man said that schnau-ers should be dealt with more severely ıan other dogs; another suggested ıat the real problem was with horn ıanufacturers, and not horn honkers. I think we need a *sweeter* horn. Iaybe even a bell," he said. On the esirability of living to be a hundred, ıere was more division. One man ished to attain his century, but not if e had to spend the whole time in ew York City. Several people feared ecoming burdens to their relatives. he last respondent of the day didn't ven stop to think. "Definitely yes!" he l but shouted. "I find life chal-nging and invigorating. It is something I look forward to on a daily basis." After snapping a picture of the man, and noting his name on a little pad, Stapleton said to us, "That's it for today. It's back to the office for me. I'm not entirely sure I want to live to be a hundred myself."



"Hi, I'm your host. Help yourself to a drink."

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Reunion

A LEAN, gray-haired, weathered-looking man wearing spectacles, a blue work shirt, a thick red wool tie, and a windbreaker and carrying an old-fashioned satchel walked into the cafeteria of the Norman Thomas High School, at 111 East Thirty-third Street, on a recent Friday night and peered around. On the walls—in addition to posters telling Where to Pick Up Your Class Ring, announcing a Fashion Show on December 3rd, and revealing the 1982-83 Varsity Basketball Schedule—there were lots of posters about Norman Thomas (portraits, quotations, ideas). "I'm John H. Keller, of Lima, Ohio," the man said slowly and precisely, in a deep, amiable voice, extending his hand to us. "I got on the Broadway Limited at one o'clock this morning in Lima in order to get here. I'm a retired railroad man, so I rode half fare." He paused. "I worked in the 1932 campaign in Dayton," he said.

The cafeteria began to fill with people: more than two hundred workers from Norman Thomas's 1932 Presidential campaign—and perhaps some or all of his four subsequent campaigns—on the Socialist ticket. ("The planks in his Presidential platform were public works, unemployment insurance, minimum-wage laws, low-cost housing, slum clearance, the five-day week, abolition of child labor, health insurance for the aged, anti-Communism, civil liberties, civil rights for Negroes, and old-age pensions," the historian William Manchester wrote in 1974. "Nearly every one of these proposals was then considered radical.") The evening was part of a two-day celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the 1932 race, but the old campaigners appeared to be a lively bunch, by and large—lots of strong faces and plenty of laughter. They greeted each other, picked up trays, and got in line for the modest banquet.

"Norman Thomas was born in Ohio, you know," Keller told us. "Marion, Ohio. He had this very commanding physical presence and a most sensitive conscience. But I think his most impressive quality was his integrity." Keller put down his satchel. "I was a brakeman and conductor on the Nickel Plate and the Norfolk & Western. My father was a railroad man. He was in the shopmen's strike in 1922. The government got an injunction against the strikers, and the railroad brought in strikebreakers. There was violence. I was just out of the seventh grade at the time. That strike changed my life. Eugene Debs was a railroad man from Terre Haute. I visit his grave once a year. He's buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery. That's on the east side of Terre Haute, adjacent to Route 40."

"John Keller!" a stocky man exclaimed. "I'm Ben Parker."

"Ben Parker!" said Keller.

The two men shook hands vigorously. Parker, who had once been secretary of the Socialist Party in Ohio, spoke about Thomas. "He was a marvellous orator. You'd be enthralled! The man just overflowed with a love for humanity. I remember once in the nineteen-fifties I had to meet him and drive him somewhere, and I had my very small son along. The drive took three-quarters of an hour, and Thomas put my child on his knee and entertained him the whole time with little songs and stories."

Evan Thomas and Frances Gates, two of Thomas's children, were at one of the tables. "There were five children in the family, and we took turns going on trips with him," said Thomas. "I remember sitting in the back seat of the car in the early nineteen-thirties. My mother would sit in the front seat with a typewriter in her lap, and my father would dictate as he drove. My sister Francie, here, was the closest to him."

"I was going to Barnard in those days and living at home, on East Eighteenth Street," said Mrs. Gates. "I was active in the campaigns, and many of these faces here tonight are *very* familiar." She looked around the room. "We're with a group of people who really loved him. They're determined to keep his name alive. The school is a marvellous kind of memorial. The students have a Norman Thomas Club. The remarkable thing is these young people are very enthusiastic about somebody they never knew but have only heard about."

Harry Fleischman, a white-haired man in a red coat, was co-chairperson (with Rose Shapiro) of the event. "I used to be the national secretary of the Socialist Party, and I ran the Thomas campaigns in '44 and '48," Fleischman said. "We all felt that Norman was one of the greatest Americans in the history of the country, and one of the most marvellous human beings." He went over to a microphone at one side of the room, greeted the crowd, and began introducing speakers.

Among them was Ruth Senior, who had been office manager of the 1932 campaign, and whose late husband, Clarence Senior, had run the campaign. She wondered what Thomas would have thought of the recent New York election, in which one gubernatorial candidate spent seven million dollars. "In 1932, we spent a grand total of twenty-five thousand dollars," she said. "We had leaflets, we talked on street corners to anyone who would listen. We had a few 'angels,' and I got so that I could recognize their handwriting on an envelope, and my heart would flutter. A hundred dollars kept us in White Tower hamburgers and eighteen-cent gas for a long time. We were joined in love and concern for each other." She quoted a Thomas speech saying that every American family should be clothed, housed, fed, and "free from that dread fear of tomorrow." "That's what we believed then," she said, and she concluded, "Yes, Mr. Reagan—we're staying *that* course."

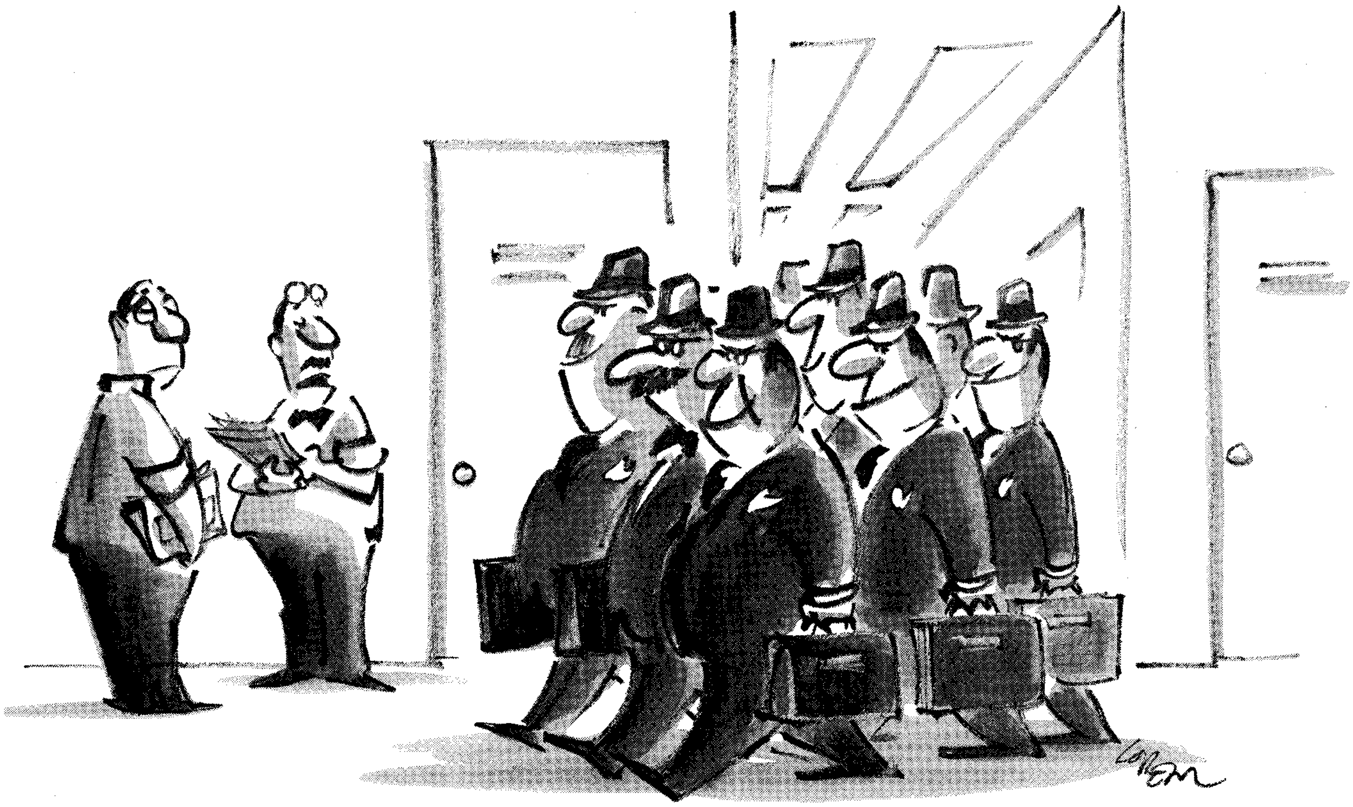
Walter Bergman, crippled from a beating he received in 1961 as a Freedom Rider in Alabama, said, "There was no person who touched me so deeply, or who had so much influence on my life."

Herman Wolf, who was the director of Students for Thomas in 1932 (when he was too young to vote), described serving as a watcher during the election at a polling place in small South Chicago store. "The loc Republicans and Democrats were su prised to see a Socialist arrive. Neve theless, they welcomed me, and eve time their people brought in food du ing the day they insisted that I sha it. After the polls closed, it to forever to count the paper ballot Whenever there was a discrepanc they turned to me, saying, 'Let's l our young Socialist friend settle i Every once in a while—and it was a ways a long time between those on in a whiles—someone would mutt 'Thomas,' and put his ballot asid There couldn't have been more th half a dozen. Finally, they totalled the votes: around three hundred a eighty for Roosevelt and a hundr and twenty for Hoover. Then all t ballots were swept into a box, and th prepared to leave. I asked meekl 'What about the Thomas votes They were tired. They didn't want search for Norman's ballots. Th looked at each other, whispered t gether a moment, turned to me, a said, 'Would forty-six be O.K. 'Yes!' I said. Returning to Party hea quarters, I discovered that in most di tricts Norman was getting five or s votes—maybe ten or twelve so places. Everyone was incredulous my forty-six votes. I never said a other word—until now."

The cafeteria reverberated with a plause.

Laughs

TIME was when someone w was presented with a nugget homespun wisdom—"Laughter is t best medicine," for instance—did press for evidence. But ours is a cyni age; assert something and you da well better be able to back it up. when Charles Lindner rose, not lo ago, before the weekly Lunch a Learn meeting of the Pace Univers Community Relations Department defend the proposition "He W Laughs—Lasts!" he had *numbe* Frowning, he disclosed, requires for three muscles, while smiling requi but seventeen, and so is clearly bene cial from the standpoint of person energy conservation. And belly-laug ing, he added, secretes a chemical t helps block out pain. Besides havi medical applications, Lindner sa laughter serves important pedagogi purposes—an Israeli study showed t students who were told jokes at the



"It looks as if Fuller, McConochie & Vogel has opted for the dense-pack defense."

* *

inning of lectures fared twenty-two er cent better on exams than their olleagues in drearier classrooms. In is role as a "humor consultant" to arious large corporations, Lindner as seen increases in productivity from ieasures as small as posting jokes on ulletin boards. The punch line of Mr. indner's speech seemed to be that umor is no laughing matter. "A per- on has two legs and one sense of hu- ior," he said, "and if you're faced ith the choice it's better to lose a leg."

Far be it from us to quibble with Ir. Lindner about the therapeutic orth of comedy. He is, after all, one f the very few college-level comedy istructors around, and he did keep the incheon laughing for most of his our-long session. But, somehow, we ill had a headache.

Perhaps it was because we'd been up ery late the night before, mixing our omedy with beer while we witnessed ie fourth annual Charlie Awards cer- nonies of the Association of Comedy rtists, at the Village Gate. The do- igs lasted for five hours, during hich time we heard jokes about John e Lorean, baldness, E.T., Ronald eagan's neck, fat ladies, cherrystone ams, herpes, herpes, and herpes, eams that break down pi-meson bonding, marijuana use in the military, the meaning of counterclockwise in the age of the digital watch, congressional logjams, the war for the Falkland Islands, Brooke Shields, James Watt, Erhard Seminars Training, random shootings, Long Island, the pill, traffic cops on the East Coast as compared with traffic cops on the West Coast, praying mantises, and acne, among other things. As is usual with us, we can't remember any of the jokes well enough to tell them—only one reply made by a comedian, Professor Irwin Corey, to a heckler. "When your I.Q. reaches twenty-eight," Corey told the man, "sell!" Acceptance speeches took up much of the evening, and, being comedians, some of the accepters did some pretty crazy things. Rob Bartlett, for instance, who took home the honors as the Most Promising Male Comedian, gave his acceptance speech as if he were a dog. "Woof, woof, woof," he went. "Woof, woof, woof." Then he stuck his tongue in his glass and pretended to lap up his drink. The highlight of the evening, no question, was a brief appearance by Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. They brought the crowd to its feet to watch a pantomimed routine about a shoe salesman waiting on a lady. Tremendously funny, it also seemed tremendously out of place, amid the stream of one-liners and off-color sketches. The reason, we decided, was that there was nothing snide about the skit, which they first performed in the early fifties—nothing cynical or biting. It was just funny.

In a seminar the next afternoon at the Museum of Broadcasting (where a retrospective of his work is showing Tuesdays through Saturdays through the end of the year), Sid Caesar talked about what had happened to comedy since his heyday. The decline of live television had led to "packaged" and "inhuman" comedy, he said. "If you know you can always do it again, it just doesn't get there," he explained, and later he said, "People laugh at old comedy; machines laugh at new comedy." Caesar showed a bunch of clips of his own favorite performances—as a husband irate about his wife's purchase of a fur coat, as an insomniac, as a young man bemoaning the way inflation had turned an idyllic night on the town in 1939 into a nightmare just a decade later, as a jazz saxophonist. "Comedy has to be truth," he said. "You take the truth and you put a little curlicue at the end."

ANSWER IN THE AFFIRMATIVE

YESTERDAY I thought about Mr. Ardamanian and the time I let him make love to me.

I say "make love," but it was not that, exactly. It was quite beyond maleness and femaleness. It was a strange thing, one I seldom think of, not because I am ashamed but because it never bothers me. When I do think back upon it, I am filled with a kind of passive wonder that I should have let it happen and that it never bothered me, for I am not the kind of woman who stands still under the hands of an unloved man, nor am I in any way the kind who willy-nilly invites such treatment.

There is a novel by Somerset Maugham in which an actress lets a stranger sleep with her for one night in a train. As I recall it, she never manages to call up any native shame about this queer adventure but instead comes to recollect it with a certain smugness, pleased with her own wild daring. I do not feel smug about Mr. Ardamanian's caresses; until yesterday, I believed myself merely puzzled by their happening, or at least their happening to *me*.

Yesterday I had to make a long drive alone in the car. It was a hundred miles or so. I was tired before I started, and filled with a bleak solitariness that gradually became self-conscious, so that before I had passed through the first big town and got out into the vineyards again I was, in spite of myself, thinking of my large bones, my graying hair, my occasional deep weariness at being forty years old and harassed as most forty-year-old women are by overwork, too many bills, outmoded clothes. I thought of ordering something extravagant for myself, like a new suit—black, or perhaps even dark red. Then I thought that I had gained some pounds lately, as always when I am a little miserable, and I began to reproach myself: I was turning slothful, I was slumping, I was neglecting my fine femaleness in a martyrlike and indulgent mood of hyperwifeliness, supermotherliness. I was a fool, I said bitterly, despondently, as I sped with caution through another town.

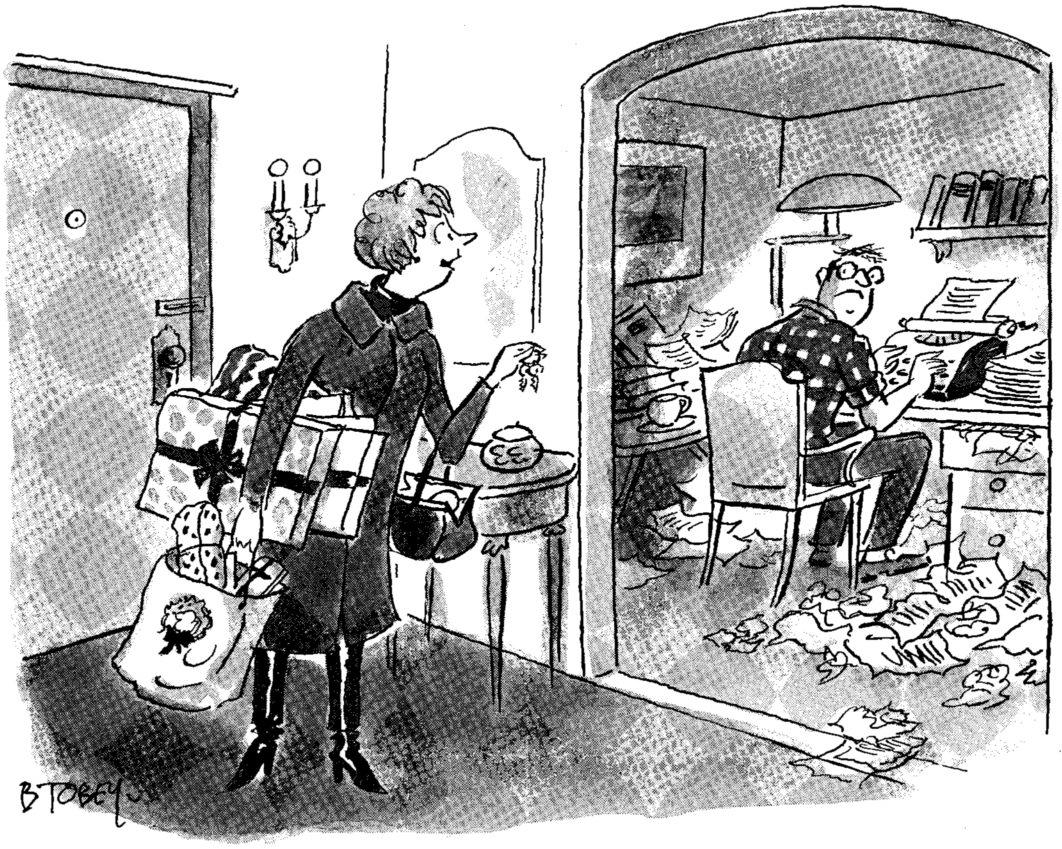
I began to think about myself younger, slimmer, less harried, and less warped by the world's weight. I thought with a kind of tolerant amusement that when I was in my twenties I never noticed my poundage, taking for granted that it was right. Now, I reminded myself as I shot doggedly through the vineyards and then a little town and then the peach orchards near Ontario—now I shuddered, no matte how gluttonously, from every pat o butter, and winced away from every encouraging Martini as if it held snake venom. Still I was fat, and I wa tired and old, and when had it happened? Just those few years ago, I had been slender, eager, untwisted by fatigue.

I had been a good woman, too I had never lusted for any man bu the one I loved. That was why i was so strange, the time Mr. Ardamanian came to the house with m rug.

We were living near a colleg where my husband taught, in a beautiful shack held together by layers o paint. I was alone much of the time and I buzzed like a happy bee throug the three rooms, straightening an polishing them. I was never ill at eas or wistful for company, being young healthy, and well loved.

We were very poor, and my mothe said, "Jane, why don't you hav Mr. Ardamanian take a few of these old rugs of mine and make them int one of his nice hash-rug for your living room? I wouldn't cost much, an anything he can do for ou family he will love to do."

I thought of Mr. Ardamanian, and of the twent years or so of seeing hi come, with great dignity to roll up this rug and tha rug in our house—for m mother had a great many— and then walk down to h car lightly under the balanced load. He knew us al first me and my little siste then the two younger siblings, and my grandmother and the various cook we had, and even Fathe He came in and out o the house, and watche us grow, year after yea while he cleaned and mended rugs for us. Mother tol us his name was that o a great family in Armeni and, true enough, ever time since then when have seen it in books or o shopfronts, mostly for rug

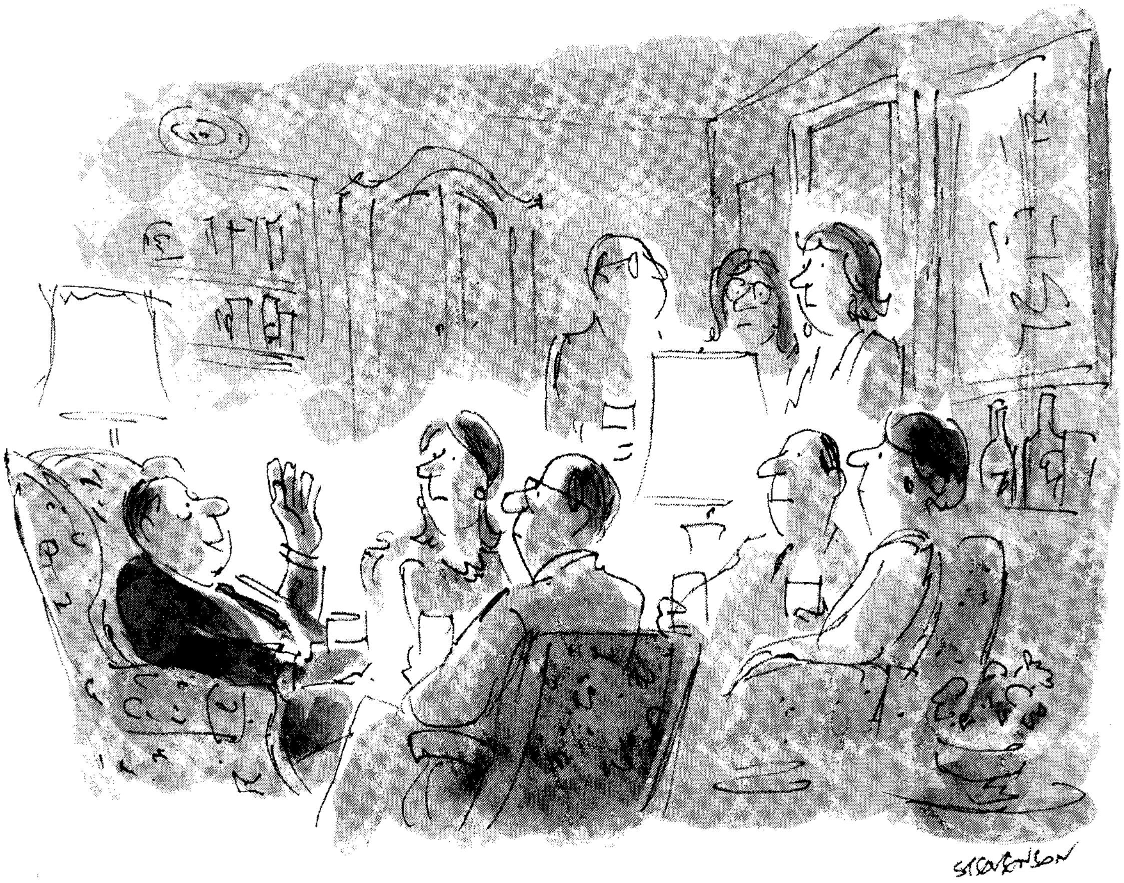


"I got a lot accomplished today, Carl. How about you?"

have known it to be art of his pride.

He was small, very ld and gray, it emed, when I was a ttle girl. He had a igh but quiet voice, eep flashing eyes, and rong, white, even eth. He called my other Lady. That al- ays pleased me. He id not say Missus, even Madam, or La- So-and-So. He said *ady*. He dressed in ood gray suits, and though he rolled up g rugs and carried em out to his car, he as never dusty.

Mother went ahead ith her generous an, and Mr. Ardama- an did come to the tle house near the llege, bearing upon s old shoulders a fair- handsome hash-rug ade of scraps. He ood at the door under e small pink roses at climbed every- here, and he looked he had always looked to me over ose twenty years.



"Everybody who's pretty well talked out raise his or her hand."

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He bowed, said, "Your lady mother is sent me," and came in.

I felt warm and friendly toward m, this strange familiar from my rliest days, and as the two of us ently laid the good solid rug upon e painted floor, under my sparse fur- ture, I was pleased to be with him. 'e finished the moving, and the rug oked fine, very rich and thick, if t what I was used to at home—the g, worn Baluchistans, the glowing okharas.

Then—I do not quite remember, t I think it started by his saying, in s rather high, courteous voice, the e I knew over so many years, "You e married now. You look very ppy. You look like a woman at last, d you have grown a little here . . . t yet enough here . . ." and he began ry delicately, very surely, to touch on my waist, my shoulder, my all young breasts.

It was, and I know it even now, a nderful feeling. It was as if he were sculptor. He had the most fastidi- sly intelligent hands I had ever met with, and he used them with the instinct of an artist moving over something he understood creatively, something alive, deathless, pulsating with beauty but beyond desire.

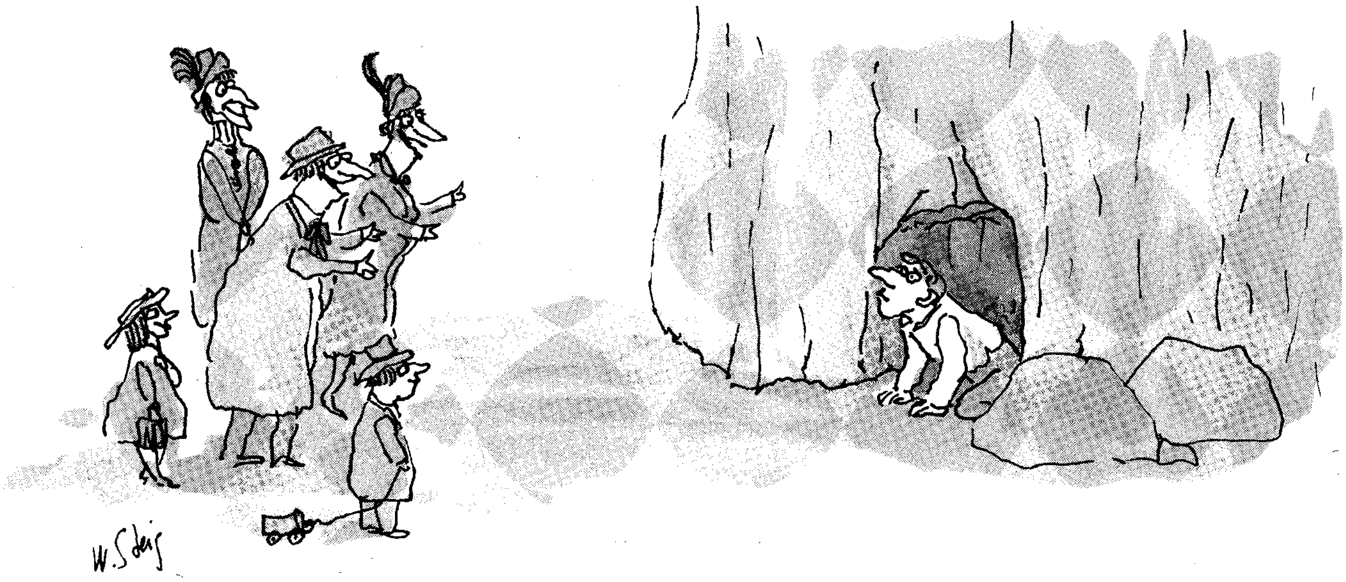
I stood, silent and entranced, for I do not know how long, while Mr. Ardamanian seemed to mold my outlines into classical loveliness. I looked with a kind of adoration at his remote, aged face, and felt his mysteriously knowing hands move, calm as God's, over my body. I was, for those moments of complete easy-breathing silence, as beautiful as any statue ever carved in stone or wood or jade. I was beyond reproach.

I heard my husband come up the path through the mimosa trees. The old man's hands dropped away. I went to the door, unruffled, and I introduced the two men. Then Mr. Ardamanian went gracefully away, and it was not until an hour or so later that I began to remember the strange scene and to wonder what would have happened if he had led me gently to the wide couch and made love to me in the way I, because of my youngness, most easily understood. I felt a vague shame, perhaps, because of my upbringing and my limited spiritual vocabulary, and the whole thing puzzled me in a very minor and peripheral way. There had been no faintest spark of lust between us, no fast urgent breath, no need. . . .

SO I found myself thinking of all this yesterday, alone in the car. I felt bitter, seeing myself, toward the end of the tiring trip, as a thickening exhausted lump without desire or desirability. I thought fleetingly of the tall, slim, ripe woman who had stood under those ancient hands.

When I got to my mother's house, I needed quiet and a glass of sherry and reassuring family talk to jolt me out of a voluptuous depression. Mind you, it was not being forty that really puzzled and hurt me; it was simply that I had got that far along without realizing that I could indeed grow thicker and careless, and let myself eat and drink too much, and wear white gloves with a hole in them, and in general become slovenly.

Almost the first thing my mother said was that she was waiting for Mr.



Unexpected Visitors

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Ardamanian. I jerked in my chair. It seemed too strange, to have thought about him that morning for the first time in many years. Suddenly I was very upset, for of all things in the world I did not want that old man who had once found me worth touching to see me tired, mopish, middle-aged. I felt cruelly cheated at this twist and I cried out, "But he can't be alive still! Mother, he must be a hundred years old."

She looked at me with some surprise at my loud protest and said, "Almost. But he is still a good rug man."

I was stunned. It seemed a proof to me of all my dour thoughts during the long ride. Oh, the hell with it, I thought; what can it matter to an old ghost that I'm no longer young and beautiful, if once I was, to his peculiar vision? "That hideous hash-rug fell apart," I said ungraciously, and paid no heed to my mother's enigmatic gaze.

When he came, he did look somewhat older—or, rather, drier—but certainly not fifteen or eighteen years so. His temples had sunk a little, and his bright, even teeth were too big for his mouth, but his dark eyes flashed politely, and he insisted on moving furniture and carrying in the clean rolls of Oriental carpet without any help. He performed neatly, a graceful old body indeed.

"Do not move, Lady," he said to my mother, and he whisked a small rug under her footstool without seeming to lift it. I stood about aimlessly, watching him and thinking about him and myself, in a kind of misery.

At the end, when he had carried the dirty rugs out to his car and had told my mother when he would come back, he looked at me, and then stepped quite close.

"Which one are you?" he asked.

"I'm the oldest," I said, wondering what he would remember of me.

And immediately I saw that it was everything, everything—not of me as a little growing child but of me his creation. His eyes blazed, and fell in an indescribable pattern from my cheeks to my shoulders to my breasts to the hidden cave of my navel, and then up over the bones of my ribs and down again to the softened hollows of my waist. We were back in the silent little house near the college, and I was filled with a sense of complete relaxation, to have this old man still recognize me, and to have him do with his eyes what once he had so strangely and purely done with his hands. I knew that it was something that would never happen again. What is more, I knew that when I was an old woman it would strengthen me, as it strengthened me that very minute when I was tired and forty and thick, that once Mr. Ardamanian had made me into a statue.

The question about seduction still remains, of course, in an academic way. Would he have done any more to me than what he did, and, indeed, would anything more have been possible—not from the standpoint of his indubitable virility, no matter what h age, but from that of our spiritu capacity to pile nectar into the brin ming cup? I can never know, nor do care.

I was filled with relief, standi passively there before my mother the familiar room. I felt strong a fresh.

He smiled his gleaming smil bowed to my mother, and then sa directly to me, "Lady, it is good tha met you again. Goodbye."

When he had gone, as poised as praying mantis under his last roll rugs, my mother said, pretending to cross, "I thought *I* was his Lady, n you!" She smiled remotely.

Mother and I talked togeth through the afternoon, about childr and bills and such, but not about M Ardamanian. There seemed no ne to, then or ever. —M. F. K. FISH

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But WTBS has made at least one sale California. The station, which broadca by satellite and cable around the count will broadcast the Nobel Prize award ce mony from Stockholm this December. T sponsor? The E&J Gallo Winery.

Despite Turner's complaints about lack of business for WTBS on the W Coast, however, he neglected to tell gathering about at least one sale California.

WTBS will broadcast the Nobel Pr award ceremony from Stockholm t December. The sponsor? The E&J Ga Winery. That's simple enough.—*Los* *geles Times.*

It's getting simpler by the minute

BRIDGES

TWO nights ago my husband caught a flight to Lima on a rickety twin-engine Cessna; one of its wings had been patched with a hammered-out tin can. The runway was just outside of a small Peruvian village. The lights of the plane, coming on, woke two goats that had been tethered in the eucalyptus scrub at the far end of the field. In the glare the kid nosed its mother urgently, and she kicked at it with a bony hind leg before allowing it to nurse. The pilot was an aging ex-stunt man, who cursed imploringly in Spanish, Quechua, English, and German, exactly as f the plane had a hybrid soul—the result of various smuggled and stolen parts—that had to be coaxed into the air with each of its nationalist emoions intact. It was a belief Matthew came to share as the plane rose, ratling and shuddering, from the end of he runway, its wake flattening the eucalyptus scrub. After dawn the extunt man did a few demonstrational dives above an azure ridge. Once the plane was righted, Matthew took off his glasses and breathed on the lenses. He polished them against his pants leg. Before putting them on again, he wiped the ears from below his yes with the back of his hand. If the ex-stunt man had observed this ilent weeping, he said nothing, though a lesser man, burdened with roblems of his own and neasy anyway in the resence of an Amercan, could certainly have taken it as a critcism of his flying.

Their rapport ended t the airport in Lima, where Matthew was to atch his connecting ight to Albuquerque. The pilot helped to rag the battered uitcases across a long eld. "What have you ot in here?" the pilot runted. "Stones? I like o think I am a strong man." In the end they hook hands three mes, the pilot clasping Matthew's elbow—before and after Matthew paid him, and once for luck. The cool of the waiting room came as a relief to Matthew, and he washed his face in the chipped porcelain basin in the men's room, cupping the water in his hands, drying his face on his shirtsleeve. A small boy, his eyes barely sink-level, begged for change. When Matthew complied, the small boy dragged another, even smaller boy from one of the toilet cubicles. The smaller one was wearing a dress that came down only as far as his buttocks, and what seemed to be a woman's wedding ring, held on his finger by cleverly wound bits of string and rag. He held out his hand. Matthew gave him a dime, which he examined gravely, turning it over and over. "Do you know Superman?" the first one asked, in Spanish.

"No, I don't," Matthew said.

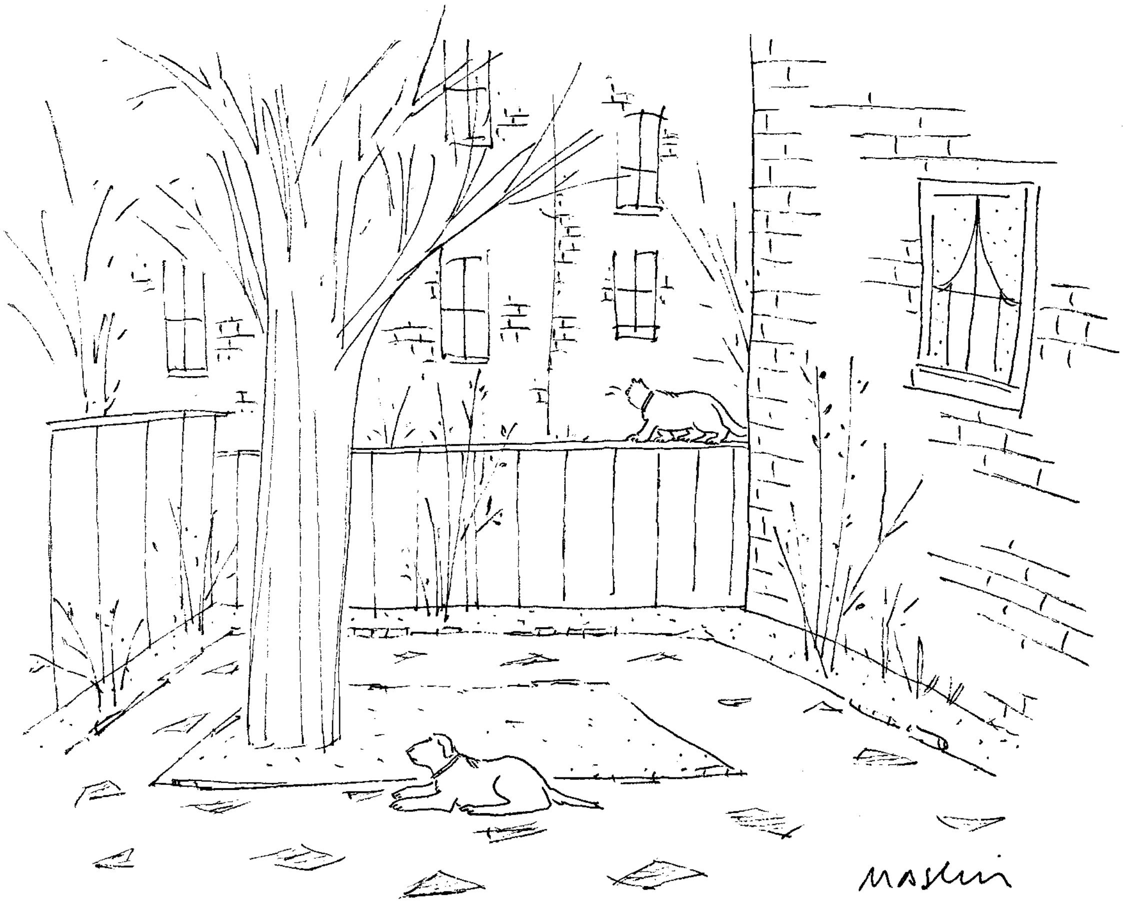
"Do you know who he is?"

"I know who he is."

"Can he really fly?"

"Yes," Matthew said. "He can really fly." Any other answer would have been met by doubt, or even contempt; still, for a moment, he had considered trying to prove to them that a man cannot fly. But even as he imagined himself reciting the most elementary definitions of gravity, things a child could understand—falling apples, stones dropped from towers—he knew he could not face their disbelief. He stared at his reflection in the small, dark mirror. Twenty-four hours ago, he had received a telegram about his father's heart attack. He was going home to attend the funeral.

THE suitcases he unpacks on our bed contain mostly architectural blueprints, folders of diagrams, documents whose corners are tattered from having been handled so often, so appraisingly, in shabby government offices that smelled of boiled potatoes and the ripe-lime after-shave favored by minor officials. Matthew is an architectural engineer. We met seven years ago, while he was still in graduate school; on the walls of a dormitory room where we first made love he had tacked drawings of housing complexes, shopping malls, fountains, laundromats, and even a cathedral whose copper-bright roof was de-



THE PLOT THICKENS

signed to suffer, year by year, a slow *oxidation and darkening.* Gradually Matthew's interest focussed on bridges. At the wedding reception one of his professors, holding a slice of wedding cake on a paper plate that sagged under its weight, remarked that in a cutthroat, relentlessly competitive field Matthew's bridges looked somehow spindly, ethereal, as if they were intended for construction on the moon. Nonetheless, he could bring himself to believe there was some future in it, the professor said, and kissed me, almost crushing the paper plate between us; there was frosting in his mustache. The bridge for which Matthew began the drawings early last spring was to be anchored in a rain forest, above a river so tranquil that palm branches would sometimes float for miles bearing small, screaming monkeys. Matthew had praised the site to me—its remoteness, roughness, purity. The classically difficult nature of the terrain would be a spur to invention; the mists that rose from the surface of the river would cause the finished bridge to look as if it were floating. Any architect would give his right arm for the chance. "You have your dancing," he said.

"My dancing has never taken me farther away than Albuquerque."

"What if you had a chance to dance with the greatest company in the world? Or what if Twyla Tharp called and wanted you to tour Europe with her? Could anything keep you away?"

"No," I said, "probably not."

The construction of the bridge was fraught with problems from the beginning. Isolation bred defection among the *campesinos*, who yearned for their wives and villages; defection bred sabotage. Headlights and bolts that would take months to replace were stolen from the bulldozer; cranes, the diesel fuel siphoned from their tanks, were mired in ditches of ochre mud. The new son-in-law of a famous general cheated in filling an order for cement: Matthew inventoried a hundred sacks of pale sand.

The trouble is, I think, watching Matthew lift a stained khaki shirt and remove a crushed cigarette from its pocket, I no longer want to know about his flight, the children begging for change, the problems with the bridge. It is difficult enough that, after six months, he is suddenly here. "Do you know where my dark-gray jacket is?" he says.

"The old one with the baggy pockets?"

"Yes," he says. "Do you think it would be all right for the funeral?"

"It's in the dry cleaner's bag at the very back of the closet."

"This?"

"That's my mother's old mink. The next one."

"I didn't know your mother had given you a mink."

"Her second-best. While you were gone. That one's your jacket."

"One of the buttons is gone."

"Give it to me."

He continues to empty his suitcase. Every shirt, every unmatched sock seems familiar. I lick the thread and hold the needle into the light; he is certainly my husband.

At first, when I met him at the airport, I could hardly think of anything to say that did not sound strange or stupid. When I saw his ragged head bow beneath the doorway of the airplane, I sneezed. He looked older than I remembered, more nearsighted; the fine-grained shadow of his beard gave his face an expression of defeat. I sneezed again, more violently The woman beside me on the observation deck offered me a brilliant-pink Kleenex. I took it, sniffling and thanked her. Below us a line o men in suits slowly crossed the asphal toward the terminal. Matthew' scuffed suède jacket, the battered leather bag, and his anxious, long-legged strides distinguished him from the others. "Is that your boyfriend?" the woman asked, pointing to Matthew.

"Husband," I said. "Yes."

"You're wondering how I can tell?" she said. "I'm good at thing like that. For example, whenever lose one glove, I never throw its matc away. I know I'm going to find i sooner or later. I have an instinct fo those things."

"Oh," I said. "I wish I did."

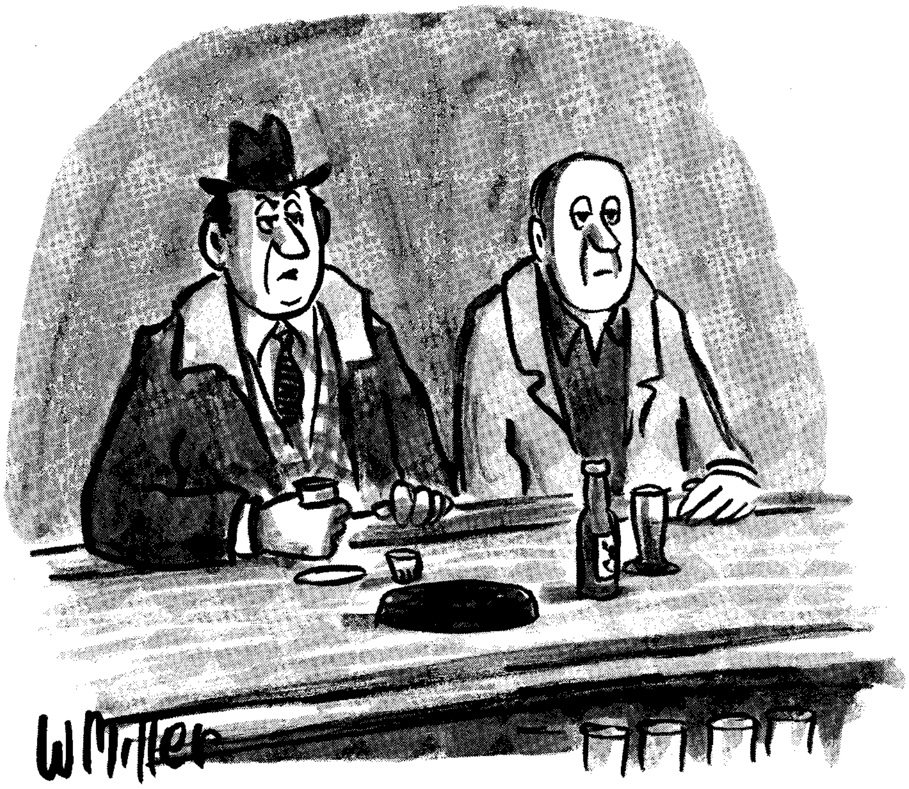
"My husband's in oil," she said "What does yours do?"

"Bridges."

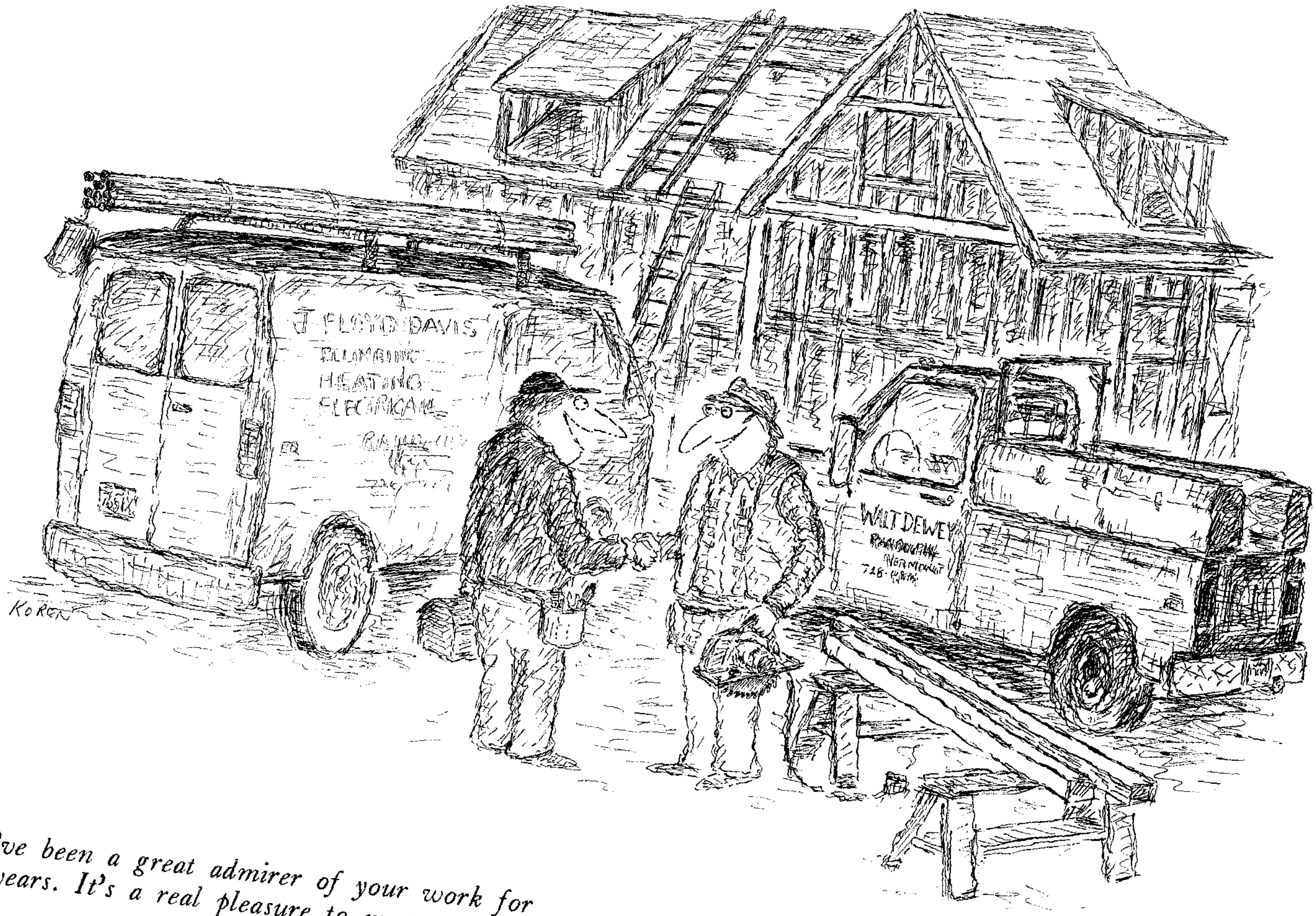
"How unusual," she said. "Well he's very good-looking."

He was inside, looking around fo me. I suddenly felt frightened; if th woman had not been watching me so closely, I might have turned and run I jerked my face away from his kis and sneezed twice more. He held m very gently, his chin resting on the to of my head. "Oh, Jill," he said. "M father's dead." It was probably th first time he had said it aloud.

"I know," I said, into his shoulder



"With a new guy in the Kremlin, it could be a new ballgame one way or another, that's what I think."



"I've been a great admirer of your work for years. It's a real pleasure to meet you."

•   •

"I'm happy to meet you. I'm your biggest fan."

•   •

"The first time I get to smell your
air again, it has to be because my
ther's dead."

The woman was watching us wa-
ry-eyed, as if this were simply one of
e hundreds of small scenes you could
serve in airport waiting rooms—
vers parting, husbands and wives re-
ited, children admonished to be
od. In the dimly lit underground
rking lot where I had left the car, I
und that I had lost the keys. Mat-
ew said nothing. Silently, like an
hausted and slightly inept thief, he
t-wired the Triumph so that we
uld go home.

Neither of us wanted to go to bed.
atthew drank hot black coffee as if it
uld keep him alert. His expression as
listened to me was remote and sor-
wing. "Have you got a box of corn-
kes, by any chance?" he said. "I
ve a sudden yearning for corn-
kes."

I found a box, far back on a shelf.
s Kellogg's O.K.?" I said. "I think
ese are probably stale—"

"Wonderful," he said. He ate thoughtfully, sometimes pausing to tap his spoon against the side of the blue bowl. "I don't suppose you want to sleep together, do you?"

"No," I said.

He slept on the couch in the living room, using an old sweater of mine for a pillow, crumpling it in the crook of his arm. Quite early, I woke to the sound of his fist hitting against the wall. I padded barefoot down the hallway, but he was fast asleep. The torn T-shirt he was wearing for pajamas was a concession to our newfound strangeness with each other.

"HERE," I say. "Your button's all sewed on."

"It doesn't match the others."

"It was as close as I could come. No one's going to notice your buttons, for Christ's sake. They'll just be glad you're finally there."

"You promise?" he says. He tosses an Adidas running shoe from his bag onto the Persian rug, holding out a handful of something reddish and crumbling. "See? This is the mud that did everything it could to keep the bridge from getting built. I used to go running in it every morning to work off my frustrations."

"I didn't know you'd started running."

"For the last few months. It kept me sane."

"Did you need something to keep you sane?"

"I needed you, and you were a long way away."

"You were a long way away," I say. "I was here."

"Right. Here, and planning a little divorce to surprise me."

"It was a separation," I say. "Not a divorce. And it wasn't supposed to surprise you. You knew we were having problems even before you left."

"Before I left," he says, "we were talking about having a baby."

"Talking."

"Ah, well," he says. "Talking is to having a baby what separation is to

BLACK BUTTERCUPS

In March, the farmer's month
for packing up and moving on, the rutted
mud potholed with glare, the verb "to move"
connoted nothing natural, such as the shifting
of the course of streams, or of the sun's
position, sap moving up, or even
couples dancing. What the stripped root, exhumed
above the mudhole's brittle skin, discerned
was exile.
                Exile to raw clapboard,
a privy out in back, a smokehouse
built by the pioneers, no shade trees
but a huddle of red cedars, exposure
on the highest elevation in the township,
a gangling windmill harped on by each
indisposition of the weather,
the mildewed gurgle of a cistern
humped underneath it like a burial.
                                        Menace
inhabited that water when the pioneers,
ending their trek from North Carolina, farther
than Ur of the Chaldees had been from Canaan,
settled here and tried to root themselves—
four of the family struck down on this farm
as its first growing season ended. Menace
still waited, literally around the corner,
in the graveyard of a country church,
its back against the timber
just where the terrain began to drop (the creek
down there had for a while powered a sawmill,
but now ran free, unencumbered, useless),
that necessary enclave whose honed stones'
fixed stare, fanned in the night
by passing headlights, struck back
the rueful semaphore:
There is no safety.
                                I was ten years old.
Not three miles by the road that ran
among the farms (still less if
you could have flown or, just as unthinkable,
struck out across country, unimpeded
by barbed wire or the mire of feedlots)
the legendary habitat of safety
lay contained: the memory
of the seed leaf in the bean, the blind
hand along the bannister, the virgin sheath
of having lived nowhere but here. Back there
in the dining room, last summer's
nine-year-old sat crying on the window seat
that looked into the garden—rain
coursing the pane in streams, the crying
on the other side and it one element—and sits
there still, still crying, knowing
for the first time forever what it was
to be heartbroken.
                                The look of exile
foreseen, however massive or inconsequential,
hurts the same; it's the remembered
particulars that differ. How is one to measure
the loss of two blue spruces, a waterfall
of bridal wreath below the porch, the bluebells
and Dutchman's breeches my grandmother
had brought in from the timber
to bloom in the same plot with peonies

• •

getting a divorce. It means it might never happen, but then again it might."

About a month ago, I had written him that I wanted a separation. It was a stilted letter that took ten pages of blue-gray airmail paper; the postman frowned as he weighed it on a small scale, bumping the brass weight from notch to notch. Matthew never got the letter. It disappeared, probably into some dusty postal bag balanced on the rump of a mule, perhaps even now wagging its way down the switchbacks of the trail to the half-completed bridge jutting out over the smooth river. "Any terrain that could sabotage a bridge could certainly prevent the delivery of something as small as a letter," he said, defensively. Until last night, Matthew assumed nothing was wrong.

"There's something crucial that you keep forgetting," he says. "We really were close enough to consider having a baby."

"It's not that I forget anything. It's just that there was no sign that you were thinking about coming back. I was beginning to think I was never going to see you again."

"Only a child makes half a year into 'never see you again.' "

"O.K.," I say. "I'm a child." I am sitting cross-legged in a corner of the bedroom floor, Matthew's jacket still in my lap, my back against the wall. The button that I sewed on is tortoiseshell, the others some sort of metal; my stitches seem strong enough to hold. My suitcase, empty, gapes on the bed beside his own disordered one. He slams his shut, turns, and grabs me by the wrist.

"Not to me, you're not a child," he says. "So get on your feet. Now, are you coming to this funeral or not? Because if you are, you'd better start packing your damn bag."

IN this truck stop, just outside Santa Fe, the menus are mimeographed sheets of yellow paper with a jackalope drawn in the upper margin, just above the "Trucker's Special." A jackalope is an imaginary animal: a jackrabbit
with skinny haunches and curve
black horns belonging to an antelop
"Can I help you, honey?" the wai
ress says. Clearly, she means Matthev
not me. She scrawls his order on
small pad that she holds against the ji
of one hipbone. She looks as if sl
would like to stroke the tangled ha
from his forehead, maybe test the sk
to see whether he could be running
fever. He looks dirty and expectan
like a child that's gotten lost at tl
county fair. His glasses rest on tl
linoleum table, still beaded with wat
from the rag with which the waitre
cleaned it. He wants the Trucker
Special, whole-wheat toast if she's g
it. A woman who puts up with n
nonsense from cooks and cowboys, sl
is enchanted by this obviously forlo
young husband; she smiles broadly,
if this were a rare request and sl
could indulge him. "You're not a hi
pie, are you?" she says. "Wanting th
whole wheat?"
"Not me," he says. "I'm an Amer
can. Though lately I feel like I cou
be the last of my kind."

and lilies of the valley? Or, out past
the pasture where the bull, perennially
resentful, stood for the menace of authority
(no leering, no snickering in class),
an orchard—or a grove of willows
at the far edge of a wet meadow
marking the verge, the western barrier
of everything experience had verified? We never
thought of going there except in February,
when the sap first started working up
the pussywillow wands, the catkins
pink underneath a down of eldritch silver,
like the new pigs whose birthing coincided,
shedding their crisp cupolas' detritus
on the debris of foundering snowbanks
brittle as the skin of standing ponds
we trod on in the meadow, a gauche travesty
of calamity like so many entertainments:
the nuptial porcelain, the heirloom crystal
vandalized by wanton overshoes, bundled-up
boredom lolling, while the blue world reeled
up past the pussywillow-undersides of clouds
latticed by swigging catkins soon to haze
with pollen-bloat, a glut
run riot while the broken pond
unsealed, turned to mud,
and, pullulating, came up buttercups
lucent with a mindlessness as total
as the romp that ends up wet-mittened,
chap-cheeked, fretful beside the kitchen stove,
later to roughhouse or whine its way
upstairs to bed.
                                        Night froze it up again
for the ten-thousandth time, closing the seals
above the breeding ground of frogs, the Acheron
of dreadful disappointed Eros
stirring up hell: the tics,
the shame, the pathological ambition,
anxiety so thick sometimes that nothing
bred there except more anxiety,
hampering yet another generation, all
the sodden anniversaries of dread—
black buttercups that never see daylight
or with lucent chalices drink of the sun.
Did we then hear them moving
wounded from room to room? Or in what shape
was it we first perceived it—the unstanched
hereditary thing, working its way
along the hollows of the marrow,
the worry taking root within like ragweed,
the noxious pollen flowering into
nothing but sick headaches
passed down like an heirloom? When,
under the same roof the memory of
a legendary comfort had endowed
with what in retrospect would seem
like safety, did the rumor
of unhappiness arrive? I remember waking,
a February morning leprous with frost
above the dregs of a halfhearted snowfall,
to find the gray world of adulthood
everywhere, as though there never
had been any other, in that same house
I could not bear to leave, where even now
the child who wept to leave still sits
weeping at the thought of exile.

—AMY CLAMPITT

• •

"Ain't it the truth?" she says. Her ame is embroidered on her uniform, ust above her left breast. She taps her encil on the pad as she looks from im to me. Her eyelids are painted merald green, although the lashes are parse and red. I say I will have only offee.

"It's not so bad, Matthew," I say. ‘We made sixty miles before breakast. I think we're making pretty good ime."

"If the damned piece-of-crap Triumph can get us the eight hundred iles to Iowa, I'll take back every ad thing I ever said about it." We oth look around for wood. "O.K.," e says, leaning toward the windowill. "You tell me. Is this wood or ormica?"

"Wood, I think." We knock. The ound is hollow.

"My God," he says. "If you could nly build bridges like that. Put them ogether like Tinkertoys."

"I thought that's what you did."

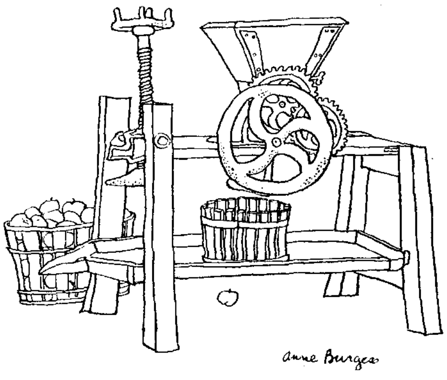
He laughs. The waitress puts his offee down in front of him; he lifts the cup and laughs again. "That's one set of Tinkertoys I never want to play with again."

"Why?" I say. "Can you abandon it?"

"Sure. There'd be a list of architects a mile long waiting to take over for me if I left."

"Would you really do that, though? Really leave it?"

"I was beginning to think it was costing me something to stay there, that there was some kind of hidden equation. You know—for every day I stayed there I was secretly losing two days of my life. I could almost feel my life being pared away at the far end. The funny thing is that it wasn't my life, it was my father's."



"You don't really believe this."

"I'm just trying to explain the feeling to you," he says. "Maybe living down there you get more superstitious. In the beginning I loved it there. I felt at home. I never wanted it to end." He sips his coffee. "For the ancient Incans the construction of a bridge was an act of reverence. Strands of grass knotted to swing across a chasm, yet steady enough to support a train of llamas bearing tribute, linking outposts to villages, villages to the emperor's city. In the mountains not far from where we were working, you can still come across those bridges, some of them hundreds of years old. The villages have a ritual obligation to reweave them each year, strand by strand."

He lifts his glasses from the table and peers through them. I hand him a paper napkin. "That's what it was like at first," he says. "That's what I kept trying to hold on to, when it got bad."

"We'd better go," I say. "Before Loreen falls in love with you."

"I don't know anyone named Loreen."

"You do now, honey," she says, and expertly fills his coffee cup.

IN Nebraska, at eight o'clock, it begins to rain. Matthew says he is still wide awake; as soon as we change places, he falls asleep, with his forehead against the window. I look for something to put between his forehead and the glass, but all I can find is a glove, which seems inadequate. The Triumph is hard to handle on the wet highway. I think of the ice you are always warned exists on bridges and drive slowly, changing the radio dial from one country-music station to another. I drink bitter coffee from the thermos, tipping it into the cup carefully. Asleep, he seems familiar and vulnerable; I'm something of an expert on vulnerability. When I was seven, my father spent one summer shadowboxing instead of looking for work, as my mother expected him to. He would sleep late, and carry the wobbly lamp into a corner of the living room, tilting its paper shade so that his shadow fell forward against the wall. The shadow was long-legged and elegant; my father sparred with it in his pajama bottoms, backing and dancing, whistling between his teeth. Sometimes he narrated the fight: he was himself, the referee, a crowd whose thirst for blood soared to the echoing rafters.

Often, when my mother wasn't there, he would do a boxer's exercise: clearing the floor of shoes and broken toys, he would lie flat on his back on the nicked wood before arching suddenly upward, the back of his skull and his heels taking the weight of his body, and roll from one end of the room to the other. It was a matter of honor that nothing except his heels and head touch the floor. When he reached the far wall, he leaped to his feet with a shout and looked to me for admiration. By the end of the summer, my own cheers sounded thin.

He was supposed to watch my sister and me in the afternoons, because my mother was doing a play with a repertory company downtown. In the evening, she would sit at the kitchen table, smoking, and feed my sister deftly with a spoon. She would observe the suppers my father improvised—sliced pears and Cheerios, graham crackers with jam, cold spaghetti left over from the night before. "It's all right if you want to eat junk," she said once, "but you shouldn't feed it to Jill."

"Why not?" my father said. "Did you ever hear of spaghetti hurting a kid?"

"They need to have nourishing things, like bacon and scrambled eggs or sandwiches."

"I didn't have time to get across to the store. You're the one who got home late, remember?"

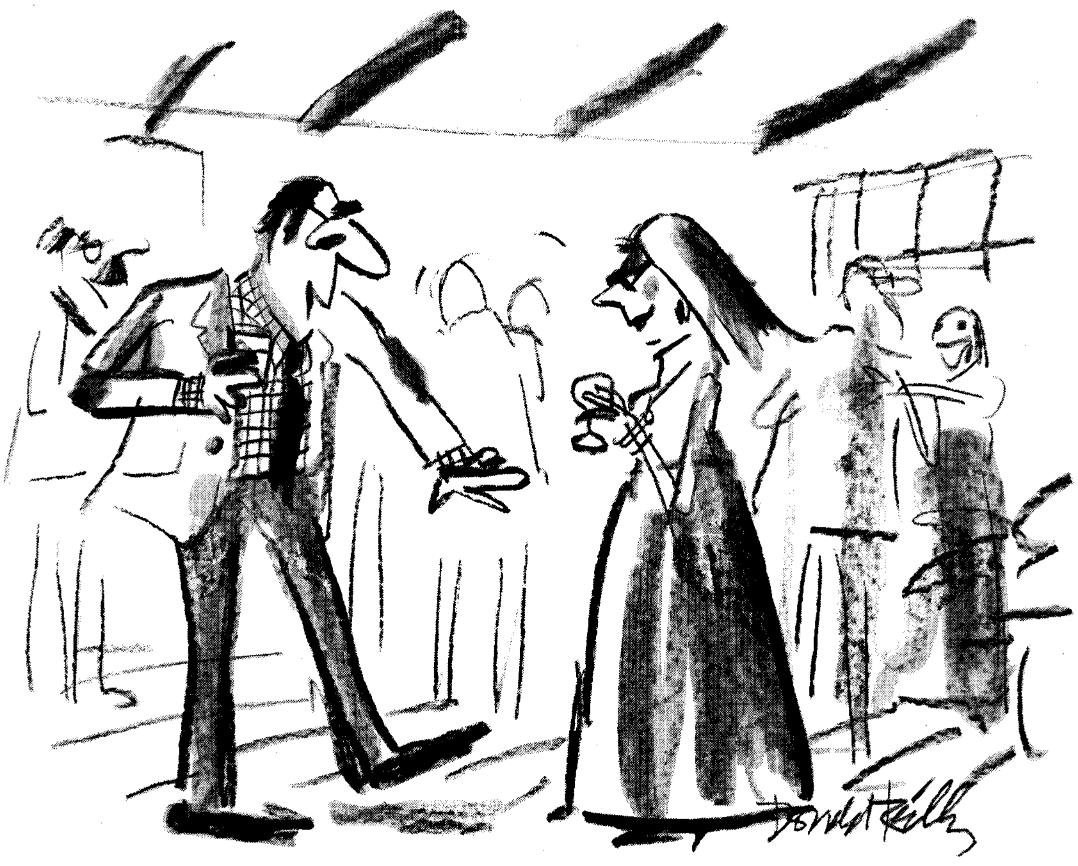
"Maybe I would be more anxious to get home if you could get a job."

"How am I supposed to find a job when you've always got something lined up—extra rehearsals, Sunday-afternoon matinées. Something."

"It's only this one play."

"It better be." He took the spoon from my mother and wiggled it in the air in front of my sister's stubbornly closed mouth.

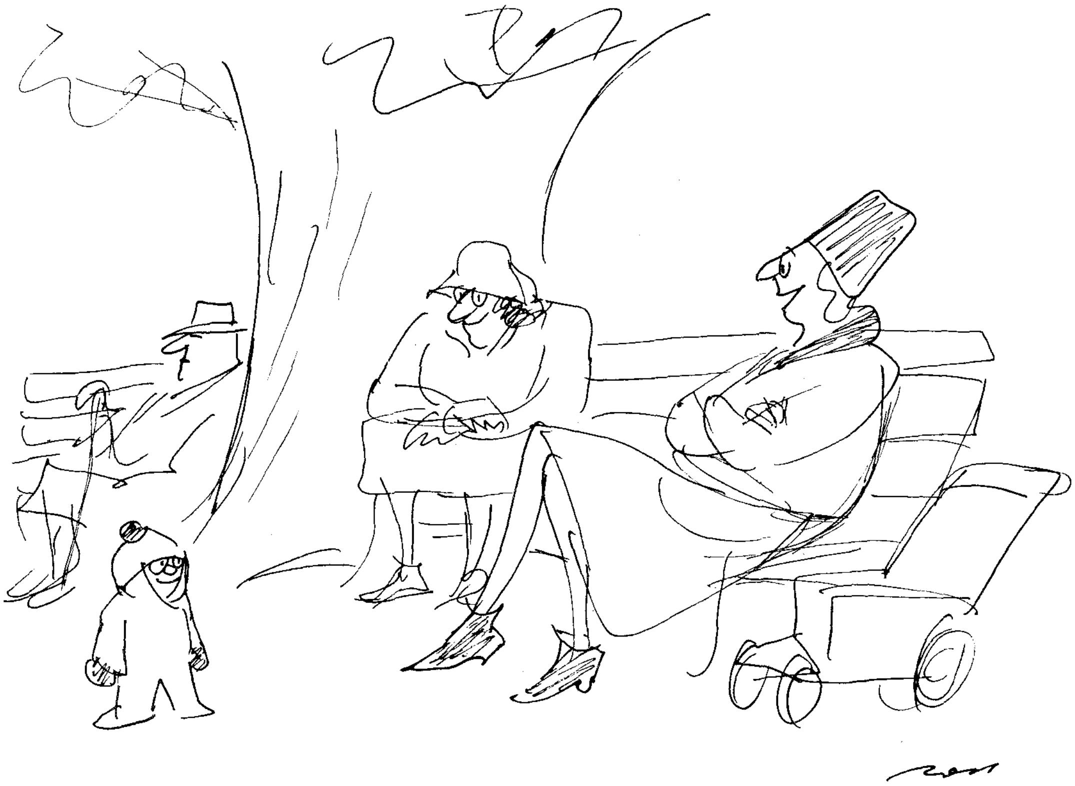
"She just knows when I'm upset, that's all," my mother said.



"These are Bean's bird-shooting pants, but I never shoot birds, I assure you."

"Everyone always does," my father said. He handled the spoon expertly, making it circle and dive. My sister's eyes grew rounder. For once I wished what I never wished, that I could be younger. My father made fitful machine-gun noises, throwing in some hoarse cries from the wounded. "Baby, listen to me. Ah, pretty girl, open wide, I'm an airplane. This is the war-ravaged pilot coming in for a landing."

I pull the Triumph off onto the shoulder of the highway near a narrow river. Mud fans from the rear wheels, but the rain seems to have halted. I open the door softly, so that it won't disturb Matthew. In the scattered gravel, among knee-high reeds and clumps of wild iris, I do a series of dancer's warming-up exercises. While Matthew was away, I slept twice with another dancer, a teacher of mine; it hadn't been important to either of us, and I thought of it as a rather tender and unsuccessful experiment, commonplace. Nothing to tell Matthew about. In the clear air, swallows are hunting, skimming so low above the river that they nearly touch its surface. One swallow, at the lowest point in its downward arc, catches a yellow moth and bears it away. The moth's wings jut from its beak, silken and crooked, like a bow tie tied by a drunk.



"*He's small, but recognizable.*"

I WAKE Matthew hours later, in Iowa. He rubs his eyes. In front of his parents' house we make a crouching run from the car across a broad lawn on which a plaster deer guards a row of rusting croquet wickets. Matthew's mother comes to the door in a long satin bathrobe and furred slippers. The slippers have eyes and antennae—a joke, given to her by Matthew two Christmases ago. "You made good time," she says.

"The rain slowed us down," Matthew says. He takes her into his arms. Their hair is the same light brown, although his is damp from the rain, drying in ragged curls. Her hands are clasped between his shoulder blades, the long fingers moving idly, as if searching for loose threads in the texture of his sweater. I am still on the front steps; the rain now feels only pleasantly cold. I close my eyes and lift my face into it, and for no reason at all I remember dancing with Matthew's father. His shirtfront had always seemed impossibly white, smelling of detergent and tobacco, its curve too elegant to shelter anything as ordinary as a chest, a rib cage, a faulty heart. He held you a discreet distance away, and that distance never altered or diminished. No matter whether the instruments of the five-piece band on the tinselled platform wheezed a rumba or a waltz, he cantered in a four-cornered box, geometrically precise. The crook of his arm was inflexible, his eyes focussed on some point in the air behind you; I was always tempted to look over my shoulder. Sometimes I would be drawn into sabotage, exaggerating my vodka-inspired tipsiness in a doomed effort to make him acknowledge, even by so little as a downward glance or a brief slackening of his pace, that I was in his arms. We revolved with the coolness of two stars in a constellation. When the dance was over, he would shepherd me back to Matthew through a crowd of winking middle-aged men.

"Jill's standing in the rain," Matthew's mother says.

"What are you doing?" Matthew says. "It's snowflakes you're supposed to catch on your tongue, not raindrops."

"Come in right now," she says.

"You look tired," I say.

"I haven't been sleeping."

Matthew shakes his head. "You've got to get some sleep."

"Why?" she says.

"You've just got to, that's all. You're likely to get sick. Dad would want you to."

"I can't. I can't be alone right now."

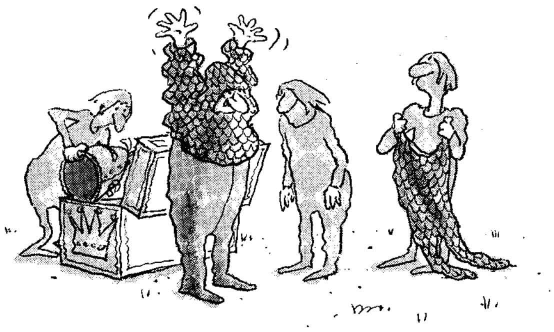
"You won't be alone. We'll find something for you and stay with you until it starts to work, all right? We've probably got something in the glove compartment of the car. Do we, Jill?"

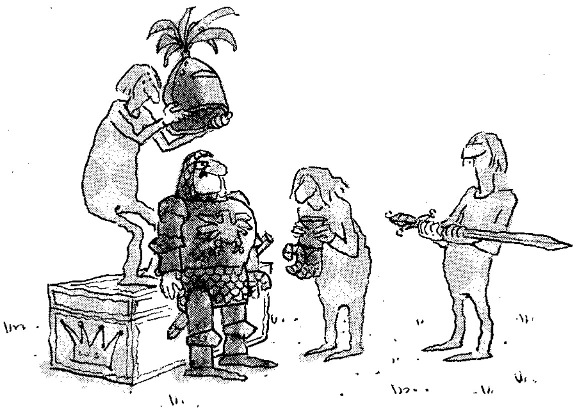
"Why would you two kids have something like that?"

"Jill's analyst gives her something very mild. A prescription."

"Jill?" she cries. "Oh, why would a beautiful girl like this need an analyst?" She hugged me. "I've been so worried about the two of you," she whispered. Very softly, as if I were the one to be comforted, she stroked my wet hair. I could feel my heart slow down.

The last time we came to see them, just before Matthew left for South America, we stayed in their house a week. They gave a dinner party to celebrate Matthew's bridge and the fact that his father had just become three-quarters of a millionaire. "Three-quarters is so much more chic than an entire million," I told Matthew's father. He smiled at me. A dozen points of candle flame flickered on the width of the table between us. "I'm going to remember you said that, after I make the rest," he said. He was a small man, darker-eyed than Matthew; he had once fought the Japanese on an island whose beaches held caches of rusting land mines and groves of sickly palm trees. On that island, he said, there was a kind of huge crab that could climb spider fash-





ion up the trunk of a palm and tear coconuts loose. I must have looked doubtful. "Ah, Jill," he said. "How did you ever lose your innocence?" After everyone else had gone, Matthew passed around his Polaroid snapshots—many of them bleached of detail by the rain-forest light—of the bridge site, which was then only a broad reddish road gouged into a slope of charred trunks. It was necessary to burn the undergrowth away, dousing it first with kerosene in tins that the workers swung indolently, as if they were watering a garden. On the far side of the river, you could see the continuation of the gouge, herringboned by the treads of an enormous bulldozer. Matthew's father put down the snapshots and leaned back in his chair. "There's something I want to tell you kids," he said. "I didn't want to scare you with the news over the telephone. Mother and I have discussed it pretty thoroughly, and we agreed the best way was to be honest, not to try to keep any of the facts from you. It wasn't any use bringing it up before, because you were getting ready to go away, Matthew, and it would only have alarmed you, Jill, to know something Matthew couldn't know."

"Well, Jesus Christ," Matthew said. "What's wrong?"

His father blunted a drop of wax that was threading its way down a candlestick. He waited until the wax had dried before shaking the finger gently. About a month before, he explained, he had had a heart attack. He had risen from bed and stumbled down the hallway, falling and hitting the back of his head against a corner of the stairwell, where you could still find, if you wanted to look, a nick in the plaster. "I have a hard head," he said. He had been trying to reach the telephone. Matthew's mother did not even wake until the sound of his fall. In her panic, instead of calling an ambulance she had dragged him down the hallway and shoved him into the back seat of the Cadillac, covering his bare feet with a child's jacket she found there. The Cadillac fishtailed through intersections at seventy miles an hour, tires skidding on the pavement, once bucking up over a curb. She had never even noticed whether the lights were red or green.

"So I've got something to be grateful for," he said. "Because if I had been conscious, the ride alone would have killed me." That became the point at which we could safely laugh —my quick laugh, Matthew's hoarser one, and his mother's, reluctant, the laugh of someone who already knows the joke.

In the months that followed he had *obeyed his doctor, giving up drinking* and cigarettes, his great loves since the Navy. Matthew's mother continued defiantly to chain-smoke Virginia Slims, to drink piña coladas all winter long, and to dance with a flirtatious giddiness, pearl-earringed and diamond-fingered, until three in the morning in the Elks Club downtown. Although there was no real reason he should not dance, Matthew's father had taken to sitting at their table throughout the evening, and if I am right she must have missed that severe and gentle stare directed over her naked shoulder. The second heart attack was fatal. It took place in the dead of night, like the first, but there was no anguished drive through darkened streets—she had learned her lesson. The ambulance, when it left the house, pulled away in silence, the red and blue lights spinning in turns across the ragged grass.

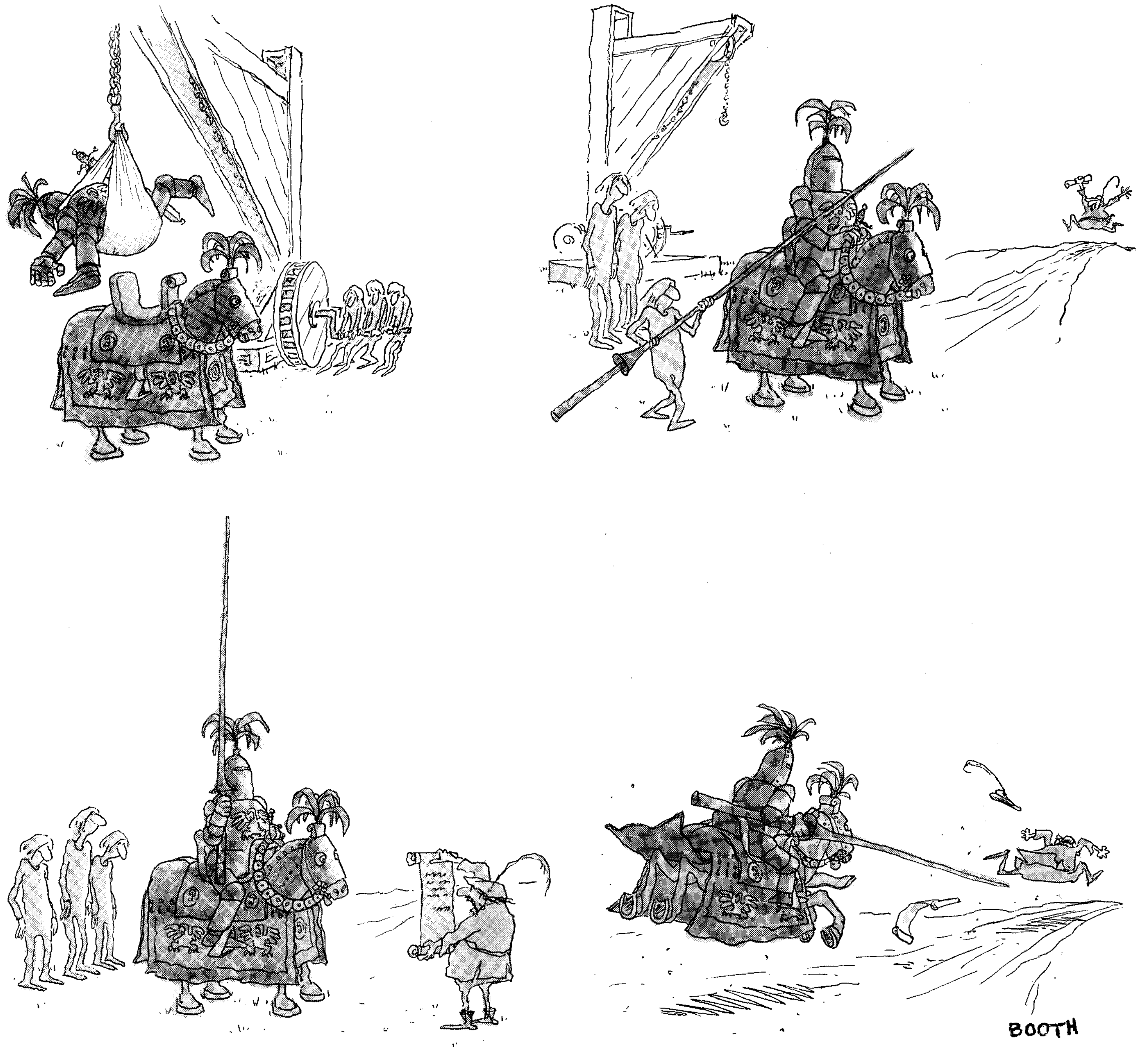
NOW, the morning after we arrived, it is nearly light. I rise on one elbow, denting the mattress between us; Matthew is still asleep. It is a paunchy old mattress, ivory buttons punched into a black-and-white striped covering that smells faintly of mice. It was decided that we should sleep in the attic, because the other bedrooms were taken. Matthew's sisters, with their children, had long since gone to bed; funeral preparations had exhausted everyone, and there were unpacked suitcases and a toy robot, two feet tall, on the floor of the bathroom where I washed. We had to drag the mattress up the steep flight of stairs, yanking it from tread to tread. I was a little drunk from the inch of Johnnie Walker Red that Matthew's mother had poured into a Flintstones glass for me—drunk enough so that *brushing my teeth in the bathroom,* I had turned the robot's key and stared disappointed, at its arthritic progress across the tile floor. Matthew was slightly drunker. We had pulled the mattress across the warped floorboards to the window; the house below us was finally silent. "Want to make love?" he said, when we were sprawled parallel, staring at the slanting ceiling "What time of month is it?"

"Not a time when I can take chances," I said. "And I hate this ratty mattress."

"You're so spoiled," he said "What would you have done in Peru?"

"Avoided you."

"You would?" he said. "You really think so?" He turned and cupped my face in his hands. I could feel his wedding ring pressing against my jaw



"Sire, we have peace."

• •

His skin still held the faint, edgy scent of his fatigue and grief, and that seemed suddenly remote. Matthew had wedged the window open with a stick; a light wind blew my hair forward, covering his hands. "Would you listen to me?" he said. "If we're lucky, it would have your eyes."

Afterward, he started to say something several times, and stopped. I was lying on my side, not very close to him, stroking his forehead with one hand. He caught my fingers and held them to his mouth as if he were about to kiss them and then forgot. "What is it?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "I was thinking about that little kid in the john in the airport in Lima. I was wishing I had given him more than a dime."

"That's really what you were thinking?"

"Not all."

"What, then?"

"My father," he said. "There are all of these things that keep running through my mind, things I can never talk to him about. There were things I know I should have said."

I moved a little nearer to him on the mattress. He looked at me, but all I could think of was clichés: It was very quick. There couldn't have been any pain. —ELIZABETH TALLENT

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Des Moines Register*]

Kaiser says women with pierced ears either should refrain from wearing them on very cold days or make sure their ears are covered adequately.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

POLITICS AND MONEY—I

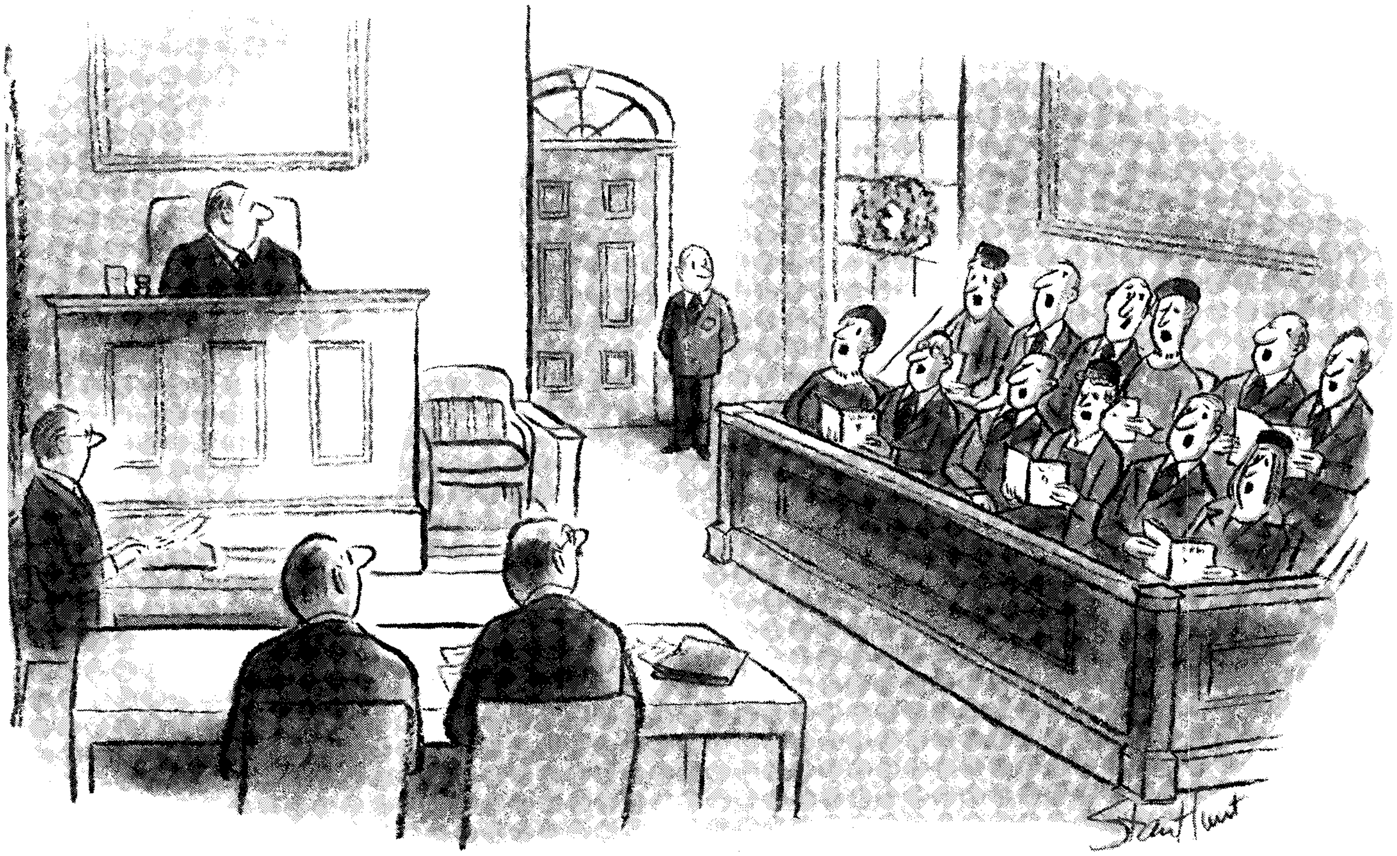
THE role that money is currently playing in American politics is different both in scope and in nature from anything that has gone before. The acquisition of campaign funds has become an obsession on the part of nearly every candidate for federal office. The obsession leads the candidates to solicit and accept money from those most able to provide it, and to adjust their behavior in office to the need for money—and the fear that a challenger might be able to obtain more. There are ostensible limits on how much can be contributed to candidates for the House and the Senate, but those limits are essentially meaningless. The law that established public financing of Presidential campaigns was intended to remove the role of private money from Presidential contests, but great rivers of private money, much of it untraceable, still flow into them. The only limits on how much money can be directed toward the election of a President are those on ingenuity. The 1974 law setting limits on contributions to congressional and Presidential campaigns and establishing public financing for Presidential elections was finally enacted, after years of effort, amid the uproar over Watergate, when it was revealed that large, illegal corporate contributions had gone toward the election of Richard Nixon in 1972, that individuals had contributed enormous sums—the champion being W. Clement Stone, who contributed more than two million dollars—and that ambassadorships had been awarded to large contributors. But under the new laws there is nothing to prevent a W. Clement Stone from contributing a vast sum of money for the election of a Presidential candidate; he would simply have to go to more trouble to do so. A number of people did just that in the 1980 election. And ambassadorships and other high positions are still awarded to large contributors and fund raisers. The laws have given rise to "independent" committees working on a Presidential candidate's behalf which are independent in name only.

The political practitioners who have learned their way around both the Presidential and the congressional campaign-finance laws—and all the skilled ones have—view them with amusement. One Democratic practitioner says, "They are overregulating the penguins on the tip of the iceberg." One Republican practitioner says the idea that there are any limits on the amounts of money that can flow into a Presidential campaign is "a myth." One oil lobbyist says that the idea that the law requiring the disclosure of funds contributed to congressional campaigns gives a real picture of the sources of the funds is "a joke." Senator Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, says, "I think we're back about where we were before the laws were passed."

The result of all this is that the basis on which our system of representative government was supposed to work is slipping away, if it is not already gone. The role of the public representative has been changing dramatically in recent years. The processes by which Congress is supposed to function have been distorted, if not overwhelmed, by the role of money. The ability of even the best of the legislators to focus on broad questions, to act independently, or to lead has been seriously impaired. The race for money on Capitol Hill has turned into what one House member has described as "a fever" that has taken over the institution. The nature of the kind of person who might enter national politics is changing. Politicians who seek to enter, and do not have great wealth of their own to spend, are signed up on a systematic basis by interests that wish to enjoy influence over their official conduct. Many estimable people are concluding that they would prefer not to enter at all.

The Washington lobbyists and political consultants understand what is going on, and so do the politicians. "The key thing," says one lobbyist, "is what all this is doing to the way we govern ourselves. I think we're reaching the point where legislators make decisions only after thinking about what this means in terms of the money that will come to them or go to their opponents." A young lawyer-lobbyist says, "If you went into a typical senator's or congressman's office a few years ago, almost no one knew who the contributors were or who was coming to the fund-raisers. Now almost every staff member

"These are John and Nora Wilmot. They're just learning to have fun again."



"O little town of Bethlehem . . ."

• •

s involved: everybody is asked to give noney, to get people to give money, to vork on the fund-raising. The fact is hat money is everything on the Hill hese days. The change is overwhelming. When you talk to someone on Capitol Hill, inevitably the conversaion turns to how much money the nember has raised, where he's getting t, where he can get more." A Washngton lawyer says, "Fund-raising has ecome a continuous activity."

Through the nineteen-fifties, everyne knew that sums of cash were in irculation, in exchange for legislaion. The Bobby Baker scandal was ust a symptom. The difference beween then and now is one of approach nd extent. Says a former Capitol Hill ide, "Now the politicians need more nd more money; therefore, their hreshold of principle is lower, and heir willingness to compromise is reater. Everyone has learned that this s the way to do business." A number f members of Congress say they fear hat some great scandal about money nay be about to explode. In fact, that candal may already be occurring. It akes the form not of one explosive vent but of many often undramatic, veryday events. The search for one particular scandal misses the point. It is analogous to the search for the "smoking gun" during Watergate—the one clear example of criminality—in a landscape strewn with evidence of abuse of power. The federal criminal statute makes it a crime to give or promise, or to ask for or receive, "anything of value" in exchange for *any* official act. The transactions between donors and politicians may stop short of such explicitness—though sometimes they do not—but the people involved in such transactions know the codes for getting around the letter, not to mention the spirit, of the law. Of course, not every contribution comes with a due bill, and not every politician is incapable of accepting a contribution and exercising independent judgment. And many contributions are made because the contributor already agrees with the candidate's point of view. But the pressures to gather large amounts of money are so great that the legislative process is inherently distorted, even corrupted, by the phenomenon. The effect of money on the legislative process takes several forms, some of them seemingly, but not actually, contradictory, and many, if not most, of them hidden from view. Because of the need for money or the fear of a well-financed opponent, a member of Congress might vote a certain way on a piece of legislation, or might try to avoid a vote on the matter, or might even forestall congressional consideration of it altogether. The effect might be in some action in a subcommittee, or some message to a colleague, that does not come to light. Legislation that in earlier years might not have ever been seriously considered but has the backing of a particularly well-financed interest group can go whizzing through Congress. Other legislation, often involving important issues, can be so caught in the tangle of competing interests that Congress is paralyzed.

Until the problem of money is dealt with, it is unrealistic to expect the political process to improve in any other respect. It is not relevant whether every candidate who spends more than his opponent wins—though in races that are otherwise close, this tends to be the case. What matters is what the chasing of money does to the candidates, and to the victors' subsequent behavior. The candidates' desperation for money and the inter-

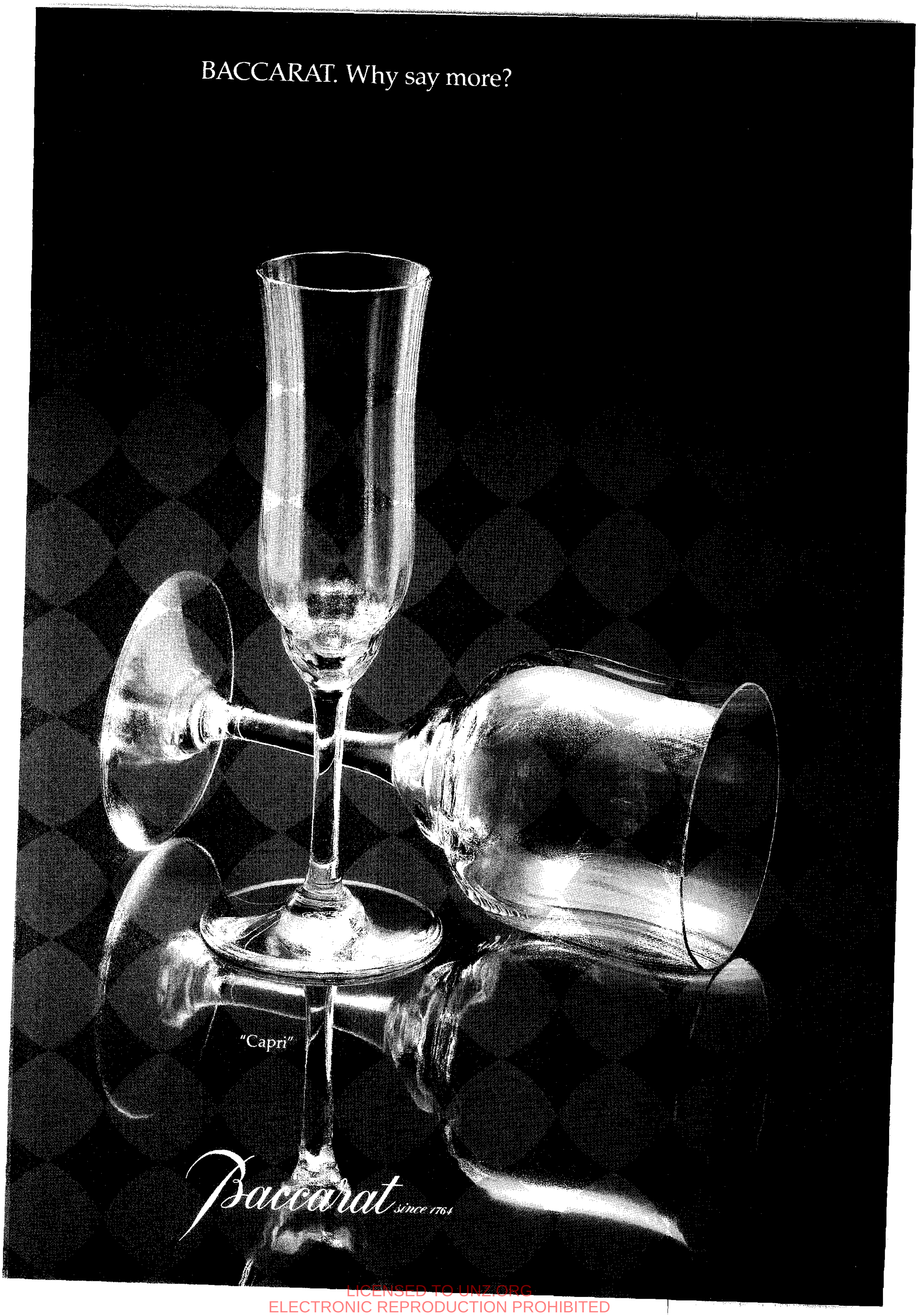
A.SCHWAB
Marriage Counsellor

"What's the word I want for that disposition of yours?"

• •

ests' desire to affect public policy provide a mutual opportunity. The issue is not how much is spent on elections but the way the money is obtained. The argument made by some that the amount spent on campaigns is not particularly bothersome, because it comes to less than is spent on, say, advertising cola, or purchasing hair-care products, misses the point stunningly. The point is what *raising* money, not simply spending it, does to the political process. It is not just that the legislative product is bent or stymied. It is not just that well-armed interests have a head start over the rest of the citizenry—or that often it is not even a contest. It is not just that citizens without organized economic power pay the bill for the successes of those with organized economic power. It is not even relevant which interests happen to be winning. What is relevant is what the whole thing is doing to the democratic process. What is at stake is the idea of representative government, the soul of this country.

THERE have always been "interests" in this country which have sought to influence public policy, and there always will be, and always should be. Legislators have to look after the various interests of the area they represent, and work out the political equation among their constituencies. In the Federalist Papers, Madison wrote of the natural inclination of man to form factions, and said that the consequent "instability, injustice, and confusion introduced into the public councils have, in truth, been the mortal diseases under which popular governments have everywhere perished." Since to remove the causes of "the mischiefs of faction" would be to destroy liberty, Madison wrote, the alternative was to control their effects. He offered the hope that in the republican form of government which was being established, the number of conflicting factions would make it difficult for any particular one to dominate, or for those with a "common motive" to "discover their own strength and to act in unison with each other." But, realistic as Madison was, he could only extrapolate from the society he saw, and, happily for him, could not anticipate the sophisticated organizing of almost every conceivable interest, the skills that factions would develop in promoting such interests, and the systematized raising and contributing of large sums of money in order to influence public policy. In earlier periods of our history, some nationally based interests—steel, the railroads—assumed that it was only prudent business practice to own legislators and to influence the election of Presidents. Some of the more energetic fund raisers were awarded Cabinet positions and ambassadorships—a tradition that has not exactly died. The scandals over the power of the trusts, and over the manipulations of Mark Hanna, the Ohio mining magnate who was responsible for the nomination of William McKinley in 1896 and, for a time, literally for the fortune of the Republican Party, were factors leading to the reform movement of the early twentieth century. Hanna, a pioneer in the field, raised millions for the Republican Party by systematically assessing banks and corporations. Robert La Follette's reform movement grew out of these scandals, and it was in reaction to them that President Theodore Roosevelt made some far-seeing proposals. In a message to Congress in 1905, Roosevelt proposed that all corporate contributions to politics be banned. In 1907, he went further, and proposed the public financing of campaigns, saying, "The need for collecting large campaign funds would vanish if Congress provided an appropriation for the proper and legitimate expenses of each of the great national parties. Then the stipulation should be made that no party receiving campaign funds from the Treasury should accept more than a fixed amount from any individual subscriber or donor; and the necessary publicity for receipts and expenditures could without difficulty be provided." In 1907, Congress passed the Tillman Act, which prohibited corporations and banks from making contributions to campaigns for federal office, and over the next few years Congress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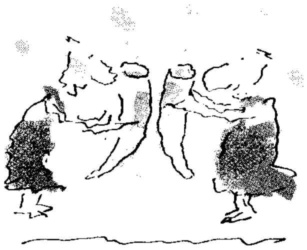
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passed some fairly toothless legislation requiring the filing of reports of certain campaign contributions. Then, in 1921, came the Teapot Dome scandal, leading to the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which continued the existing prohibitions on contributions by corporations and banks, and required the reporting of campaign receipts and expenditures, but the law was infinitely evadable and was never really enforced.

By 1970, there was such consternation over the rising costs of campaigns—political advertising on television had now become commonplace—that Congress passed a bill to limit the amount that could be spent for television and radio advertising, but Richard Nixon vetoed the measure, siding with broadcasters, who argued that it discriminated against them. The following year, Congress came close to completing action on a more comprehensive bill, which required, among other things, that all federal candidates disclose the sources of their campaign funds, but its final enactment was delayed until 1972, so that members of Congress and Presidential candidates could raise more money before the new disclosure requirements went into effect. The 1971 law dealt with what were seen as major problems at that time by limiting the amount that candidates (and their families) could spend on their own campaigns—there had been a couple of notable spenders in 1970—and limiting the amount that candidates could spend on political advertising. It also came at the question of costs from another direction, by requiring that television and radio stations charge their lowest rates for political advertising in the periods immediately preceding primaries and general elections. Common Cause, the citizens' lobby, which had been founded in 1970, tried to get Congress to enact a limit on contributions, but the idea met with little interest.

ADJUSTMENTS
Modell

At the same time, organized labor took the first of a series of steps to secure its own role in the political process—steps that led ultimately to the universe of political-action committees, or PACs. In 1972, labor leaders asked Congress to simply codify what was then understood to be existing law. Labor unions and corporations had been specifically barred from making direct contributions to political campaigns, but the law had been interpreted to mean that labor could use dues and corporations could use treasury funds to administer political committees that would raise voluntary contributions from their members or employees for the election of candidates for public office. In the nineteen-forties, labor had begun to establish political-action committees, to try to offset unlimited contributions by wealthy individuals. A few trade and professional associations had also established political-action funds—the American Medical Association, the dairy coöperatives, and something called the Business-Industry Political Action Committee, or BIPAC, which was founded in 1963. (BIPAC was begun by the National Association of Manufacturers in response to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, or COPE.) And a very few corporate political-action committees had been set up. But labor was concerned that its right to establish political-action committees would be challenged by the Nixon Administration's Justice Department, so it backed an amendment to the 1971 bill which stated that the prohibition of direct contributions of treasury money by unions and corporations did not prevent them from establishing PACs using voluntary contributions. The amendment also said that union dues and corporate-treasury money could be used for "nonpartisan" get-out-the-vote drives and for communicating with members and stockholders about politics. Labor failed to consider that business had the resources to overtake it.

Not long afterward, in the course of the Watergate disclosures, it became clear that many corporations hadn't needed to establish political-action committees, because they were maintaining secret funds for the financing of federal campaigns. The public was scandalized by such revelations as that Nixon's campaign committee, the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, had raised almost seventeen million dollars from only a hundred and twenty-four contributors, who gave more than fifty thousand dollars each, and that over $1.7 million had been received from people who were given ambassadorships.

And so in 1973 Congress went at

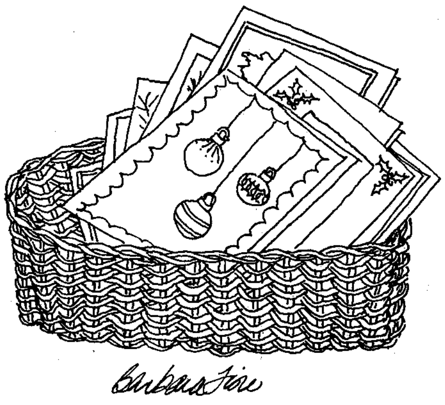
the subject of campaign financing again, and in 1974 it passed the comprehensive law providing for the public financing of Presidential campaigns (the Senate had also approved public financing of congressional campaigns, but this was blocked in the House); placing limits on contributions by individuals and committees for all campaigns for federal office; limiting over-all expenditures by congressional as well as Presidential campaigns (this replaced the 1971 ceiling on political advertising); and prohibiting expenditures by individuals and groups outside campaigns—independent expenditures. Cash contributions of over a hundred dollars were prohibited—an important restriction. A Federal Election Commission was established to enforce the federal election laws. The 1974 limits on independent expenditures, the over-all spending limits on congressional campaigns, and the 1971 limit on spending by individual candidates using their own funds were later struck down by the Supreme Court (Buckley *v.* Valeo); in essence, the Court equated freedom of speech with the spending of money.

Two widely held misconceptions about what happened in 1974 are that the provision in the law which gave political-action committees their great sendoff was backed only by labor, and that its consequences were unforeseen. The provision was in fact a joint effort by labor and business. (The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and BIPAC, among others, were involved.) It stemmed from a suit brought by Common Cause in 1972 against the T.R.W. corporation, which had established a political-action committee. The suit was brought under a section of the Corrupt Practices Act which prohibited government contractors from making direct or indirect campaign contributions. T.R.W. dissolved the fund, and the suit was dropped. But labor, which had contracts with the government to train workers, became alarmed, and, joined by business, nearly succeeded in 1972 in rewriting that section of the law to allow government contractors to have PACs. In 1974, they succeeded.

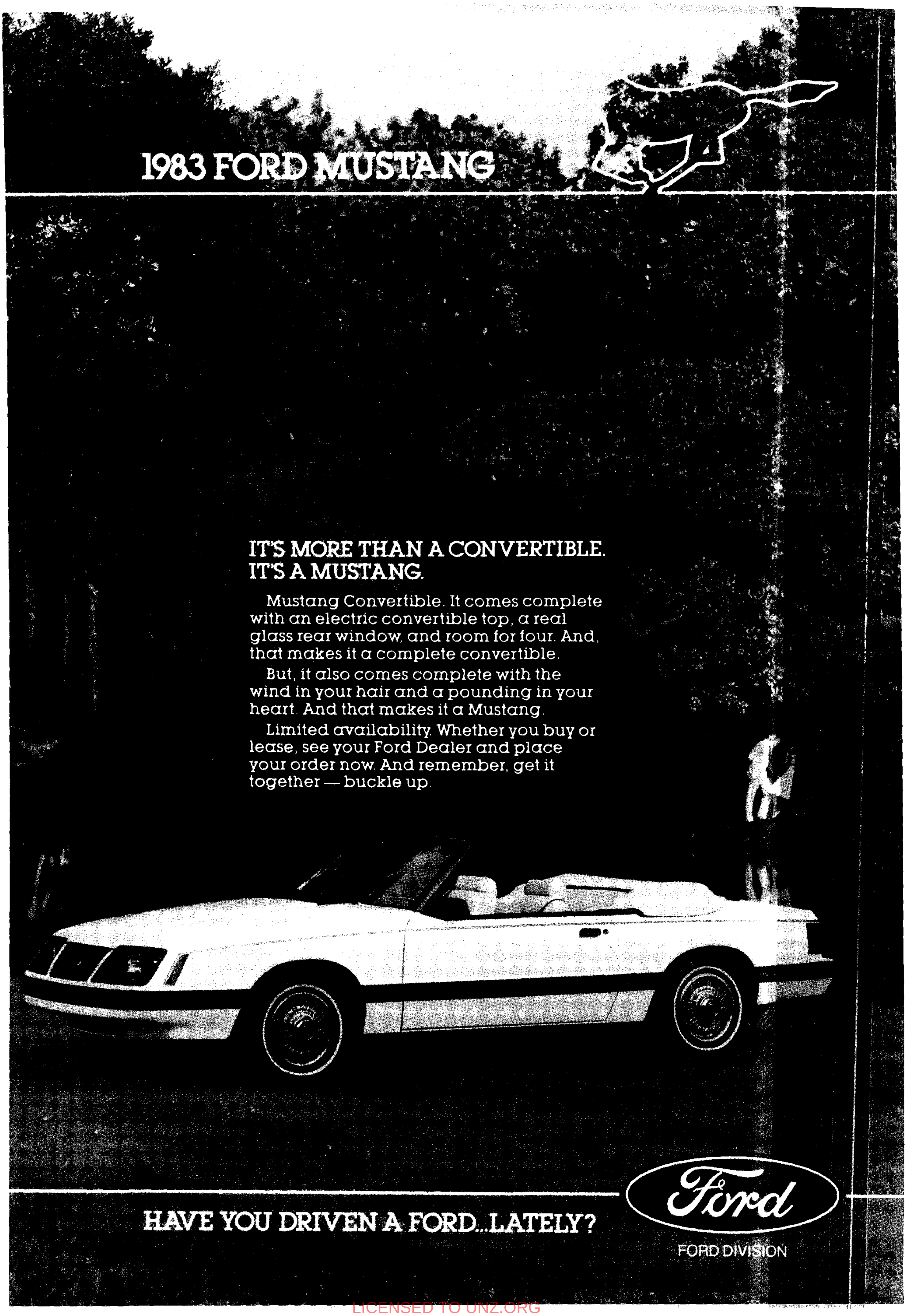
Fred Wertheimer, the president of Common Cause, says, "The PAC provision was part of a much larger fight, but we as well as labor and business were paying attention to it. We could see that we were establishing a dual system, with public financing of Presidential campaigns and private financing of congressional campaigns. We knew where we were headed." On December 31, 1974, there were approximately six hundred political-action committees. By November, 1982, there were about thirty-five hundred—an increase of more than five hundred per cent. Between 1980 and 1982 alone, there was an increase of twenty-five per cent. In 1976, political-action committees spent about twenty-three million dollars on congressional races. The final figures for 1982 are expected to show that they spent about eighty million dollars this year—an increase of forty-five per cent over two years earlier, and a total increase of two hundred and forty-eight per cent in six years. (Final figures for contributions and spending are not reported to the F.E.C. until the January 31st after the election.) In 1974, there were eighty-nine corporate PACs; by 1982 there were fourteen hundred and ninety-seven, while labor had three hundred and fifty. Trade associations, such as the A.M.A. and the National Association of Realtors, had six hundred and thirteen political-action committees.

There were attempts—in 1976, 1977, and 1978—to legislate public financing of congressional campaigns; some came close in one chamber or the other, but all of them ultimately failed. In 1979, the House of Representatives passed legislation to limit to seventy thousand dollars the over-all amount that a House candidate could accept from PACs. The legislation was not brought to the floor in the Senate, because Republican leaders threatened to conduct a filibuster against it.

One person who saw the possibilities of the 1974 law was Guy Vander Jagt, who in 1975 became the chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee—the campaign committee for electing Republicans to the House. Vander Jagt, a representative from Michigan, says, "In 1975, I spent most of the year trying to get businesses and industries to establish PACs. I worked with the Chamber of Commerce and with the National Association of Manufacturers, and I travelled the country giving my Paul Revere speech: 'Wake up, America, wake up. There's a war going on—a war that will determine the economic future of this country, and you aren't involved.' " His cry of alarm was clearly heeded.



THE general impression is that individuals may contribute only a thousand dollars, and political-action committees five thousand dollars, to a candidate for each office. In fact, the actual limits are quite a bit higher. The law allows individuals to contribute a thousand dollars to a given congressional candidate in a primary, in a runoff, and in a general election—a total of three thousand dollars. If a state party holds a convention as well as a primary and a runoff, a person can give four thousand dollars. Moreover, the Federal Election Commission has ruled that merely getting on the ballot for the general election can count as having a primary, and so any candidate can receive at least two thousand dollars from an individual. The law also allows an individual to give five thousand dollars to a political-action committee each year and twenty thousand dollars to a political party each year, and allows an individual's spouse and children to give the same amounts. While the law sets a limit of twenty-five thousand dollars on total individual contributions to all federal candidates during each two-year election cycle, the careful planner can manage to give fifty thousand dollars to candidates and committees per two-year cycle. He can give both to a candidate and to a PAC that he knows will contribute to that candidate. The law allows a political-action committee to contribute five thousand dollars to a candidate for each primary, runoff, and general election, so each candidate can receive at least ten thousand dollars from a PAC. Moreover, many of the political-action committees work together, guiding and coördinating their contributions, and their combined effect on a campaign can be even more substantial. (A few PACs engage in what is called "bundling"—collecting checks made out to specific candidates from individuals—and thus they can in effect get around the five-thousand-dollar limit. This practice is under legal challenge.) PACs can contribute amounts up to five thousand dollars



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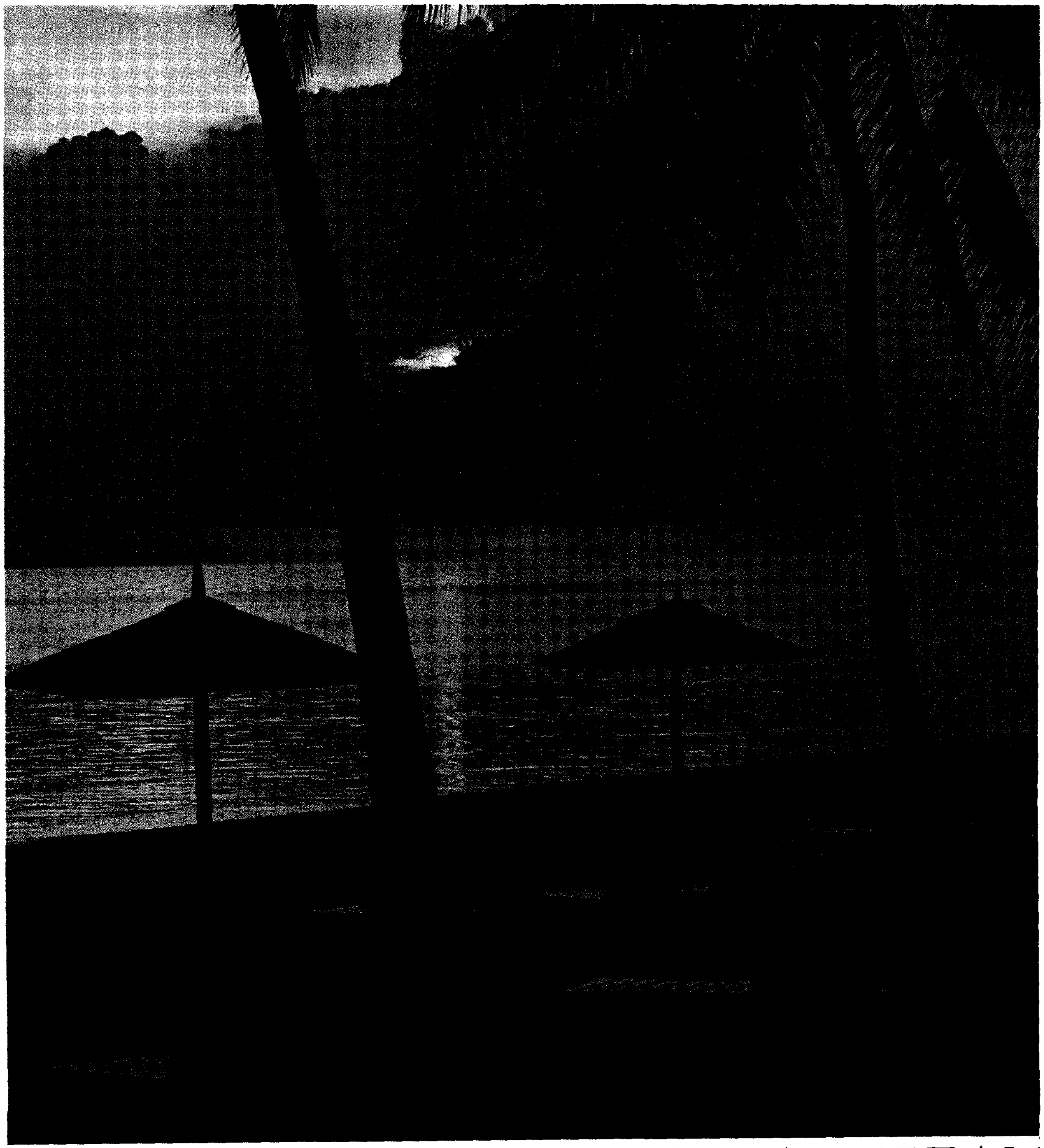

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to an unlimited number of other PACs. If an individual or a PAC did not bet on the person who happened to win the primary or the general election, he or it has an opportunity to compensate later for this lack of foresight. Robert Keefe, a man with considerable experience as a Democratic Party official and consultant, says, “A smart politician will always have a bookkeeping debt from his primary, so that he can be sure that people who want to give him more money will have an opportunity. The same thing is true for the final election. You have to be very creative in your bookkeeping. Besides, you can spend for things in your primary that will help you in your final. Then, if you’re a contributor and you gave to the wrong guy, you have an opportunity to become retroactively smart.” And an industry can provide money both through PACs and through individual contributions, so tracing the PAC contributions provides only part of the picture. For example, an oil lobbyist told me he estimated that only about a third of the independent-oil industry’s contributions are made through PACs. This is the lobbyist who calls the Federal Election Commission listings “a joke.” There is no way to determine from the F.E.C. reports the business interests of all those who are listed as individual contributors. One House member says, “We all try to raise money from people who also give to PACs.”

“Not my favorite again!”

• •

There are still other, and even less well-known, routes for directing money into campaigns. There is what those versed in ways of collecting and directing campaign funds call “soft money,” one of the least noticed and understood conduits for campaign funds. “Hard money” is money that the parties and candidates raise in individual contributions or from political-action committees. But the parties have found a way to arrange for money that cannot be directly contributed to federal elections—union dues, corporate-treasury funds, or individuals’ contributions beyond the legal limits—to be used for certain of their activities. (The money can come right out of a corporation’s treasury, thus enabling a businessman to contribute his stockholders’ money instead of his own.) Its origin was in a 1979 change in the law which allowed the state parties to raise funds for certain minor election activities (the purchase of pins, bumper stickers, and so on), and, more important, for get-out-the-vote drives for Presidential campaigns. These were given the high-minded term “party-building activities.” The theory was that the state parties should be able to participate in the publicly financed Presidential campaign. In many states, including some of the most populous ones, the laws allow union and corporate-treasury money, plus unlimited individual expenditures, to be used for political activities. But in 1980 the national parties assumed the role of raising and distributing such funds—which was not the intent of the law—and have significantly expanded their use. Through an imaginative, and questionable, interpretation of the law, both parties now use soft money for congressional as well as Presidential campaigns. They use it as much as they can—and as much as they think they can get away with—for television advertising and for get-out-the-vote drives. Their rationale is that they are using soft money for non-federal elections—for governorships, state legislatures, and so on. (The only federal election mentioned in the 1979 change in the law was the one for President.) But, obviously, efforts to motivate people to vote for the party ticket at the state level are likely to benefit the candidates for federal office as well. So the distinction is a false one, and the lengths to which the parties go to make distinctions between their soft-money and hard-money expenditures are fairly ludicrous.

In 1982, both parties used soft-money contributions from corporations, unions, and individuals for campaigns in various states. The only limits on how much soft money can go into a state are those imposed by the states themselves, and they are varied, and in some cases nonexistent. In addition, none of this money has to be reported at the federal level. The Republicans, inevitably, raise most of their soft money from corporations, and the Democrats, inevitably (but not solely), from labor. Some of the Democrats’ soft money, like some of the Republicans’, comes from wealthy contributors who agree to give the parties more than they are allowed to under the federal limits. Says one Democratic official, “We have to constantly remind people that they aren’t bound by the federal election law.” A Democratic activist in Washington said to me, “I could write a check tomorrow for the Party for one million dollars and put it all in soft money.” Similarly, Richard Bond, the deputy chairman of the Republican

National Committee, said, "If Mobil Oil wanted to give you twenty million bucks, I think they could give you twenty million bucks, and you don't have to show it." He added, "I'm not aware of any such sugar daddy."

Both parties use the money to help pay for ads that are run in states where soft money is legal. In some cases, the Democratic and Republican National Committees establish state accounts for the purpose of funnelling in soft money. The whole exercise keeps the committees' lawyers busy. Bond says, "When we have a state we want to give soft money in, we'll run it down to our lawyer and ask how we put it in." Some lawyers familiar with the election laws question the legality of both parties' using soft money in such ways; they think that to collect and spend on a national basis money that can legally be used only at the state level is out-of-bounds. Says a former F.E.C. official, "It would be one thing if the money were raised in Illinois and spent in Illinois. But for it to be raised in Washington and spent in Illinois is legally questionable." The Democratic activist, a lawyer, said that despite all the rationalizations the effect of the expenditures is to help national candidates. Therefore, he said, both parties' use of soft money is "illegal as hell." The 1982 elections were the first congressional elections in which the national committees got into the soft-money business in any substantial way. But unless the rules are changed this questionable use of unreportable money is, like other innovative uses of money in politics, likely to expand.

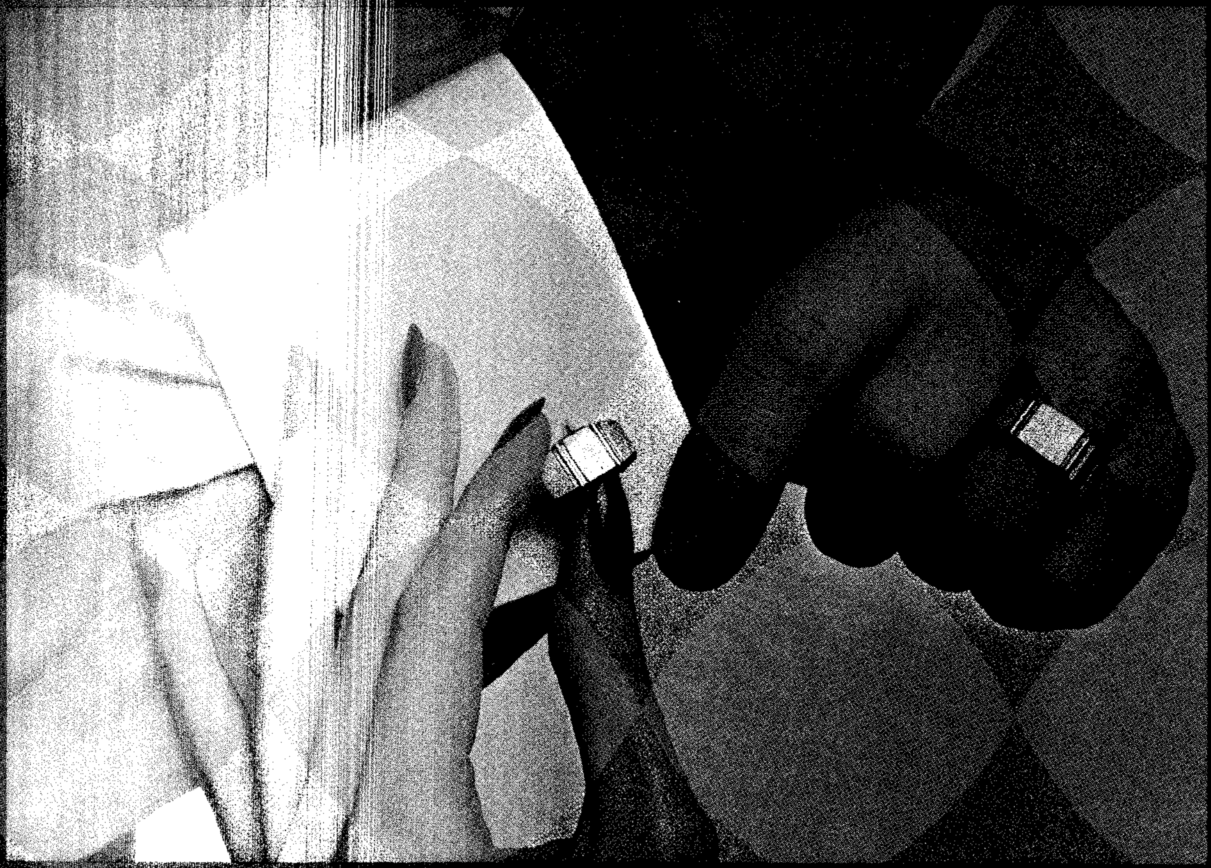
In 1982, the Republicans used soft money to pay for some ads urging people to vote Republican. One ad that was paid for with soft money in, for example, California said that times are tough, but Reagan has cut inflation, so give the guy a chance. This ad, it was explained, was not on behalf of any candidate for federal office. In California, the national Party could not use soft money to advocate the election of Pete Wilson for senator, but it could do so for the election of George Deukmejian for governor. But, obviously, if the ad helped Deukmejian, it helped Wilson. The tortuous reasoning that went into some of the Democratic Party's decisions on how to use soft money shows how ridiculous the distinctions are. The Democrats' ads on "trickle down" economics were paid for with hard money, because, their lawyers ruled, that was a federal issue. But their ad showing Dixie the elephant smashing up a china shop was paid for with both hard (twenty-five per cent) and soft (seventy-five per cent) money, according to the issue printed on the plate she smashed ("Social Security," "State and Local Taxes," "Jobs"). The reasoning was that the ad's tag line—"The Republicans have made a mess of things. Now they want to throw their weight around our state"—justified paying for it with soft money, except in the case of the plate marked "Social Security," which was a purely federal issue. An ad on unemployment was paid for with soft money on the ground that if a person was unemployed, he would go to the state unemployment office. The Democrats used soft money to pay for spots in several states that had gubernatorial races—and also Senate and House races—they wanted to help. For example, they used soft money to buy a spot in Illinois, ostensibly to help Adlai Stevenson III in his race for the governorship, but the spot was run in Peoria, where the Democrats were in fact hoping to defeat Robert Michel, the House Minority Leader. (Another gambit both parties resort to is using soft money to buy media time in areas whose media markets reach into states that don't allow soft money.) Republicans, especially in the closing days of the campaign, sent large amounts of soft money—through their own contributors and through allied groups—into California, where the defeat of Jerry Brown, the Democratic candidate for the Senate, meant a great deal to the Reagan White House. They sent soft money into other close races at the end as well. The Democrats, harder pressed than the Republicans for funds of any sort, admit to raising and spending about three to four million dollars in soft money in 1982, but they were heavily outspent in hard money. For the well-off Republican Party, soft money is a way of getting around the limits on what it can do for its candidates directly; for the Democrats, for whom meeting the limits is a distant dream, it is a way of raising money.

XMAS
XMAS ORNAMENTS
d. ehrenberg

Under the law, the national parties may make large direct contributions to their candidates for the House and Senate. A provision allowing national or state parties to spend certain amounts per voter was put in the 1974 law in order to allow the parties to spend above the limits set for candidates for all federal offices. When the Supreme Court, in the Buckley case, struck down the limits for all but the Presidential campaign, this provision was left in the law. In 1975, the Republicans got a ruling from the F.E.C. that permitted them to combine federal and state expenditures—thus allowing them to pour enormous amounts of money into certain states under these "coördinated expenditures." About fifty thousand dollars could be put into each House race. By 1980, they had built this into a major activity. The Republicans, being far better at raising money, were able in both 1980 and 1982 to put large amounts into the states—while the Democrats did not come close. In 1980, the Republicans were poised with so much money that, for example, in New York, right after the September primary they were able to commit over seven hundred thousand dollars to Alfonse D'Amato, their senatorial candidate, while the Democrats spent twenty-five thousand for his opponent, Elizabeth Holtzman, who was still paying off her primary debt. In all, in 1980 the Democrats helped their Senate candidates directly with a total of five hundred and ninety thousand dollars; the Republicans shelled out to their Senate candidates a little over five million dollars. As of October, 1982, the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee had contributed $2.1 million to its candidates, and its Republican counterpart had contributed $9.5 million. And in 1980 the Republican National Committee was wealthy enough to run a year-long national "generic" advertising campaign, stressing that it was "time for a change"—a campaign that helped make all Democratic incumbents vulnerable. In 1982, it began running its generic ads in May. The Democratic National Committee didn't run national ads in either year.

THE amount of money that is now available for political campaigns has had a profound effect on the legislators, particularly in the last two years. The use of political-action-committee money and party money in

“Allison,
you’ve taken the bah and humbug
out of my Christmas.”



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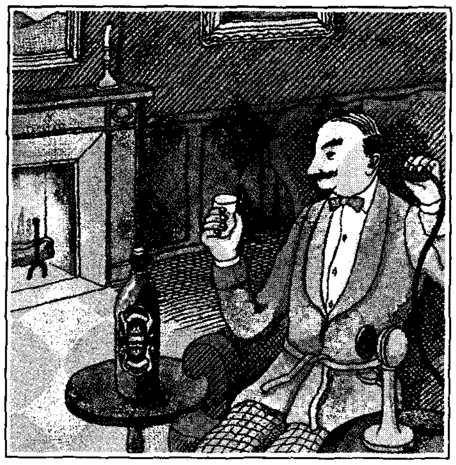
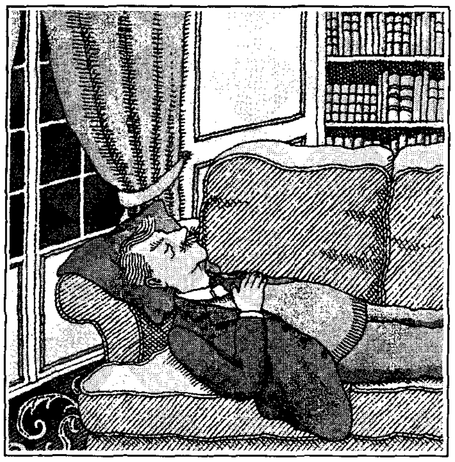
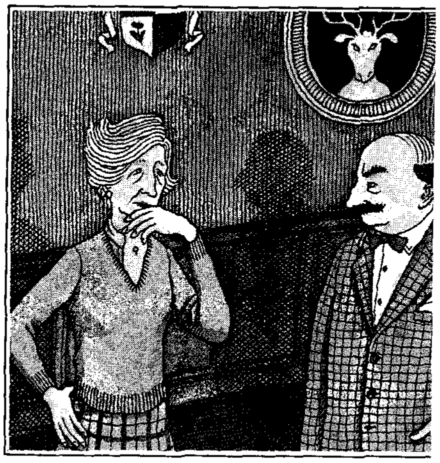
THE CASE OF THE IMPECCABLE PRESENT



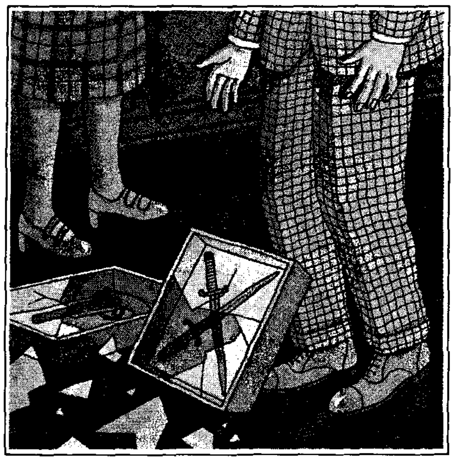
I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband…the gun or the dagger."



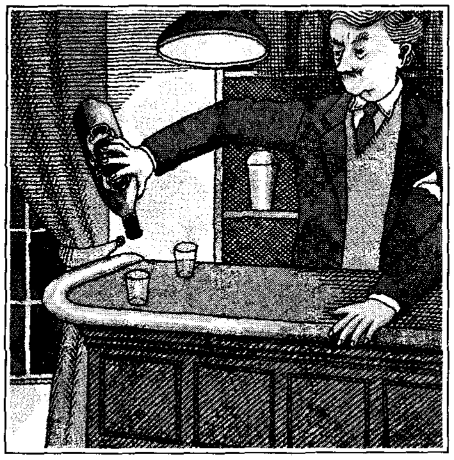
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



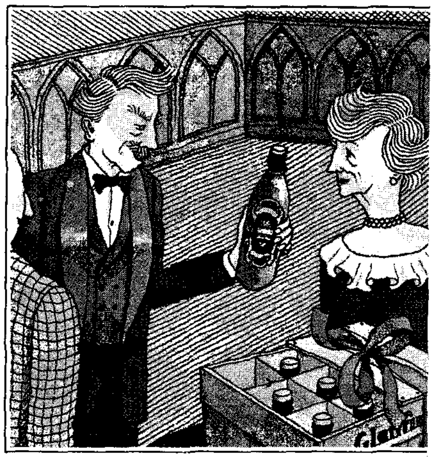
I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactl what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for the holidays!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich,* but we seem to be out."



As it turned out, Lord Hollyhock received *Glenfiddich*. "And I was afraid you'd give me another blood antique!" he chortled. Whatever the occasion, a gift of *Glenfiddich* is proof of impeccable taste.

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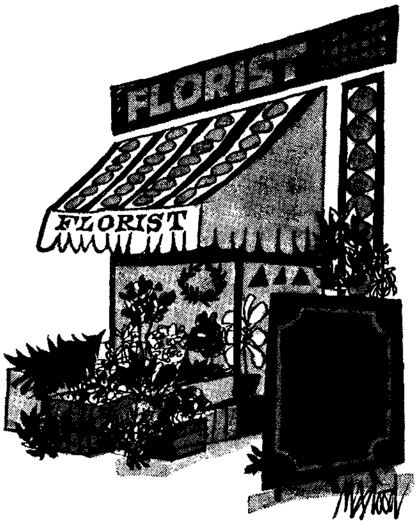
the 1980 election raised to a new level the "fear factor" governing congressional behavior. Traditionally, PACs had played it safe, and had given the great proportion of their money to incumbents, whether the incumbents were in any electoral danger or not—especially if they were not. And since Democrats were in the majority in Congress, a substantial amount of PAC money went to Democrats. But in 1980 a combination of persuasion by Republican Party leaders and seizing of opportunity by the managers of PACs led to an unprecedented amount of PAC money going to candidates who were challenging incumbents. The exercise was successful on two levels: it helped defeat some incumbents, and it scared the daylights out of incumbents who survived. What the survivors saw was that business PACs, whose numbers were growing, were more willing to back a challenger, particularly in a close race. Now it was a question not just of how much money one could raise but of how much money might go to one's opponent.

William Brock, the Republican National Committee chairman from 1977 until 1981, says, "The PACs are supporting challengers more. We really worked on that in 1980. We said, 'The business of business is to take risks.' We managed to get PACs to give a third of their money to challengers." In 1980, most of the incumbent Democratic senators were able to raise more money over all for their campaigns, but the Republicans were able to narrow the gap, as a result of the combination of PAC money, substantial spending on the candidates' behalf by the Republican Party, and spending against the Democrats by independent committees. The champion PAC-money raiser in 1980 was Charles Grassley, Republican of Iowa, who raised more than seven hundred thousand dollars from PACs in his successful effort to defeat the incumbent senator, John Culver. And three other successful Republican Senate challengers ranked after Grassley as PAC-money raisers. A great deal of Grassley's money came from oil interests and chemical interests, after Culver had guided through Congress a bill requiring these companies to contribute to a "superfund" to clean up toxic-waste sites. Grassley's political-action-committee director was quoted in the New York *Times* in 1980 as saying, "In the early morning, we start calling the East Coast PACs, and we work across the country with the sun."

Moreover, much of the 1980 money came in at the last minute, taking the incumbents by surprise. Leon Panetta, a Democratic representative from California, says, "In the past, Democrats tried to stress individual contributions by citizens in the area, and labor was good for some money. But labor couldn't expand its ability to raise money, while business was mushrooming. In the 1980 election, we could see that a Republican challenger had the ability to get two or three hundred thousand dollars in the last weeks of the campaign and knock off the incumbent. There were a lot of examples of that, and it scared the Democrats to hell." David Obey, a Democratic representative from Wisconsin, talking of the last-minute-money phenomenon, says, "If members know that that can happen to them, it means they will be looking over their shoulder every damn vote. It forces them to raise war chests that can be sitting there for the last-minute onslaught. If you're on a committee with jurisdiction over big interests, you can be sure of raising a lot of money. If you're not—if you're just dealing with problems—you don't have that assurance, and you may be defined as a seat the other party can pick up, and *boom!* It just forces people to spend an incredible amount of time on fund-raising." All this had its effect on the Ninety-seventh Congress, which convened in January, 1981. Says Panetta, "It's one of these things that always float beneath the surface. Sometimes you think a vote will go a certain way and it goes another, and you can't figure it out for a moment. Then you learn that it was money." Both Obey and Panetta said before the 1982 elections that they suspected that movements of large amounts of money into Republican campaigns were being coördinated somewhere in Washington. They were correct.



ONCE a week beginning in January, 1982, a group that called itself "the assets-and-priorities group" met at the White House to decide which would be the targeted races in November, and to allocate to those races whatever assets the White House could call upon. Those assets were, of course, considerable. Lee Atwater, the deputy assistant to the President for political affairs, is an enthusiastic thirty-one-year-old former academic from South Carolina who worked in the Reagan campaign in 1980. One afternoon this September, Atwater, sitting in a well-furnished office in the Executive Office Building, told me that the White House had never before been used properly as the "central coördinating unit" in off-year elections. Those who attended the meetings of the assets-and-priorities group included Atwater; the staff directors of the Republican House and Senate campaign committees; Edward Rollins, the White House Political Director; and Rich Bond, of the Republican National Committee. A few others floated in and out. The targeted races were constantly scrutinized for how the Republican candidates were doing and what might be helpful. (Races were moved off or onto the list; at one point or another, some sixty-five races were targeted.) "There's never been a political shop here before that did nothing but this," Atwater said. (The Reagan White House claims to be the first one to have a full-time, officially designated political director.) "This is what we've done for two years." Among the assets the group could offer, of course, were visits by Cabinet members and other luminaries. "Don Regan coming into a district is worth thirty, thirty-five thousand dollars in money-raising," Atwater said; he put the value of a visit by Vice-President Bush at between thirty-five and a hundred thousand dollars. The Reagan White House, for all its disdain for federal handouts, was no more reluctant than its predecessors to deliver federal favors to key electoral areas. But this sort of thing is traditional and routine. Among the innovations by the Reagan White House was an eighteen-second television shot of each of the Republican candidates for the House, the Senate, and governor talking to President Reagan, to be used in a thirty-second spot. "It looks like the guy lives here," Atwater said. The most important innovation, however, was the Reagan White House use of political-action committees. Atwater said, "The big story of the campaign is that this is the first time the White House has really been involved with the political-action committees since their birth. Carter didn't really do anything with them. We have a full-time PAC operation at the Republican National Committee, under Rick Shelby. A lot of PAC money will be dumped in the targeted races toward the end—between seventy-five and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You add that to the nearly fifty thousand dollars the Republican National Committee and the congressional committee combined can give to a House candidate, plus the thirty thousand dollars that can be raised by a Cabinet officer's visit, and you get a total of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars. This is money outside the district that we're making sure they get. We're making sure that everyone gets from a hundred and fifty to four hundred grand extra, and that's a big wallop out there in a congressional district. Much of the PAC money will have already gone in, but there will be an extra spring there at the end."

I asked Atwater how the coördination of the PAC contributions worked.

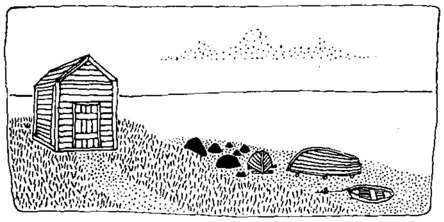
He replied, "The congressional campaign committee and the Republican National Committee are having meetings with every PAC in town and saying, Here's the targeted list sanctioned by the R.N.C., the congressional committee, and the White House." The Republican congressional and senatorial campaign committees also held briefings for PACs in several cities outside Washington.

I asked Atwater what he thought the impact of all the money the Republicans could put into an election would be.

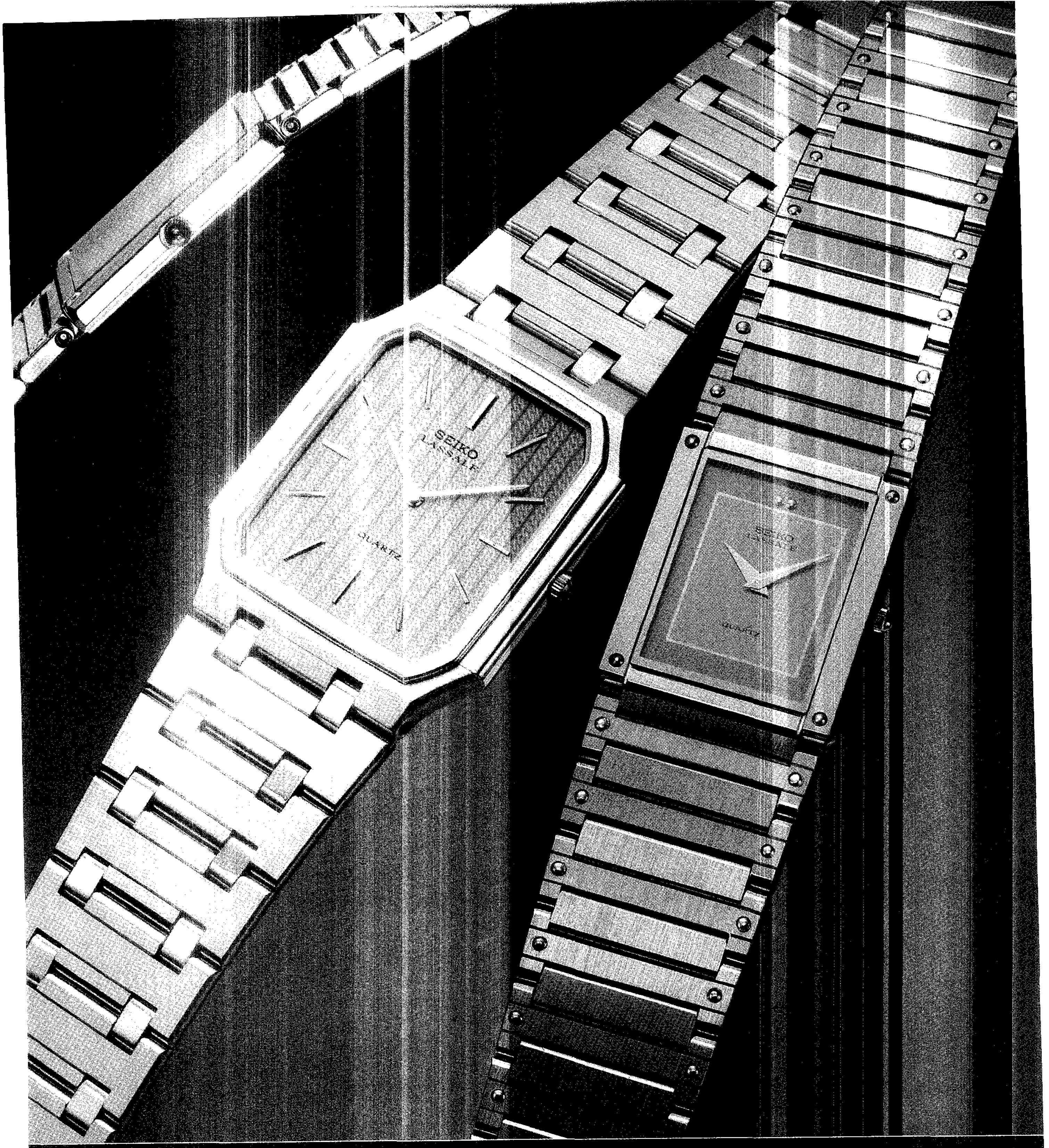
He replied, "I've got to think that the money and all the other resources combined will be worth about two percentage points for about thirty candidates. I think the story of this off-year election is that we've marshalled our resources and bought one or two Senate seats and fifteen to twenty House seats, and that's really good."

As things turned out, the Republicans lost twenty-six House seats. Republican Party officials themselves say that if it hadn't been for the money the losses would have been greater. The two parties broke even in the Senate, but a switch of about seventy thousand votes in five states would have given those seats to the Democrats. In all of these states but one (Nevada, where an incumbent senator lost), the winner outspent the loser. In fact, the winners outspent the losers in twenty-seven of the thirty-three Senate races. In five of the six races where the margin of victory was four per cent or less, the winners spent twice as much as the losers. During the last two weeks of the campaign, the Republican committees were able to put, and steer, large amounts of money into close races. Nancy Sinnott, the executive director of the National Republican Congressional Committee, says that all the Republican committees combined were able to spend approximately fifty million dollars in the final weeks. She says that toward the end her committee was able to go into a congressional district quickly with a new television ad, or could buy more television time. "We may have stemmed the tide through that," she says. The National Republican Senatorial Committee was able to invest in "tracking" polls, which keep tabs on close races on a daily basis. The information thus obtained, plus the money Republicans were able to spend following up with television ads and mail appeals, was credited with saving some Republican incumbents. And the soft money went in, and the PAC money went in. In October of 1982, when White House aides began to prepare the public for a loss of some thirty Republican House seats, the Republican National Committee was saying that the loss would be only about twelve; the committee was deliberately trying to keep the PACs enthusiastic about supporting its candidates. At the end, the Republicans' effort was no longer directed at upsetting Democrats but at trying to protect incumbents—what one Republican official called an "enclave strategy."

The two parties headed into the election with a substantial imbalance in the treasuries of their national, Senate, and House committees. As of the reports filed June 30th, the last date of such committee filings before the election, the Democratic Party committees together had raised twenty-four million dollars, and the Republicans had raised a hundred and sixty-one million. The National Republican Congressional Committee was so well-to-do that it had direct computer links with forty campaigns. Moreover, the Republican committees were in a position to provide, through their combined resources, the maximum amount allowed by law in direct contributions to each of the candidates the Party considered a priority. The Republicans were thus able to tempt people to run. Moreover (and to the relief of the Party leaders), most of the candidates had been recruited in 1981, before the Reagan record threatened to be a liability. "We locked them in with our resources," Bond told me. In addition to money, the Party could provide training, press assistance, and so on. The Republican Party's wealth stems in part from the large resources of its historic business constituency and in part from the direct-mail fund-raising it began in 1965, starting with the ideological conservatives who constituted Barry Goldwater's following. The Republicans like to talk about the high percentage of their funds that come from the "small contributors" through direct mail, and know that it is good politics to portray themselves as the party of "small donors." The Democrats, on the other hand, have tried direct mail only fitfully, and have in fact relied on labor and a few wealthy businessmen. The Democrats didn't have the discipline to reinvest the proceeds sufficiently to build a strong direct-mail operation. Now they are trying again, but the process takes years.



When Atwater was explaining to me how the PAC contributions are coördinated, he said, "Rick Shelby, over at the R.N.C., is the guy who actually does all that. The reality is that everyone knows that Shelby and I have worked together for years. People know that Shelby is not over there pulling races out of thin air." Shelby worked with some two hundred and twenty-five PACs. Atwater further explained that Shelby was also working with a group headed by two influential Republicans—William Timmons, a major Republican Washington lobbyist, and Clark MacGregor, a former chairman of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Timmons worked in the White House under Nixon and Ford as the assistant to the President for legislative affairs and has played a major role in the last two Presidential campaigns. MacGregor is now senior vice-president, in Washington, of United Technolo-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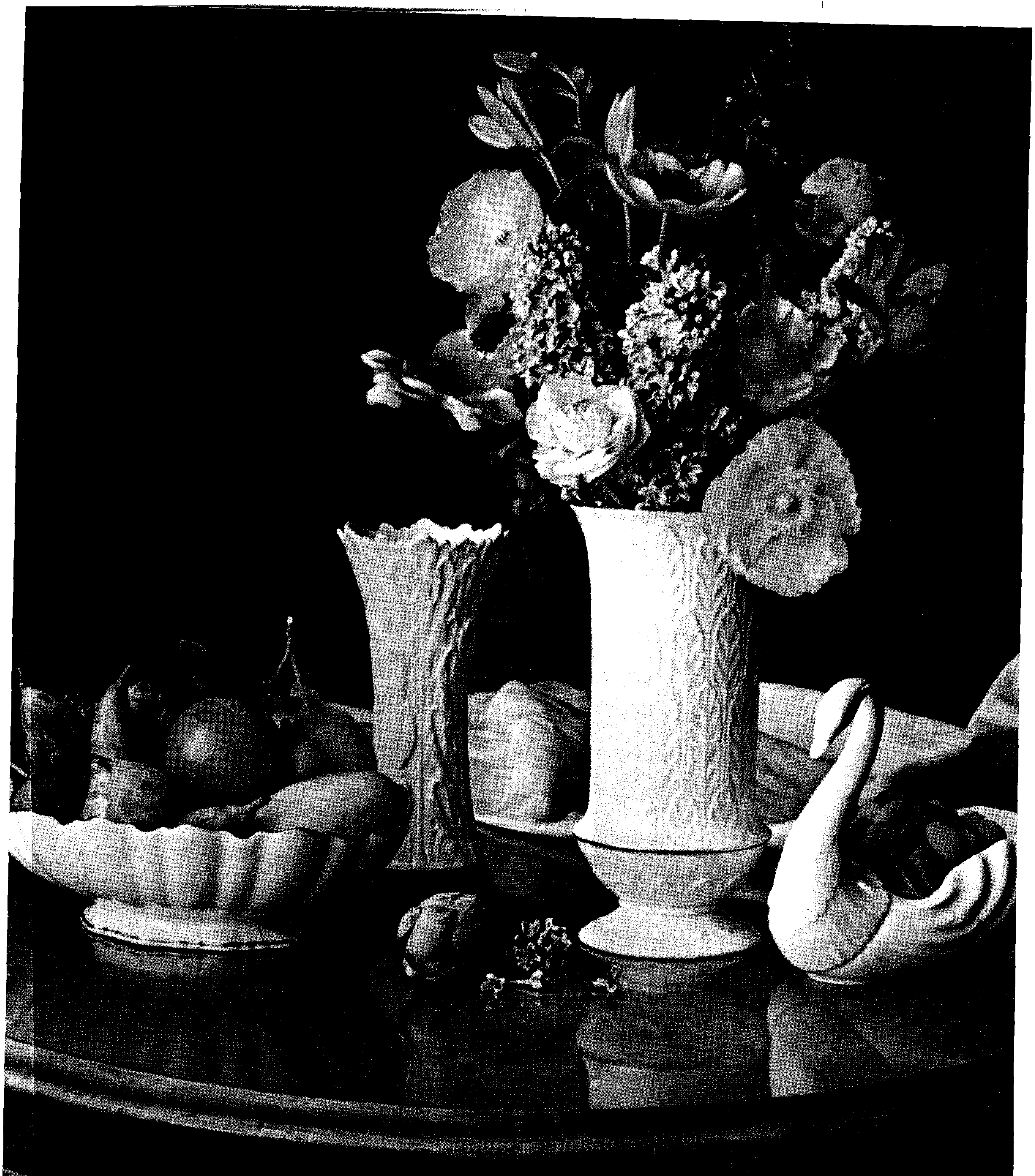

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gies. “Those are pretty heavy guys,” Atwater said. “They coördinate.”

FROM time to time in the past year, about ten people were gathered by William Timmons and Clark MacGregor to breakfast at the University Club, to discuss how the various segments of American industry could channel money into selected House and Senate races. Then each of these people acted as host at a breakfast for a particular industry group—pharmaceuticals, aerospace, transportation, and so on. One group was made up of lawyers and consultants. Timmons himself served as the host of an event for what he described to me as “a general business group.” Timmons & Company is one of the largest and most prosperous of the Washington lobbying companies, with clients of the magnitude of the Northrop Corporation, the G. D. Searle drug company, Chrysler, H. J. Heinz, Standard Oil of Indiana, Anheuser-Busch, Eastern Air Lines, and Middle South Utilities. It also does work for the Association of Trial Lawyers of America and the National Rifle Association. Such a clientele gives Timmons ready access to large amounts of money to help candidates. The firm is essentially Republican, but—like all the major lobbying firms in Washington which are dominated by people with ties to one party—it maintains a smattering of members who have connections with the other party. (Timmons hired an aide to former House Speaker Carl Albert and a former lobbyist for the United Auto Workers.) The people whom Timmons and MacGregor and their colleagues brought together were, essentially, corporate representatives based in Washington—vice-presidents for corporate affairs, vice-presidents for public affairs, directors of a Washington office—and presidents or executive directors of trade associations. The corporate officers, Timmons says, do not run their company PACs, “but obviously they’ll be listened to, or even asked, Who should we divvy up our goodies to?” Corporate PACs are usually run at company headquarters. But an important part of the Washington representative’s role is to help them make wise investments.

Of the breakfasts for industry groups, Timmons said, “We’d bring in twenty or so people who have some access to their industry or company PACs.” Also in attendance were representatives of the Republican National Committee and the Party’s Senate and House campaign committees—and Atwater. Timmons told me, “They describe the candidate and say, ‘We think this is a good bet. He’s ten points behind, but he was thirty points behind and is closing fast. If you want this kind of guy, he would be a good bet.’ The purpose is to expose people who have access to PACs to what we think are good races.” Each member of the Timmons-MacGregor group also held fund-raisers for particular candidates. “We got the room, bought the booze, drew up the invitation list to get some big names—a Cabinet officer, or Bush—to be there, and squeezed the arms,” Timmons said. “To get people to come to a thousand-dollar-a-pop event is difficult. They may have already given a thousand, and you tell them, ‘You’ve got to come up with another thousand—this guy has a real chance.’ Some people don’t like to see me on the street these days.” Rick Shelby stayed in contact with the Timmons-MacGregor group down to the end, when the Republicans were particularly anxious to stem their losses, and the combined efforts of all concerned staved off disaster.

Other mechanisms also exist for the purpose of steering PAC money. According to both Atwater and Timmons, the Business-Industry Political Action Committee, BIPAC, also plays a significant role in coördinating the investment of business money in political campaigns. Bond says that BIPAC is “very important from a leadership perspective” because “it can send a very positive or negative signal through a potent group of PACs in any given campaign.” BIPAC, which works with the White House on issues important to industry, has a number of large industries as members. It makes some campaign donations itself—in 1982, it contributed a total of two hundred thousand dollars to a hundred and forty-five candidates—but, more important, it recommends to its members which races to back. This gives BIPAC considerable influence, and candidates routinely visit its office, in Washington, seeking its endorsement. They also send it “PAC kits”—a new form of political literature, in which a candidate seeks to demonstrate why he would be a good investment. BIPAC was, in fact, begun in response to labor’s activity by five directors of the National Association of Manufacturers. BIPAC has always been a bit mysterious about its origins, but an N.A.M. spokesman says his organization takes great pride in having formed BIPAC. The N.A.M. also puts out a newsletter called *The PAC Manager*, which indicates good political investments. Timmons told me, “A lot of candidates will make pilgrimages to talk to the people at BIPAC, because they represent heavy industry.” BIPAC will not give out a list of its members, but its chairman is the head of Armstrong World Industries, which manufactures floor and ceiling tiles and carpeting, and among its regional vice-chairmen are the heads of two large corporations noted for their involvement in conservative politics: J. Robert Fluor, the head of the Fluor Corporation, which is an international engineering and construction company; and Richard DeVos, president of the Amway Corporation, the second-largest direct-sales company in America. DeVos was the fourth-highest spender of independent funds for Reagan in 1980; the fifth-highest was Jay Van Andel, the chairman of Amway. DeVos was also finance chairman of the Republican National Committee from the spring of 1981 until the summer of 1982. In June of 1982, he was quoted in the press as saying, “This recession has been a beneficial thing and cleansing thing for this society.” A spokesman for the R.N.C. says that DeVos resigned because of “a difference of styles.”

Bernadette Budde, BIPAC’s director of political education, wrote in 1979, “Candidates court us to a greater degree than ever.” Miss Budde, a petite redhead, told me in September of this year, “What happened is our market grew. Since 1963, we’ve always done what we do now, but now we’ve formalized it more. In 1972, we started holding briefings about elections with representatives of trade associations and corporations. Then, starting in 1978, we had more people interested in our recommendations, and the pool of people we shared information with has grown.” Miss Budde made it clear that the growth of business PACs is related to the growth of government regulation of business. She has written, “A clear pattern emerges when reviewing who does and who does not have a PAC—the more regulated an industry and the more obvious an industry is as a congressional target, the more likely it is to have a political-action committee within the associations or within the companies that make up that industry." She continued, "As the government moves closer and closer to partnership with an industry, the result of that liaison is a PAC, mothered by industry but unmistakably sired by government." Miss Budde said that a few years ago a handful of people would attend BIPAC's briefings about the status of various races. Now, she said, the briefings are held every month, and between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five people turn up—about three-fourths of them people in the Washington offices of corporations and trade associations. The meetings are "strictly informational," she said. "There is no attempt to tell people where to give money." But BIPAC does let it be known which candidates it is supporting and which races seem most promising. BIPAC also trades information with kindred spirits, such as the Chamber of Commerce, the N.A.M., the National Association of Home Builders, the National Association of Realtors, the A.M.A., and, of course, the Republican Party campaign committees.

The significance of BIPAC's own contributions is that they are a signal to the rest of the business community. BIPAC sends out a memorandum every few weeks indicating which races it is helping, and recommending that its members follow suit. BIPAC makes a point of giving early—it began making contributions to the 1982 campaign in 1981. Miss Budde said, "We need to be in early, because we know that others will be waiting for our recommendation. It's not really that our money matters so much; it's our blessing. If we're in there, the race isn't hopeless. If someone knows New Jersey but not California, he can call us and ask who we recommend." She said, "We were the first to have understood the importance of giving a blessing to a national campaign on behalf of a candidate for Congress. Now the Chamber of Commerce does it—it has a list of 'Opportunity Races.' It's not giving money, it's saying, 'These are people who meet our criteria.' " BIPAC is considered a good source of information for what most PAC directors want to know: who to bet on. Miss Budde said that, for example, people interested in the Clean Air Act from the point of view of business, assuming that the Act would not be revised before the end of 1982, called BIPAC. "They want to know which members of the Energy and Commerce Committee are going to return." The House Committee on Energy and Commerce has jurisdiction over the Act. Miss Budde said that some of BIPAC's contributions come from people whose companies don't have PACs; some come from companies whose treasuries are too small to enable them to have a political impact; and some come from companies with large PACs which have given the full amount to a candidate and give to BIPAC as "a way to supplement and extend" their contributions. BIPAC also offers a refuge for those with imperfect foresight. As Miss Budde put it, "If someone they didn't support wins, and we did support him, they can say that they gave to BIPAC."

When asked about the results BIPAC has achieved, Miss Budde says, "It's changed the faces of a lot of members of Congress. Beyond that, a congressman who was out of touch with his community now hears voices he didn't hear before. If he had never heard from the doctors before, or had never heard from the car dealers before, he might have made different decisions, because he was operating in a vacuum." For these reasons, Miss Budde feels that BIPAC's impact has been to help create a more conservative Congress. "But," she adds, "we of the business community are very upset about the charge that members of Congress sell their votes. We of the business community have a very high regard for members of Congress. We're appalled by that sort of talk."

The one question that BIPAC lobbies on directly, Miss Budde says, is the issue of the campaign-spending laws: it wants an increase in the amounts that individuals are allowed to contribute, and some relief of the restrictions on how corporations raise PAC money. She is defiantly against any proposals to place a ceiling on the total amount that candidates can accept from political-action committees—a proposal that has gained increasing support in recent years—and is against public financing of congressional elections. According to David Obey, who, with Tom Railsback, Republican of Illinois, co-sponsored the 1979 bill to limit to seventy thousand dollars the total amount that a House candidate could receive from political-action committees, Miss Budde warned Capitol Hill aides that if their bosses voted for the Obey-Railsback bill they should not expect help from BIPAC. In addition, Obey says, a number of Republicans were told by representatives of various PACs around Washington that if they voted for the Obey-Railsback bill they would not receive much PAC money.

BIPAC, then, has been a leader in the nationalization of political campaigns in its modern form: organizing contributions from outside a state or a congressional district. Miss Budde says with satisfaction that BIPAC was the first political-action committee from outside Iowa to contribute to the House campaign of Tom Tauke, who defeated a Democratic incumbent there in 1978. The nationalization of campaigns by the big interest groups is a development that disturbs Jim Leach, a Republican representative from, as it happens, Iowa. Leach, who supports a limit on the amount of total PAC money a candidate can receive, and also supports public financing of congressional campaigns, told me, "The state of Iowa is a classic example of the problem. We're mainly rural and small business, but in elections the Republicans are largely funded by business, much of which has nothing to do with the state, and the Democrats are funded by labor, much of which doesn't have anything to do with the state. And you see a breakdown in citizen access. Not that a constituent isn't going to get in the door, but the guy who gave the money is going to get in first. So what you really see is a breakdown in constitutional democracy, which is supposed to be based on citizen access and constituency access. We're seeing regional politics and state and citizen politics become national. National groups determine outcomes, whereas local constituencies used to provide the crucial role. This is new."

Inevitably, trade associations for PACs have grown up, sometimes spawned by the PACs themselves, sometimes by enterprising souls spotting an opportunity. One organization, called the National Association for Association Political Action Com-

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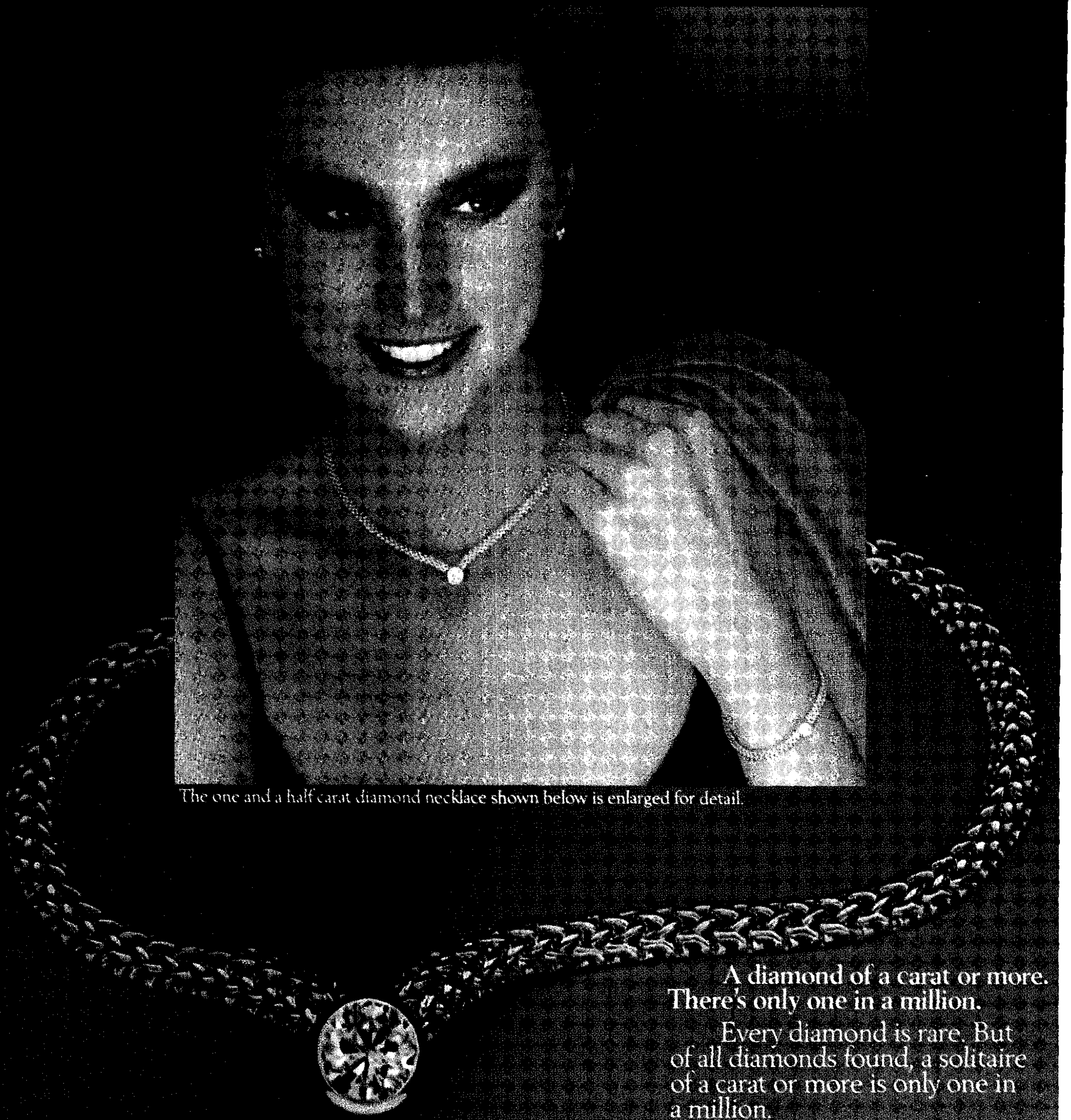

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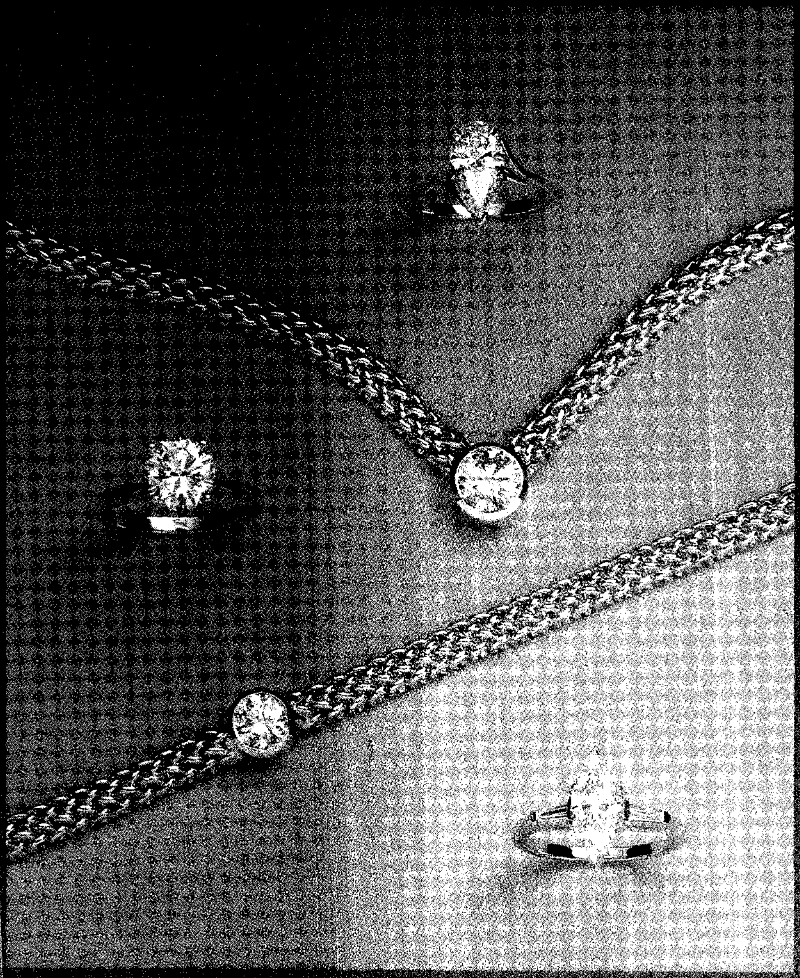

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mittees, or NAFAPAC, was formed in 1980 to share information among trade- and professional-association PACs, and to fight what it sees as discrimination in the federal election laws against trade-association, as opposed to corporate, PACs. The issue has to do with rules that were designed to prevent business PACs from soliciting their own executives for their own PACs, and then, as part of a trade association, or several trade associations, soliciting them again. Also, NAFAPAC officials say they want the trade associations to get more attention from the politicians. Given the homage that is paid the trade associations—which have some of the largest PACs—it is difficult to understand what they are worried about, but all PACs want to be taken as seriously as possible by the practicing politicians, in order to get their money's worth. Richard Thaxton, vice-president of the political-affairs division of the National Association of Realtors (the highest-spending of all the business PACs and trade associations) and also the chairman of the board of NAFAPAC, said to me, "The media refers to corporate PACs and the amount they raise as if that's the measure of business giving, but the associations give more totally than corporations do. Yet the whole focus is on the corporations, and one of the problems on the Hill is that what the press writes, the public believes, and I'm not sure the association PACs are getting their proper shake." Actually, trade associations, including groups with individual members, such as the auto dealers and the Realtors, and the Direct Selling Association, which is a member of NAFAPAC (direct sellers include such companies as Amway, Avon Products, and Mary Kay Cosmetics), have done very well legislatively. In June, NAFAPAC had a reception on Capitol Hill—"one of those cheapies, with wine and cheese," says J. Robert Brouse, the president of NAFAPAC—and over a hundred members of the House and Senate took the trouble to stop by. "They outnumbered our group three to one," Brouse says.

There is also something called the National Association of Business Political Action Committees, or NABPAC, a trade association of business PACs. It advises its two hundred and twenty-five member PACs on everything from PAC techniques and regulations to evaluations of candidates. Among its members are many of the largest corporations in America. Its literature uses the slogan "Democracy is not a spectator sport."

BOTH the Democratic and Republican party campaign organizations—the national committees, the Senate and House campaign committees—try to steer PAC money to their candidates. Both parties send out to likely PAC contributors newsletters touting their candidates; both hold meetings with friendly interest groups; both introduce new candidates to what is known in Washington as "the PAC community." The Democrats, of course, receive substantial help from labor, in terms both of funds and of getting out the vote. Without the direct contributions from labor in 1982, many Democratic candidates, not to mention the Democratic Party itself, would have been in serious trouble. COPE was planning to contribute eight hundred thousand dollars in members' voluntary contributions to the 1982 races. But the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was planning to spend another $3.5 million in union dues for voter registration and get-out-the-vote drives. COPE, under new management for this election, is deemed by Democratic officials to have become far more sophisticated and effective than in the past. In a way, it had to, because its effectiveness in the past was not impressive. Moreover, in 1982 it had something to rally around —unemployment. Although no one can say exactly how much difference labor's get-out-the-vote drives made, Democratic officials say that labor activities were especially valuable in 1982 in the industrial states. The efforts of some unions—in particular the Communications Workers of America and the National Education Association, both of which are effective at getting out the vote—are considered more valuable than those of others. The United Auto Workers and the United Steelworkers, having watched their members defect to Reagan in 1980, worked hard, and successfully, to return them to the Democrats two years later. The N.E.A., which is not a member of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., spent about $1.4 million in the 1982 elections. Again Reagan handed the opposition some issues, in this case the level of funding for education, and such things as tuition tax credits and prayer in the schools, which the N.E.A. opposes. The N.E.A. had already headed off Reagan's promised abolition of the Department of Education. Says one N.E.A. strategist, "We got the issue pushed over into the election year, on

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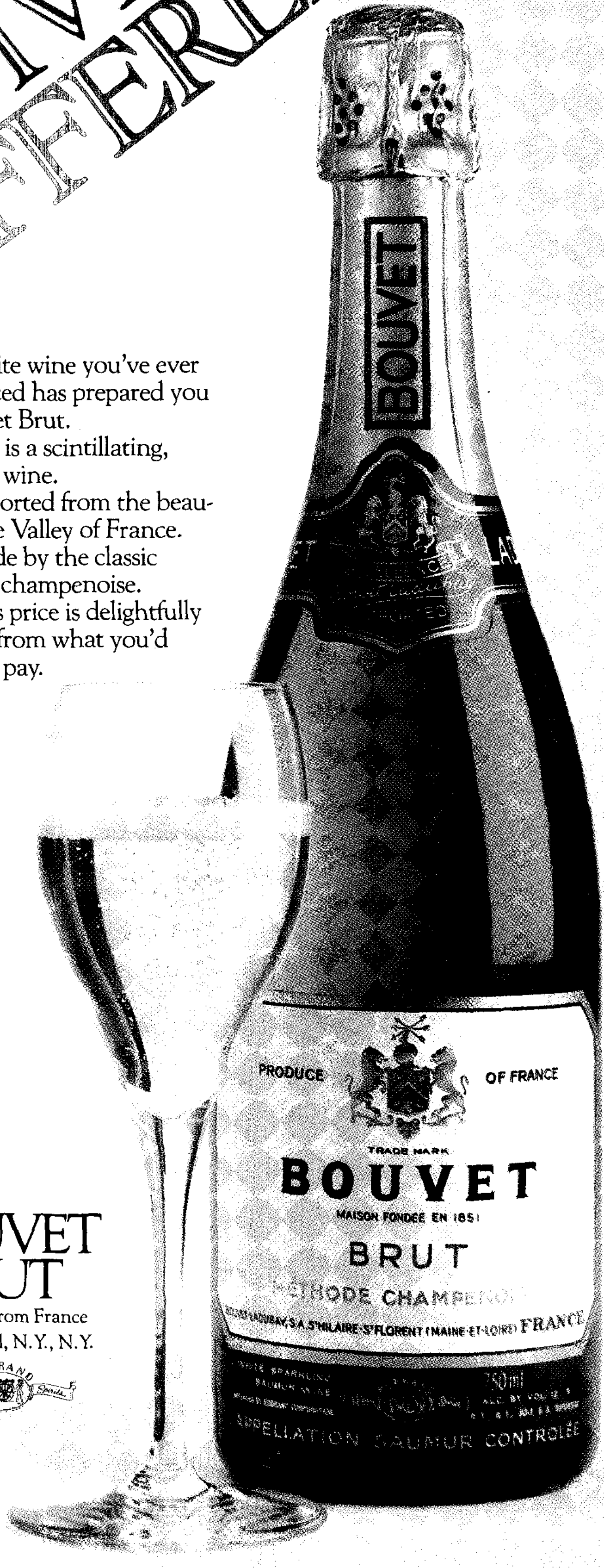

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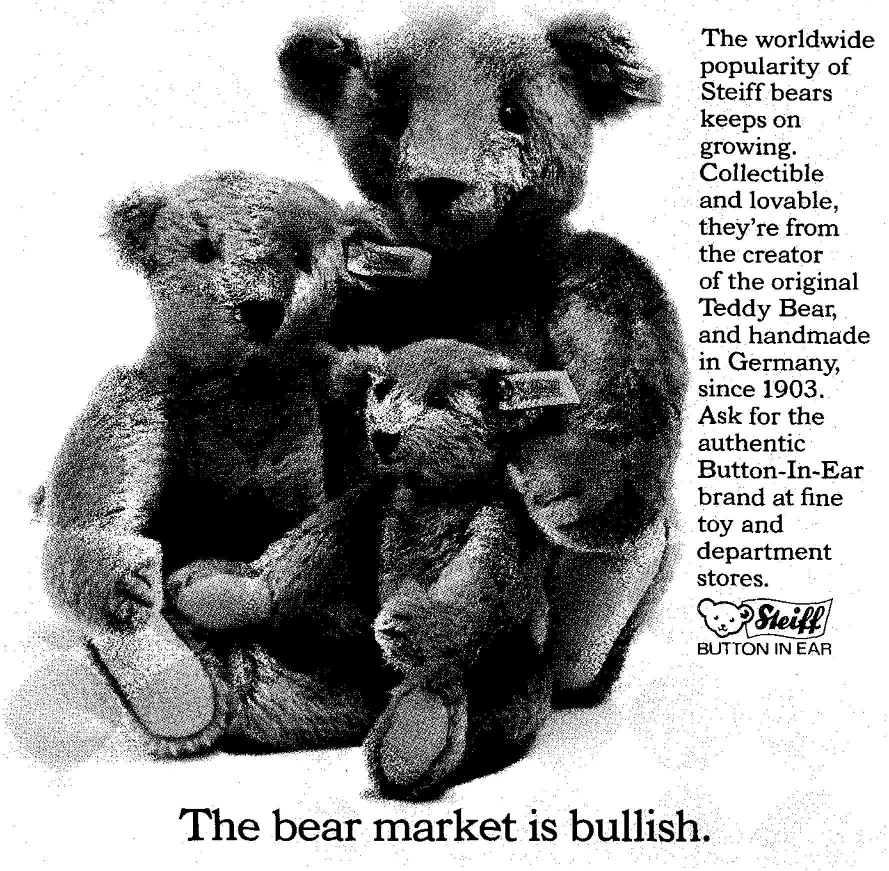
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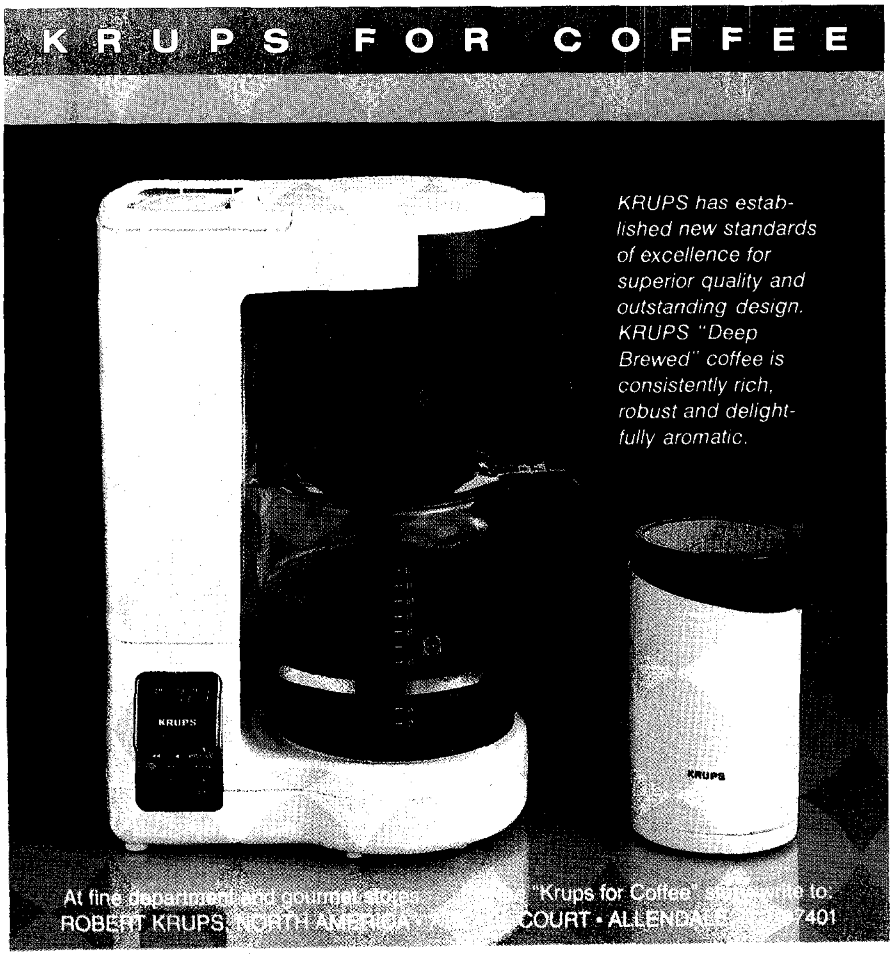
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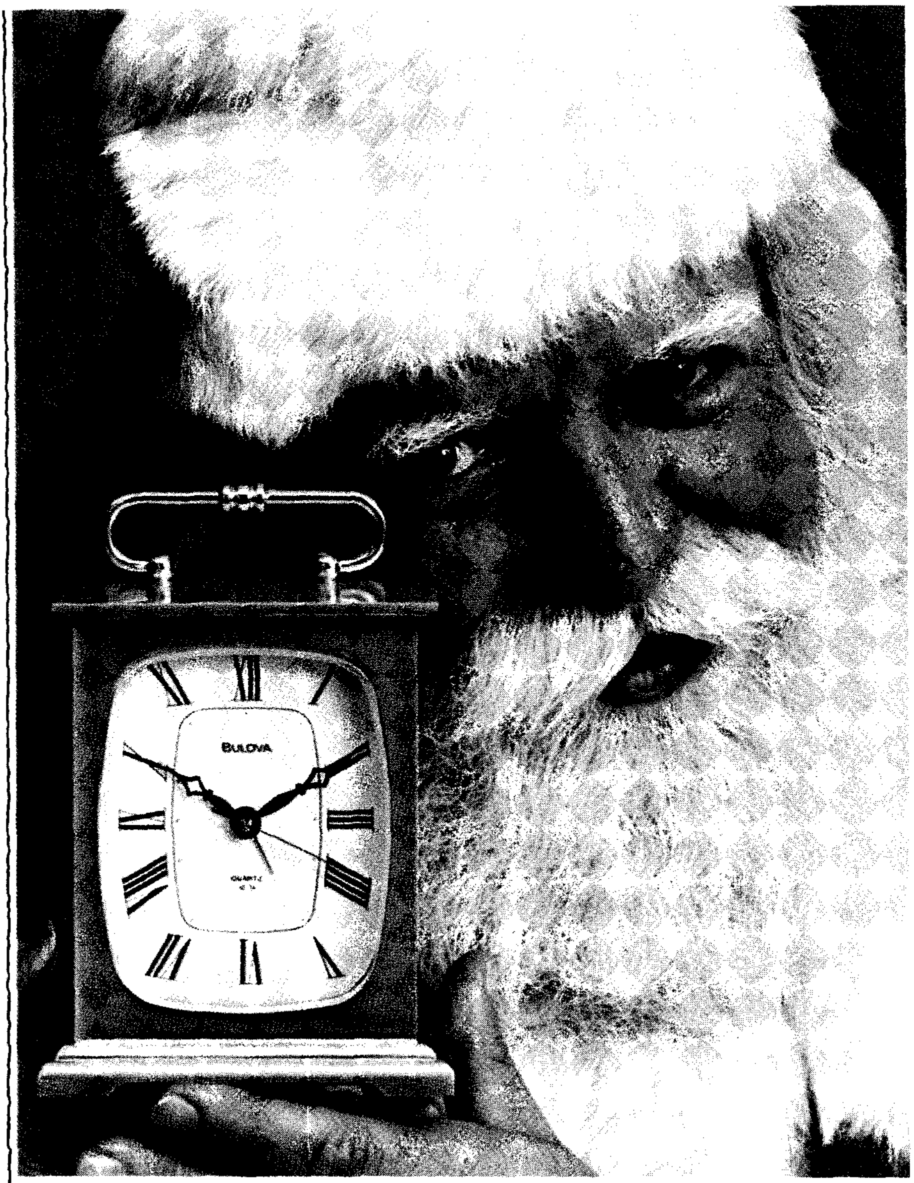
the theory that members of Congress in close races wouldn't want to touch the issue. And we let Republicans know that anytime they took a shot at it, it would be an expensive shot." The other two most significant allies of the Democrats in 1982 were the environmentalists and the supporters of the nuclear-freeze movement. Again, the actions of the Reagan Administration helped galvanize these groups. The environmental groups, having been in business longer, could contribute more. Their contribution lay less in money than in volunteers who motivated the voters—with the unwitting help of James Watt, the Secretary of the Interior. The environmental movement, like the labor effort, was not solidly Democratic, however. Both business and labor, each for its own reason, tend to exaggerate labor's effectiveness. Recently, the Chamber of Commerce has begun get-out-the-vote drives (and businesses are allowed to spend to get their own employees to the polls), and the Republican Party, of course, spends large sums to get out its voters. So comparisons fail.

STARTING in 1981, the Democrats, nearly desperate about the widening gap between the amounts of money the two parties can raise and alarmed by the growth of the business political-action committees, and their willingness to finance challengers to Democratic incumbents, set out in systematic fashion to raise more business money themselves. They decided, says one House Democrat, to "fight fire with fire." The exercise had some unusual results. The famous "bidding war" between the House Democrats and the White House over the 1981 tax-cut bill was a result of the Democrats' desire not just to prevail on the bill, by offering special tax breaks in order to win votes on the House floor, but also to raise money from the interest groups that stood to benefit. Similarly, the fact that the House Ways and Means Committee avoided "marking up"—that is, drafting its own version of—the 1982 tax-increase bill had to do with the Democrats' reluctance to offend certain interests. Charles Manatt, the Democratic National Committee chairman, and Byron Radaker, the chairman of the Party's Business Council, who is also the chairman and chief executive officer of the Congoleum Corporation, which manufactures floor coverings and is a major shipbuilder, sent a letter to every Democratic member of

Congress urging him not to vote for repeal of a provision that had become the symbol of the excesses of the 1981 tax cuts—the "safe harbor" provision, which allowed corporations to buy and sell tax deductions and credits. The letter, needless to say, caused a bit of an uproar within the Party. Even the House Democrats' position paper setting out an agenda for the future was written with an eye on sources of business funds. Some of the Democrats who have been involved in these exercises say that one of their motives is to try to prevent the Party from becoming the captive of labor: to prevent a final, absolute division of the American political system into a labor party and a business party. Their concern has presented some good opportunities to certain business interests.

In the days when the Texans Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson and the Oklahoman Robert Kerr held power on Capitol Hill, Democrats enjoyed the blessings, and the contributions, of independent oil, and independent oil enjoyed the protection—in the form of generous tax breaks—of the Democratic Party. Moreover, there had been a kind of empathy between the independent-oil men and the Democrats: the independents were outsiders, often in conflict with the major oil companies, which, like other large corporations, were essentially Republican. Besides, in those days there simply weren't many Republicans from the South for independent oil to deal with. But after the election of a reform-minded Congress in 1974, and its reduction the following year of one of independent oil's most prized tax breaks, the depletion allowance, things began to change. Until then, according to one oil lobbyist, independent oil was sixty per cent Democratic. Then, in 1976, Jimmy Carter, in his effort to obtain the Democratic nomination, sought votes and money from the Southwest by promising to deregulate natural gas and by cultivating David Boren, who was then governor of Oklahoma and is now a senator, and getting his endorsement. Boren was the first governor to endorse Carter, and his doing so (even while Senator Lloyd Bentsen, a Texan and a key defender of the interests of independent oil, was still in the race for the Presidential nomination) helped Carter obtain independent-oil money. The oil industry had been trying for a long time to get natural gas deregulated. Shortly before the final election, Carter wrote a letter to Boren promis-



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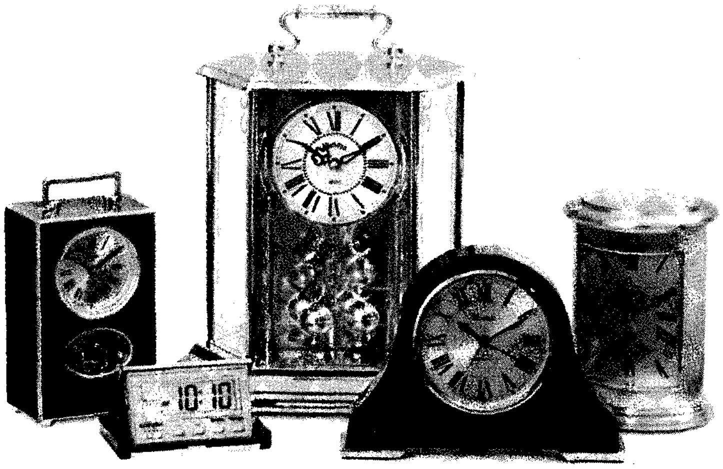

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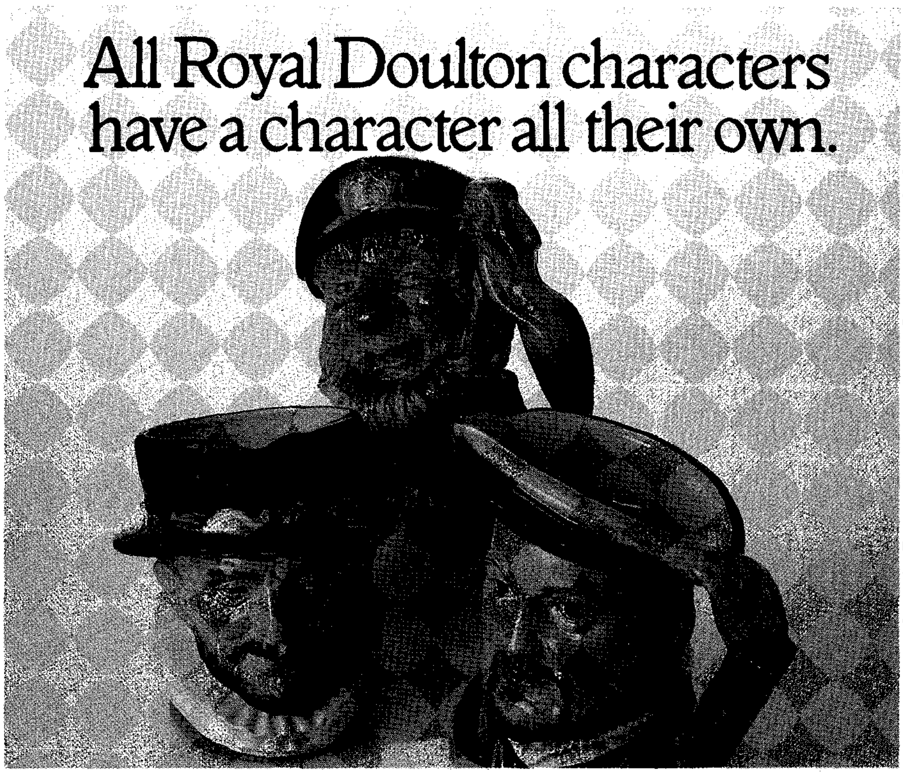
ing to push for deregulation of natural gas. (Actually, Boren himself wrote the letter. Boren, Robert Strauss, then the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Dolph Briscoe, then governor of Texas, thought up the letter at the Texas-Oklahoma football game at the Cotton Bowl, in Dallas, in October.) But after Carter was elected he changed his mind. As it happens, the oil industry did fairly well under Carter—although he did not deregulate natural gas, he did increase the price of both gas and oil. Still, damaging as his about-face was, matters were made worse by the fact that early in his Administration, in pushing his energy legislation, he started talking about the "greed" of the oil companies. "People in Oklahoma felt they had been taken," Boren says. "That showed up in the 1980 elections." The oil industry got angrier and angrier—"They didn't think they were greedy," says an oil lobbyist—and, having been cultivated by the Republicans, felt that the best way to handle the situation was to go over to the other side. In the 1980 elections, independent-oil money reached the Republicans in unprecedented amounts. A Washington attorney for oil interests, Edward Forgotson, was among the few people who had the notion—a seemingly quixotic one at the time—that if the Republicans had enough money they could take over the Senate, and he decided to work to get oil money to Republican candidates for the Senate. Forgotson talked to the independent-oil PACs that had been springing up in the Southwest. (He also talked, he says, to General Motors and other corporations. Forgotson did such a good job that in 1981 and '82 he served in an unpaid capacity as PAC director for the National Republican Senatorial Committee, and in 1981 he was also the PAC chairman for the Senate-House Republican fund-raising dinner.) And so in 1980 the oil money came in from Dallas, Houston, Midland, and Tulsa in both PAC money and individual contributions (most of it in the latter form), to help the Republicans in their attempts to unseat Democratic senators. Oil money was also an important factor in some attempts to unseat House Democrats. By then, according to the oil lobbyist, independent-oil money was ninety-five per cent Republican.

The Democrats didn't like this turn of events at all. Early in 1981, Richard Kline, a Democrat and a lobbyist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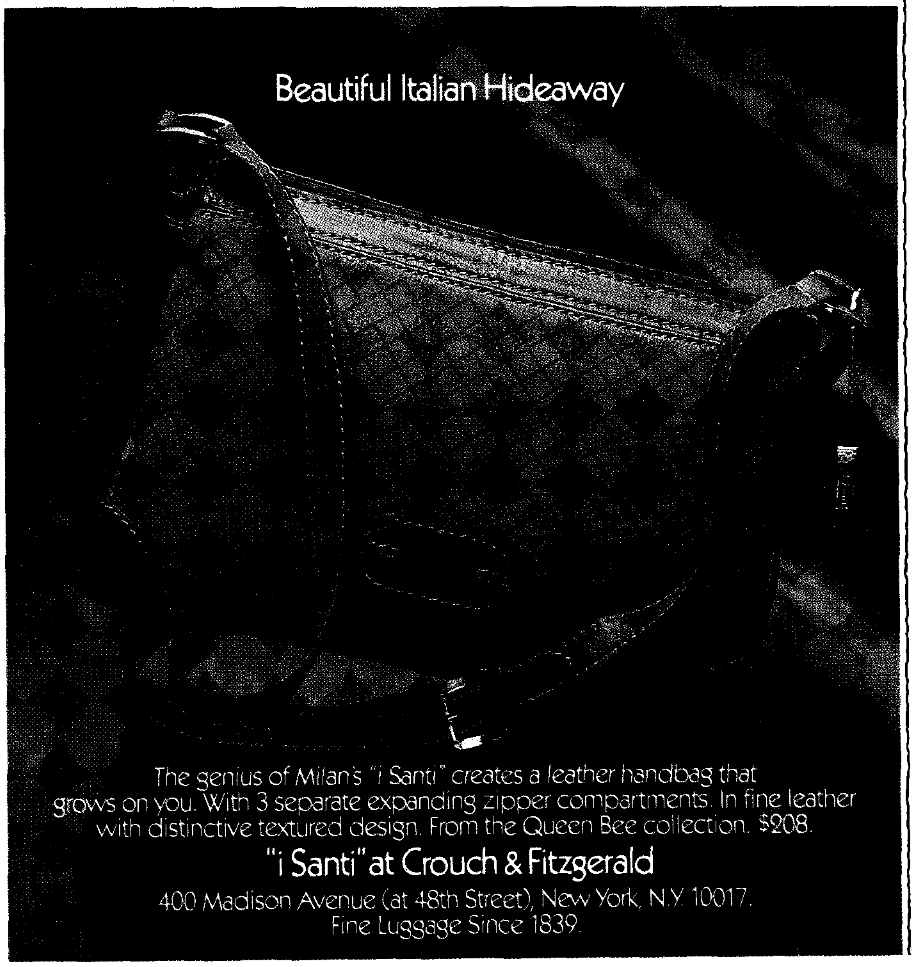
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for a group of large independent oil producers in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado, went to Representatives Tony Coelho, Democrat of California and the new chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, and Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois and the new chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. "The point I made to Tony and Danny," says Kline, "was let's get some of it back." So he proposed that the 1981 tax-cut bill include benefits for independent oil which could be paid for not by the taxpayers but by the major oil companies. Rostenkowski came to the conclusion that if the votes of enough "boll weevils"—Southern and Southwestern Democrats who had supported Reagan—could be guaranteed to get the bill passed he would go along. Rostenkowski's interest was less in raising money for the Democratic Party than in winning the fight with the Administration over the tax bill. The Administration had already defeated James Jones, Democrat of Oklahoma and chairman of the Budget Committee, on the budget resolution, and Rostenkowski wanted to do better. Out of such concerns come national policies.

Rostenkowski told Charles Wilson, Democrat of Texas, that he would make the deal if Wilson got commitments from six "boll weevils" to vote for the bill. Wilson, Richard Gephardt, a Democrat from St. Louis and a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and Gillis Long, Democrat of Louisiana and chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, were the leaders in the effort to put the deal together. Gephardt, who was first elected to Congress in 1976, at the age of thirty-five, was soon spotted by Kline, among others, as one of the House's "comers." (Kline, like some other lobbyists who do not have access to enormous amounts of money, prefers to concentrate on a few people who are particularly influential with their colleagues. This is simply another form of investing.) Kline needed someone who was not from an oil-producing state to try to persuade the House Democrats to go along with his scheme. He went to Gephardt to carry the argument after James Shannon, a thirty-year-old Democrat from Massachusetts and another influential member of the Ways and Means Committee, turned him down. Gephardt, a pleasant man with strawberry-blond hair, is one of the cool young politicians bred of the television age of politics. He is one of the new generation of Democrats—the "Atari Democrats"—who are trying to orient the party toward the world of "high tech," and is one of the most influential members of his generation in the House. He has worked closely with Coelho to try to broaden the financial base of the Democratic Party. Gephardt tried to get the support of thirteen or fourteen Southern Democrats, and eventually he and Wilson got what they took to be a firm commitment from the requisite six; Rostenkowski put some provisions for independent oil in the bill (but at less cost to the major producers).

But in the end the White House outbid the Democrats for the independent-oil votes, and the House passed the Administration-backed tax-cut bill, which contained a substantial tax break for independent oil producers. Only four "boll weevils" supported Rostenkowski's bill. So although the Democrats may not have prevailed on the tax bill, Kline and the other independent-oil interests came out ahead, because the year had begun with little prospect that anything at all would be done for independent oil. The industry's vogue stemmed less from a careful consideration of what it could contribute to energy policy than from an awareness of what it could contribute to politicians—and its demonstrated willingness to try to unseat Democratic incumbents. Kline says, "I did everything I could after last year to raise money for Tony. I spent three weeks on the road. I raised eighty thousand dollars for the House Democratic campaign committee itself; that's not a lot, but it is a lot compared to what other industries have been giving them." Kline has also helped Senator Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, the main Senate money raiser for Democratic Senate campaigns. According to people Kline has talked to about this, he said to the oil people, "You're a geographical minority. You're just like black people—you're discriminated against because you're a minority. You have to be bipartisan." Then he told them something they were also being told by Robert Strauss, now an attorney in Washington and an energetic fund raiser. Strauss, too, has decided to help Coelho. Kline told them, "We could end up with a dangerous situation in this country—where business is one party and labor is the other." This is the same idea that was being expressed by some House Democrats, of course, and it serves the purposes of both. Kline also made a simple practical point to his oil audiences. He pointed out that "elections can turn on extraneous events—Watergate, Iran—so if the Democrats get control because of that kind of event we're going to get wiped out. So you have a stake in both parties." He told them that the Democrats had changed—that "it isn't the 1974 Party, because if it hadn't been for them there wouldn't have been a bidding war."

When the cost of the 1981 tax-cut bill forced Congress, starting with Republicans in the Senate, to raise taxes in 1982, the tax breaks that had been won the year before by independent oil were an obvious target. The Senate Finance Committee, headed by Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, who is a defender of independent oil, declined to do anything to hurt independent oil. The committee had six Republicans up for reëlection in 1982. Independent oil was in fact the one industry specifically exempted from the bill's cutback in corporate tax preferences. Kline was as eager as anyone that the House Ways and Means Committee not mark up the tax bill but instead send it straight to conference with the Senate—a most unusual procedure. Under the Constitution, tax legislation is supposed to originate in the House. It is generally understood that oil does better in the Senate than it does in the House, because the House has a larger ratio of members from non-oil-producing states. Rostenkowski and Barber Conable, Republican of New York and the ranking minority member of the Ways and Means Committee, worked up a list of proposals for tax reform which, among other things, would have removed a benefit that had been granted to independent oil the year before. The draft bill has been described by one House Democrat as "probably the greatest tax-reform package Congress would have ever passed." But when the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee caucused to discuss these proposals, on the night of July 27th, Gephardt argued against the Democrats' writing their own tax

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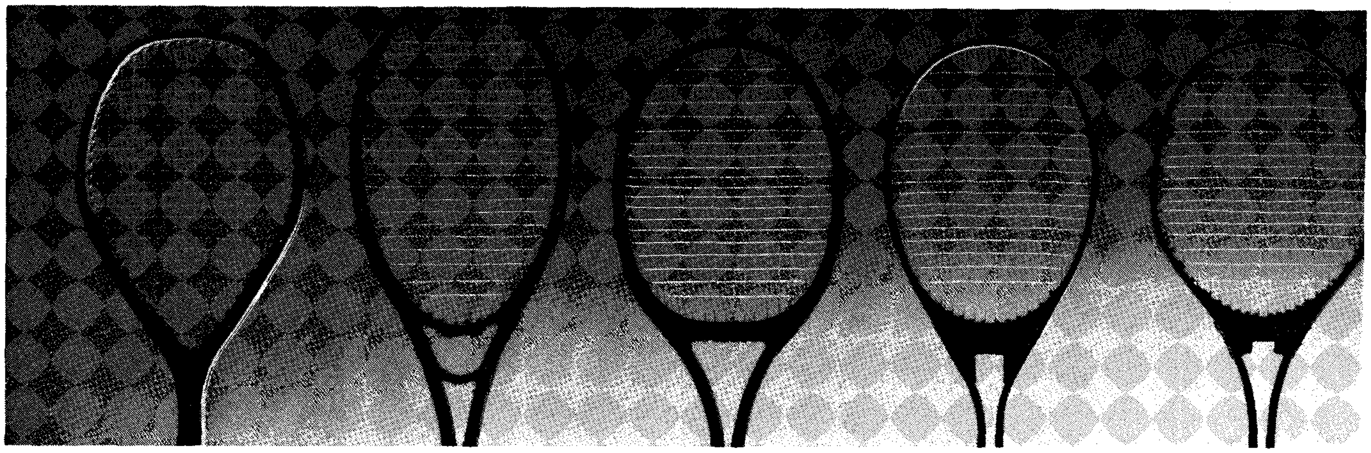

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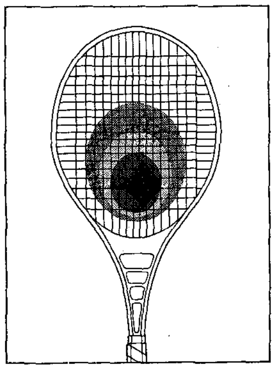

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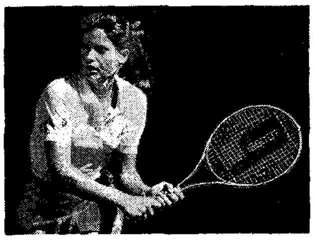

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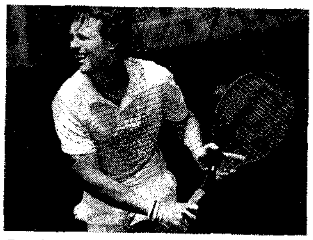

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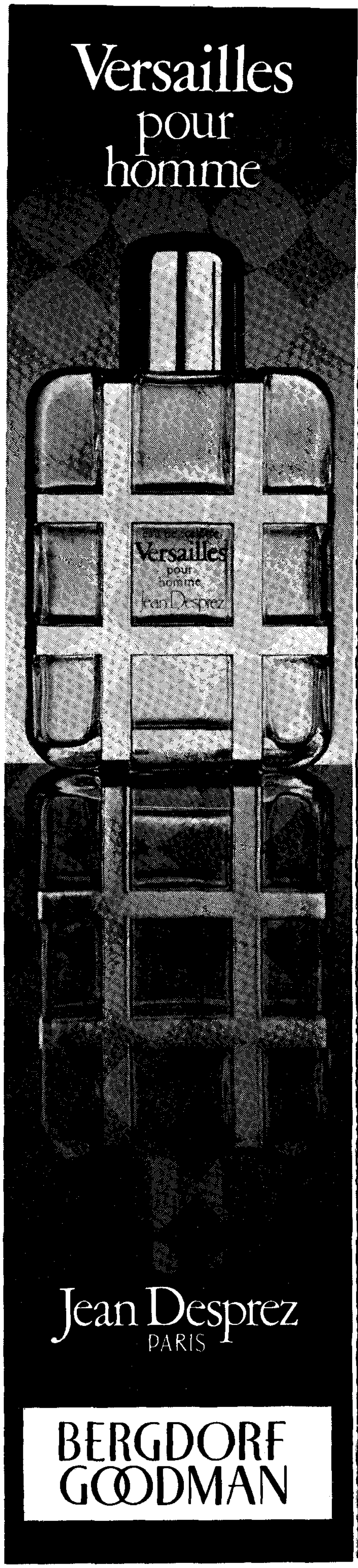
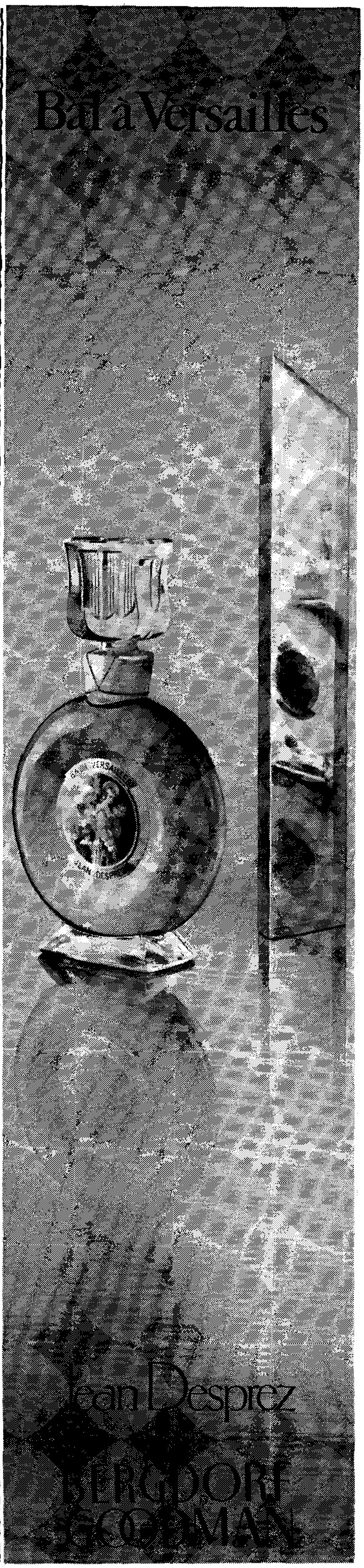


bill, on the grounds that such a bill would inevitably divide the Democratic Party, and that it was unlikely to pass. This, he said, would simply expose the Democrats to the charge of having caused a stalemate on the tax bill. As it happens, Coelho was also opposed to a Democratic markup of the bill, for the same reasons. Beryl Anthony, Democrat of Arkansas, argued that the oil provisions should not be included in the tax bill, because the Congressional Campaign Committee had been raising money from independent oil producers and had told them that they would be left alone. Another House Democrat had taken James Shannon aside on the House floor that day and made the same argument. According to witnesses, after Anthony made that argument in caucus Shannon exploded. He said he was offended that Anthony would imply that the Democrats' votes were for sale. He then told the caucus about a meeting that had taken place in his office that afternoon: A young Washington lawyer, who had been a member of the Carter Administration, had come into his office and said that he had "a little technical provision" he wanted added to the tax bill (most lobbyists describe tax breaks for their clients as "a little technical provision"), and that his client was a good Democrat who had given a lot of money to the Party. Shannon had told the young lawyer, "I don't think you should be coming into our offices and telling us we should vote for something because anyone was giving us money." The lawyer, he continued, replied that in previous years, when he himself had worked on the Hill, such a thing would not have occurred. And then, Shannon told his colleagues, "he said to me, 'It's you guys who've caused this problem.' He said, 'I don't like doing this—it's terrible. But it's you guys who've put Congress on the auction block.' " Shannon also told the committee Democrats, "We have an economic crisis. We have to raise taxes, and we shouldn't be making judgments on the basis of who's giving campaign contributions." He said, "This is a tax-writing committee, not a fund-raising committee." Thomas Downey, a thirty-three-year-old Democrat from New York, backed Shannon. Downey told the caucus that the reality was that independent oil wasn't giving the Democrats anywhere near the amount of money that it had given the Republicans. Besides, Downey said, "we shouldn't be talking about this." In the end, the Democrats



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decided not to write a tax bill in the Ways and Means Committee. In the parlance of the time, they decided "not to put their fingerprints on it" in an election year.

The eagerness for independent-oil money is not, of course, limited to Democrats in the House. This year, a campaign consultant who was preparing television spots for a liberal Democratic senator running for reëlection in a state where no oil is produced prepared one that attacked his opponent for taking money from oil interests. To the astonishment of the campaign consultant, he was asked to hold off running the spot. Eventually, the ad was run, but the hesitation was a symptom of the extent of the Democrats' anxiety. One Democratic senator, who declines to be quoted by name, says, "I've heard suggestions being made here differentiating between the big guys and the independents. The rationale for seeking out the independents is 'They're our kind of guys—they're not Texaco, Mobil, et cetera.' It's a tantalizing suggestion, because they say we're small people, they're small people. But personally I find it difficult to differentiate between them. They have differences among themselves, but in the end they're after the same thing."

SOME other provisions of the 1981 tax-cut bill were also products of the Democrats' need to raise money. One was the provision that allowed people to buy tax-exempt "All-Savers Certificates." The proposal was cooked up by the troubled savings-and-loan industry, represented by the League of Savings Institutions, and was a major item in the bidding war. It was roundly criticized as one that would cost the Treasury nearly four billion dollars and would simply help the wealthy. But the savings-and-loan industry is known for its history of giving, and the Democrats, who used to be on the receiving end, wished to reinstate themselves. The history of this relationship somewhat resembles the one involving independent oil. Like the major oil companies, the bankers were Republicans, so the savings-and-loan institutions originally went to the opposition. And, according to Coelho, the parallel continues, in that, as the savings-and-loan business became more wealthy, it "went Republican." Coelho says, "All-Savers was a way to help the savings-and-loan industry. I appealed to them by saying that they had to help

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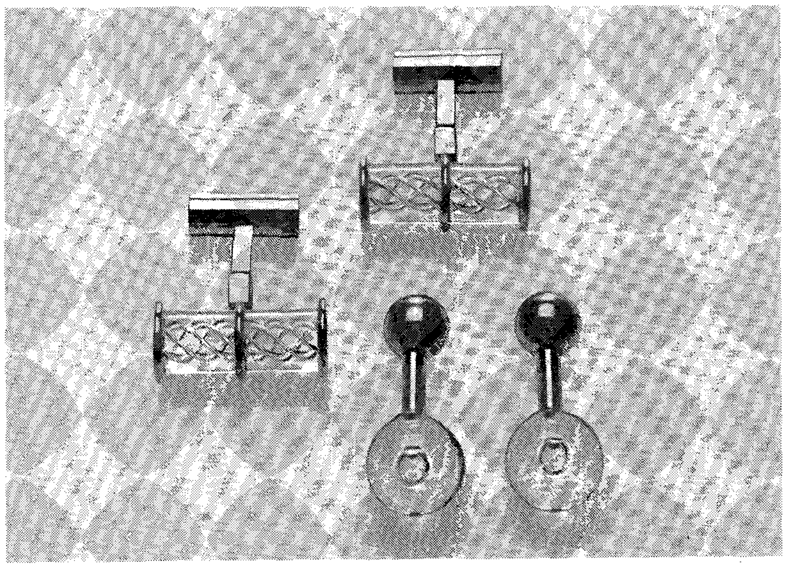

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keep us alive." Coelho says that Gephardt was particularly instrumental in getting the All-Savers proposal through the House. Gephardt says that this had nothing to do with trying to raise campaign money. He says, "All-Savers was something to get the savings-and-loan business through the night." The proposal went through Congress with ease. Yet the All-Savers plan was such a failure that Congress refused to even entertain the idea of renewing it this year.

Another result of the bidding war, and of the Democrats' need for funds, was an item in the 1981 tax-cut bill which allowed corporate executives to get more favorable tax treatment of compensation provided in the form of stock options. In exchange, the corporations themselves lost their tax deductions for this compensation. This, then, was not so much a matter between the corporations and the Treasury as it was between the executives and the stockholders, who may or may not have been aware of it. One group that was interested in receiving such a favorable break was the new high-technology companies, which argued that this would be an effective way of compensating, and holding on to, their executives and scientists. Several Democrats look upon the new high-tech industry as a new source of funds. Major Washington law firms representing other corporations also lobbied for the provision—unbeknown, undoubtedly, to the corporations' stockholders.

Another very interested party was Steven Ross, the chairman of Warner Communications. In 1980, Ross, a major fund raiser for the Democratic Party, had threatened Carter Administration officials that he would not raise any more money for Carter unless the Administration supported the change. The Carter White House turned him down—both because the Treasury Department was opposed on the merits of the issue and because some White House aides told others that the threat was a blatant quid pro quo. One aide argued that it constituted a bribe. Another argument made within the White House was that word of such a deal was likely to leak to the press. (Often when people in government are trying to kill something, they base the argument not only on the merits but also on the fact that the press might find out about it.) Ross, whose company's stock had risen dramatically in recent years, was particularly eager that the provision be made retroac-

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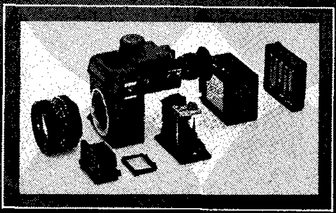

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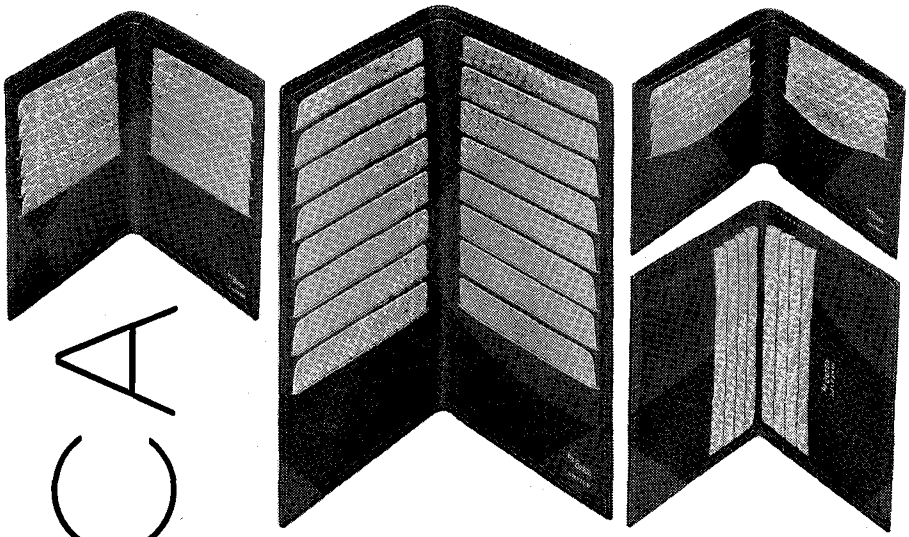
tive. According to *Forbes* magazine, Ross in 1981 had the highest total compensation of any corporate executive in America—more than twenty-two million dollars, about twenty million of which was derived from stock options. In 1981, Ross gave generously to congressional Democrats well situated to be helpful to him. (Warner Communications, which has a number of legislative interests before Congress, also made substantial contributions in the 1981-82 period.) In 1981, the provision passed.

During the time that the Ways and Means Committee was considering the tax-cut bill, at least eleven of twenty-two Democrats on the committee who were planning to run for reëlection held fund-raisers in Washington. (One Democrat, Ken Holland, of South Carolina, held a fund-raiser in March, 1981, and another a year later, and then announced that he was retiring from Congress.) The offices of two other Democrats declined to respond to queries about this. The fund-raisers were held from March through July of 1981—quite a long time before the November, 1982, elections. The word in the Washington lobbying community was that the fund-raisers were the congressmen's way of letting it be known that they were open for business. Even if, to be charitable, this was a cynical interpretation, it does suggest the problem: that congressmen, desperate for funds, had to raise money over the full two years of their term, and, while they were writing a tax bill, allowed themselves to be seen asking for funds from people seeking to influence the substance of that bill.

Tony Coelho's aggressive search for funds for the Party has left mixed feelings among his colleagues. Coelho, forty years old, and slim, dark-eyed, and energetic, represents the Fresno area. While he protects the interests of the growers of his region, and there are some oil producers in his district, his politics have generally been liberal. Coelho says that he has been trying to regain the support of independent oil, and also to raise more money from Jews who support Israel—money that he has watched move from being fairly solidly Democratic toward the Republican Party. He attributes this to the fact that over half the House members had been elected for the first time within the past six years, when there had been a concern for a steady supply of foreign oil, and to Carter's having been more "objective" concerning the



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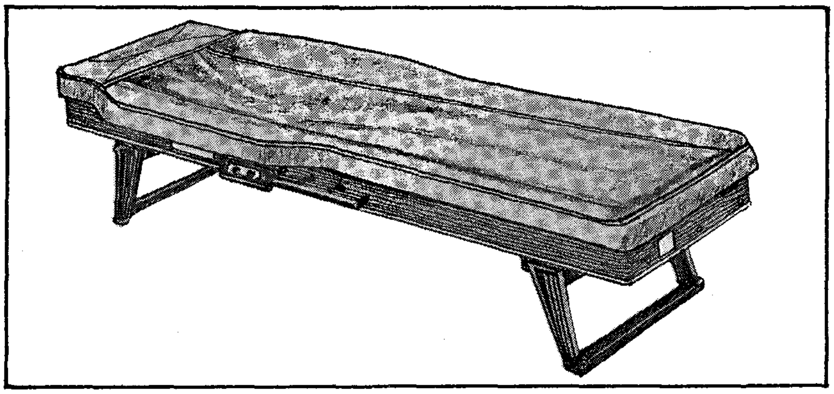

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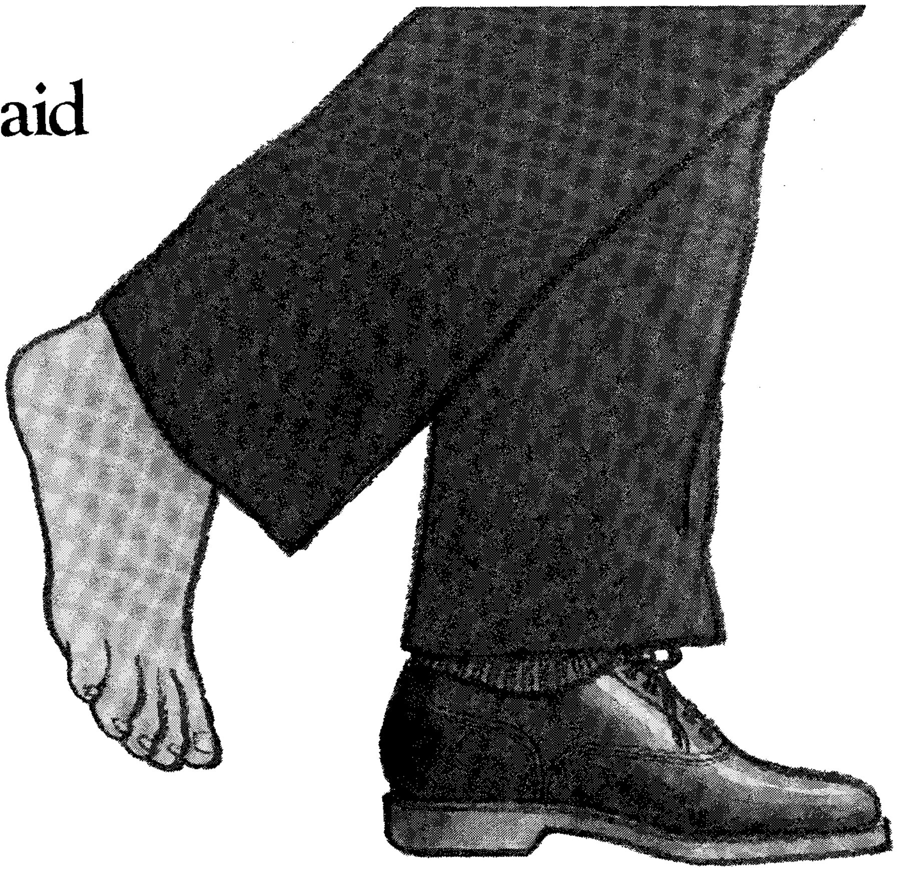

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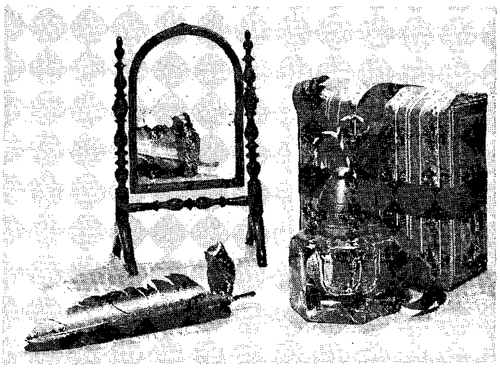

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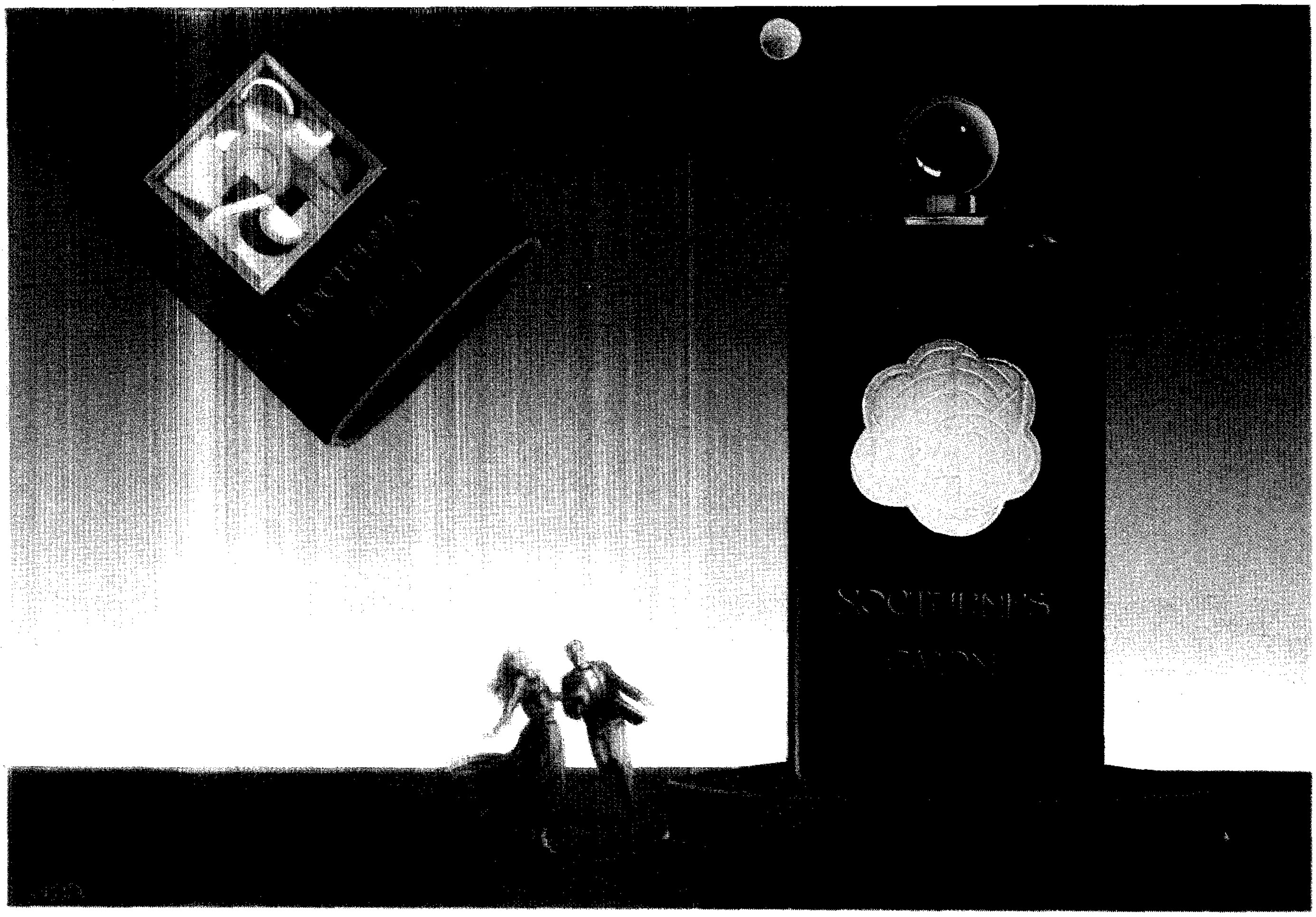
Arabs and Israel, and having backed the sale of F-15s to Saudi Arabia. Coelho says he has gone from meeting to meeting arguing that the two issues are interrelated—that a strong domestic oil industry will relieve pressure on Israel. He says that while he has not been "overwhelmingly" successful, he has raised more money—six million dollars—than any of his predecessors. One area in which Coelho has, as he puts it, "scored the greatest gains" is in persuading some of the biggest names in Democratic fund-raising to contribute to the House campaign committee. Previously, these people were for the most part interested only in Presidential and Senate races. Among the conquests Coelho listed were S. Lee Kling, a St. Louis banker who was formerly the finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Robert Strauss; Lew Wasserman, the chairman and chief executive officer of MCA; Walter Shorenstein, a San Francisco real-estate magnate; and John McMillian, the chairman of the Northwest Alaskan Pipeline Company. McMillian was the force behind getting Congress to approve an unprecedented policy of charging consumers in advance for the cost of building a natural-gas pipeline system, even if the project is never completed. The story, exposed by Bill Moyers on CBS, showed that McMillian had been a most generous contributor to the Democrats. Contributing to Coelho's committee and to individual House races is not, obviously, an entirely selfless act. Of course, some may do it because they philosophically favor Democrats. But many have another agenda as well.

Coelho has followed one of the fashions in fund-raising by establishing a special club—this one called the Speaker's Club—for those who are especially generous: the admission charge is five thousand dollars a year for an individual and fifteen thousand dollars a year for a political-action committee. Cranston has established a similar organization in the Senate, and both the House and the Senate Republican campaign committees have similar outfits, as do the Democratic and Republican National Committees. The idea is that the big givers are rewarded with meetings with important people. I asked Coelho what his club's members get, and he responded quickly, and honestly, "Access. Access. That's the name of the game. They meet with the leadership and with the chairmen of the commit-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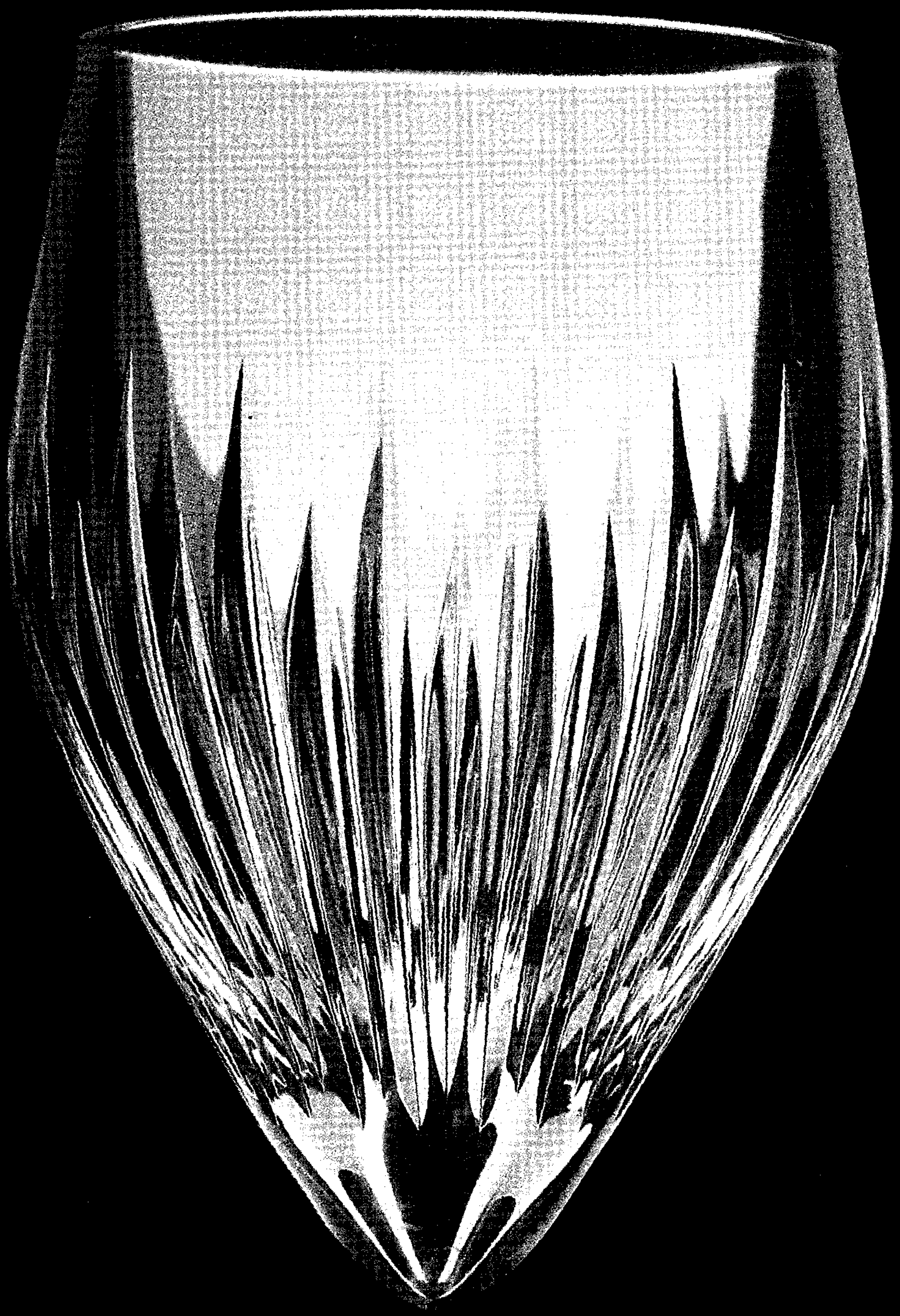

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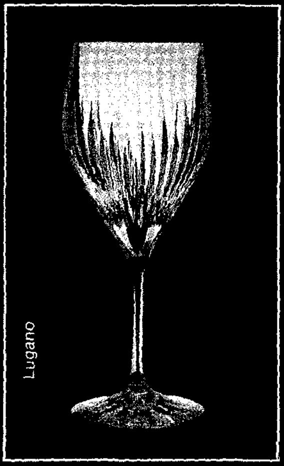

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tees. We don't sell legislation; we sell the opportunity to be heard."

Gephardt explained to me his own concern for finding sources of funds for the Democratic Party. "If we assume the continuation of the world we're in, we have to broaden the base," he said. "The Democrats have been outspent and will continue to be outspent, but we can't be outspent by ten or twenty to one and survive. We have to get smaller donations from individuals in greater volume; we have to get donations from business in greater volume; and we have to get at the PACs, which are growing like crocuses in the spring." As for his efforts on behalf of independent oil, Gephardt said, "I felt it was not only good energy policy but also would allow us to show domestic drillers that we were not down on everything they were for —which was their impression. If you look at the 1980 campaign, you'll find incredible amounts of oil money going into Republican campaigns. The drillers had become increasingly Republican and aggressively Republican. I felt if we were going to try to hold our party together for the tax bill—to hold the 'boll weevils' and win—we had to do something about independent oil."

Gephardt was one of the principal authors of an economic paper that the House Democratic Caucus published, after much straining for agreement, in September of 1982. It strongly reflects the Atari Democrats' optimism about the possibilities of high technology for the economy, and it also reflects their interest in the industry as a source of funds. Gephardt said to me, "The whole economic paper is an attempt to say that Democrats are interested in growth—in the private sector and business growing and prospering—as well as in seeing that government is fair and trying to help people. In the nineteen-sixties and seventies, the Party came to be seen as interested only in redistribution of income and fairness; we assumed that there would be economic growth. That image has hurt the party and our relationship with a broad spectrum, so we had to show that we are interested not only in redistribution and fairness but also in making the economy grow and having business prosper."

Though Gephardt himself is flourishing under the present system of campaign financing—the special interests are particularly eager to contribute to him, and he raised far more than he needed for his 1982 campaign, which he won by seventy-eight

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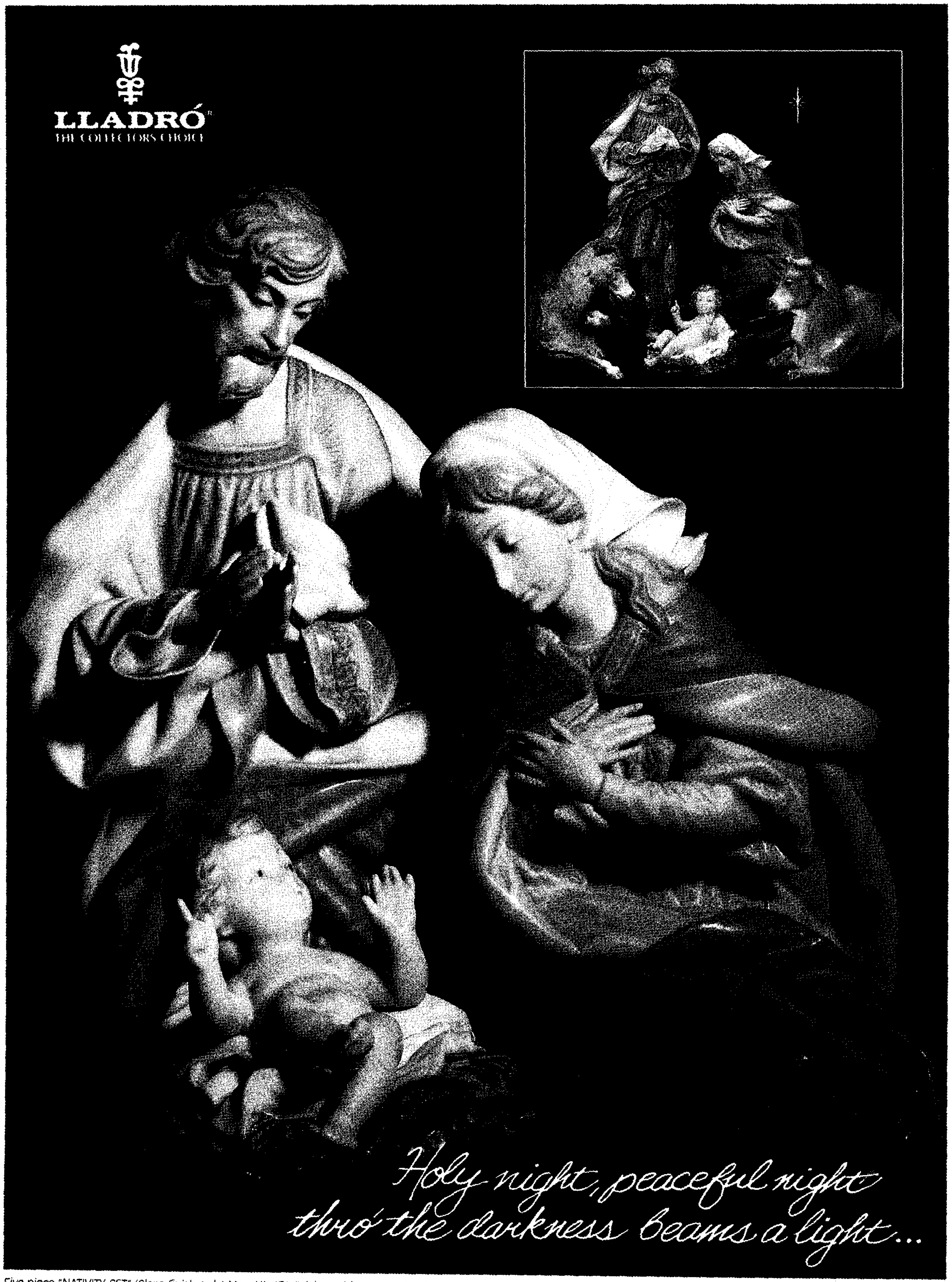
per cent—he argues that the system should be changed. It was Gephardt who used the word "fever" to describe the money-raising atmosphere on Capitol Hill. He said, "If you have the need to raise three or four hundred thousand dollars, you're taking an enormous amount of the members' time just to raise the money. And, whether it's conclusive or not, it has to have an increasing impact on the legislative outcome. Part of it's psychological. A kind of fever takes over. Members hear that someone else is raising five hundred thousand dollars, and they think they have to raise five hundred thousand dollars, and soon everyone thinks he has to raise five hundred thousand dollars, and it's disruptive to the public process. We've got to construct a system of campaign financing so that a representative or a senator feels confident that his responsibility runs to the large public mass in his constituency, and he doesn't have any overwhelming tie to any group."

I asked Gephardt about the argument made by some that the Democrats were concerned about the campaign-financing system now only because business had become organized and was outspending labor.

He replied, "It shouldn't be possible for labor or management or environmentalists or anyone else to have this importance in the electoral process. That's not the way it should work."

James Shannon is among those who see a problem in the Democrats' scramble for money. He says, "The problem of money in politics hasn't been an obsession of mine, but it's becoming one now. We on the Democratic side came out of the 1980 election and saw we got clobbered, in large part because of money. So the whole subject has come out of the closet. There has been all too much discussion around here about how what we do in the House and on our committees is going to affect our ability to raise money. I mean, people aren't embarrassed about saying this anymore. I'm not a virgin on this; I take PAC money—that's part of the process. But what happened after 1980 was that a lot of special interests swooped down on the Democratic Party and said, 'Look, fellas, we're good Democrats, and we should play the same game the Republicans played, and we're going to show you how to do it.' I'm no Common Causer, but this stuff has really been bothering me." And he adds, "You go where the money is if you want to raise money,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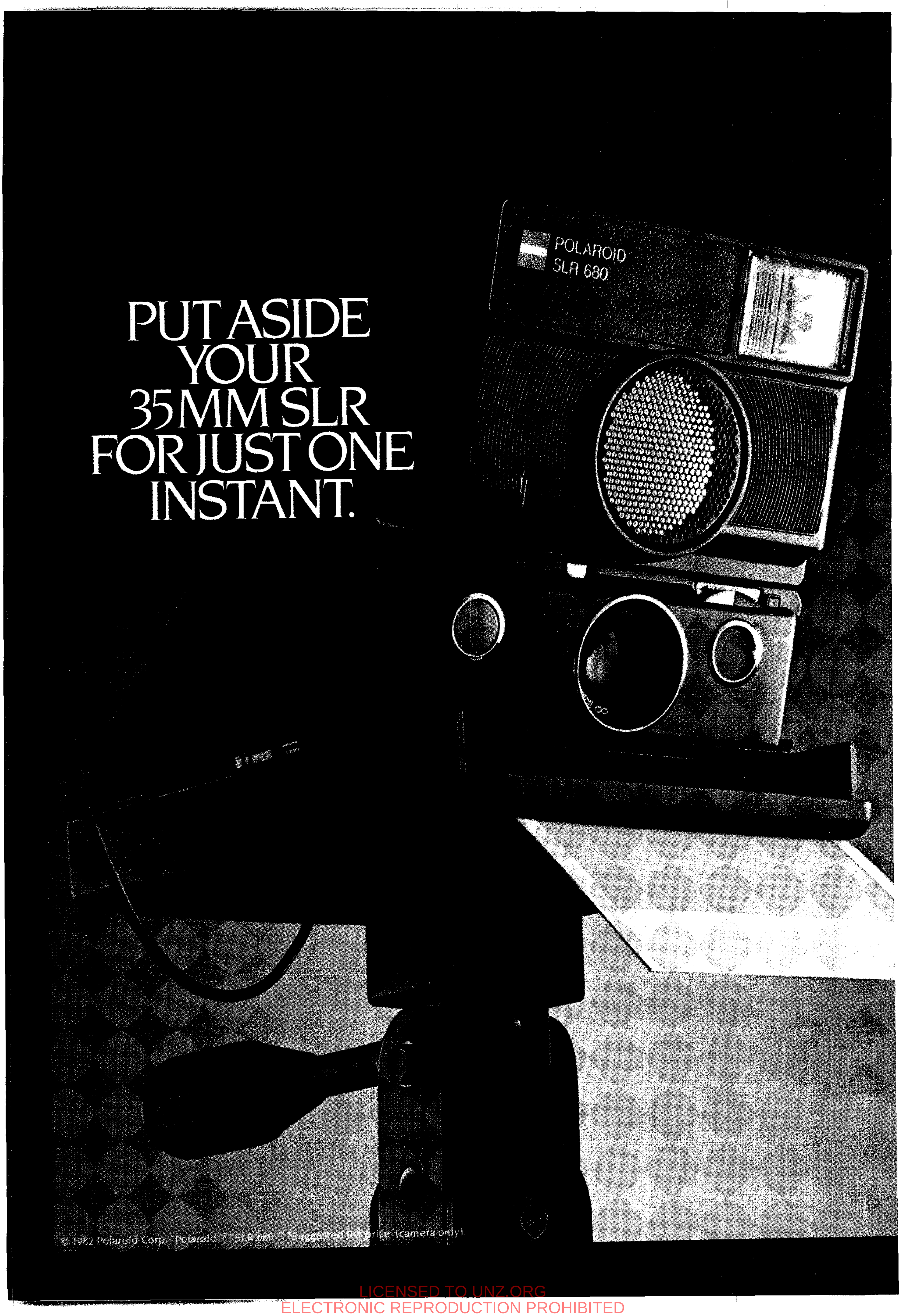
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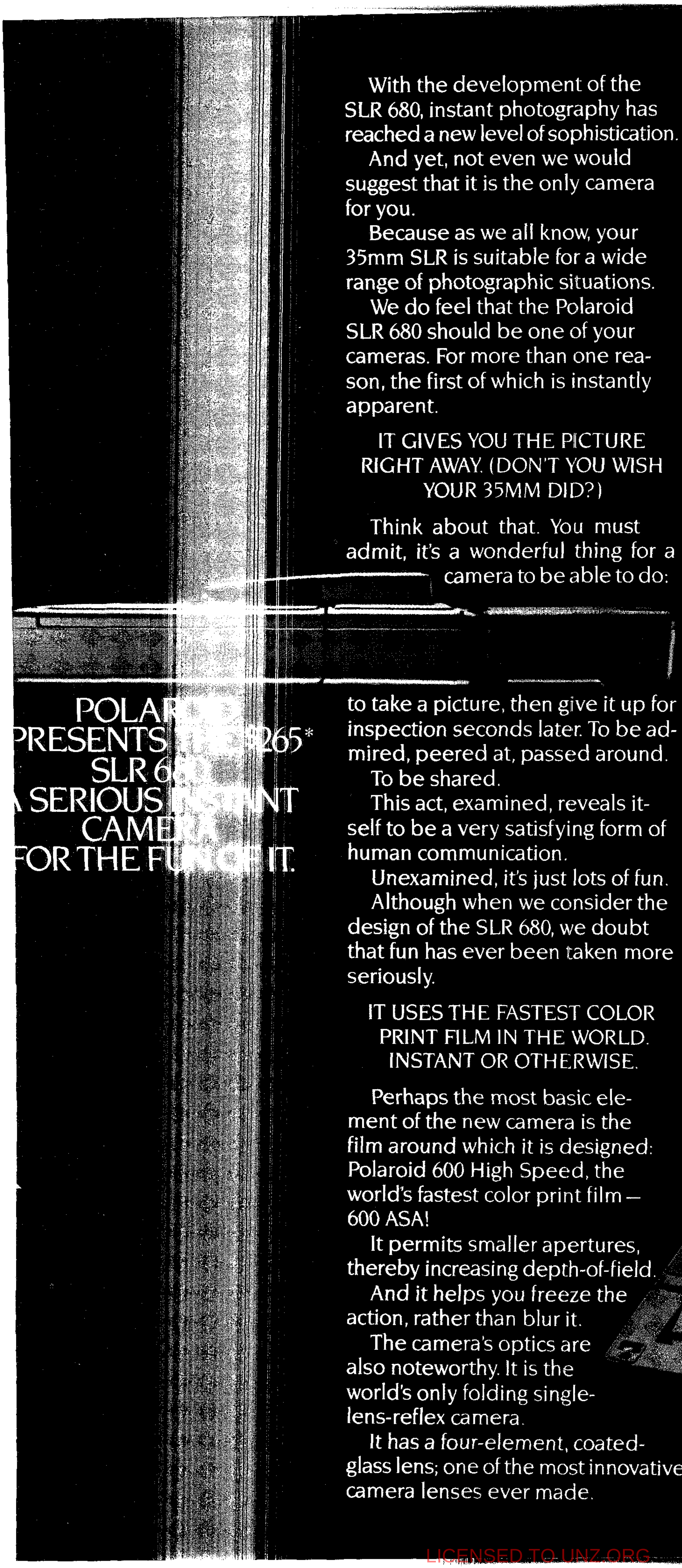

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and it's not going to be with the traditional Democratic constituencies. That's the problem. That's what's feeding the ideological problem we've got."

That is a very big point. The Democrats' problem in defining themselves stems in some part—perhaps a substantial part—from their dilemma over where to turn for money. Shannon is a recent convert to the idea of public financing of congressional campaigns, and he says that his conversion came as a result of the maneuvering on the 1982 tax-increase bill. "The argument 'Let's not put our fingerprints on it'—that's something for the special interests to hide behind," he says. "What's bothering me is when you start seeing guys acting against what you know are their philosophies and constituencies and instincts. When you see non-oil-state people acting for oil interests, you have to ask why. We all talk a lot about taking contributions and saying no, but—What's that line?—after all is said and done, more is said than done. There are some here who say that PACs don't influence public policy. That's baloney. There's nothing wrong with advocating an interest that you think is worthy, that is going to benefit an industry or group, and then for that industry or group to give you political support. But the key is that the interest has to be worthy and the issue has to be worthy, and you have to be able to say no when the issue isn't worthy. And that's some of what I think is being lost around here." Says David Obey, "As the Democrats get more troubled about money, the Party gets leeched."

JUST as the search for money has caused divisions among the Democrats, it has served as a unifying force among the Republicans. The Democrats are by nature a less cohesive group than the Republicans, but the factor of money reinforces each party's natural inclinations. At least for a time—until the pressures to stay with Reagan collided with the political realities of getting reëlected—the Republicans' access to money acted as a disciplining force. First, there is the simple fact that the Republican Party has recruited, groomed, and given substantial support to its candidates. Once the successful candidates have reached Washington, they have been cosseted and kept in touch with. They have been part of a group. Then, there are a number of other things that a White House with access to money, and the

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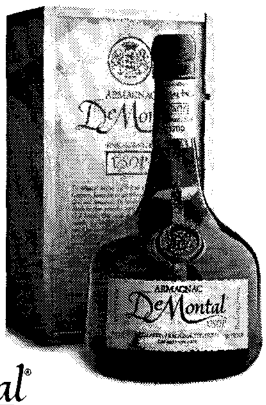

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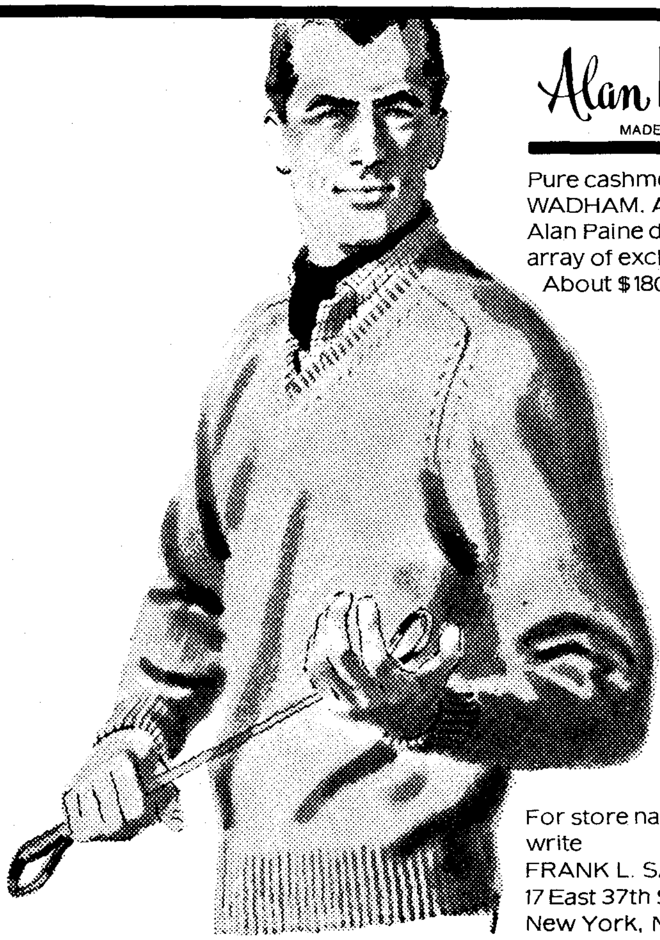
willingness to make use of that access, can do. One of President Reagan's top aides told me, "Now, when we have a vote coming up and the Realtors are supporting our position on that vote, the word can go out that it would be good if they would get their members to call members of Congress. We can't do it directly." The "indirect" methods used by the White House are clear-cut enough. "But we can let others know. The word gets around fast. The Chamber of Commerce can also be helpful. Then we can call Congressman So-and-So and say, 'This bill is important to the Realtors, and, remember, you got five thousand dollars from them.' " Lyn Nofziger, who was the Reagan White House political-affairs director in 1981 and is now a political consultant, says, "It's just a matter of calling them up or bringing them in and saying, 'This is important to the President and the country'—and just sending them out to go to work." The President's aide continued, "The best way for us to encourage discipline is for us to make it clear that the President is more likely to raise funds for you if you support him than if you do not." He added, "We're doing some fund-raisers in this campaign as a result of some votes."

Trent Lott, Republican of Mississippi and the House Republican Whip, told me that when a newly elected Republican congressman arrives in Washington "it helps that we can go to him and say, 'We were able to get you here and provide you money.' " He added, "And we can get grass-roots groups that supported him to make themselves heard when there's a vote." He offered as examples the Realtors ("the best association I've seen in this city") and the National Federation of Independent Business—a powerful network of service-station owners, food-store owners, and the like. There were, of course, some votes in the 1982 session of Congress on which Republicans went against Reagan—in one important instance, the overriding of his veto of a supplemental appropriations bill—causing him to lose. Lott explained, "We're still a minority party. We can't get hung up on a litmus test when we're trying to build a majority." So if a Republican felt he had to break ranks in order to get reëlected, the leadership understood. "In the last thirty days, we've let a lot of people go," Lott said to me in late September. "We know it's the political season. You don't break arms



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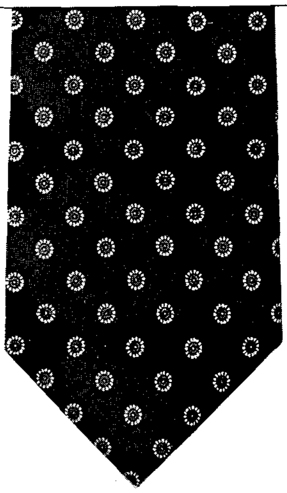

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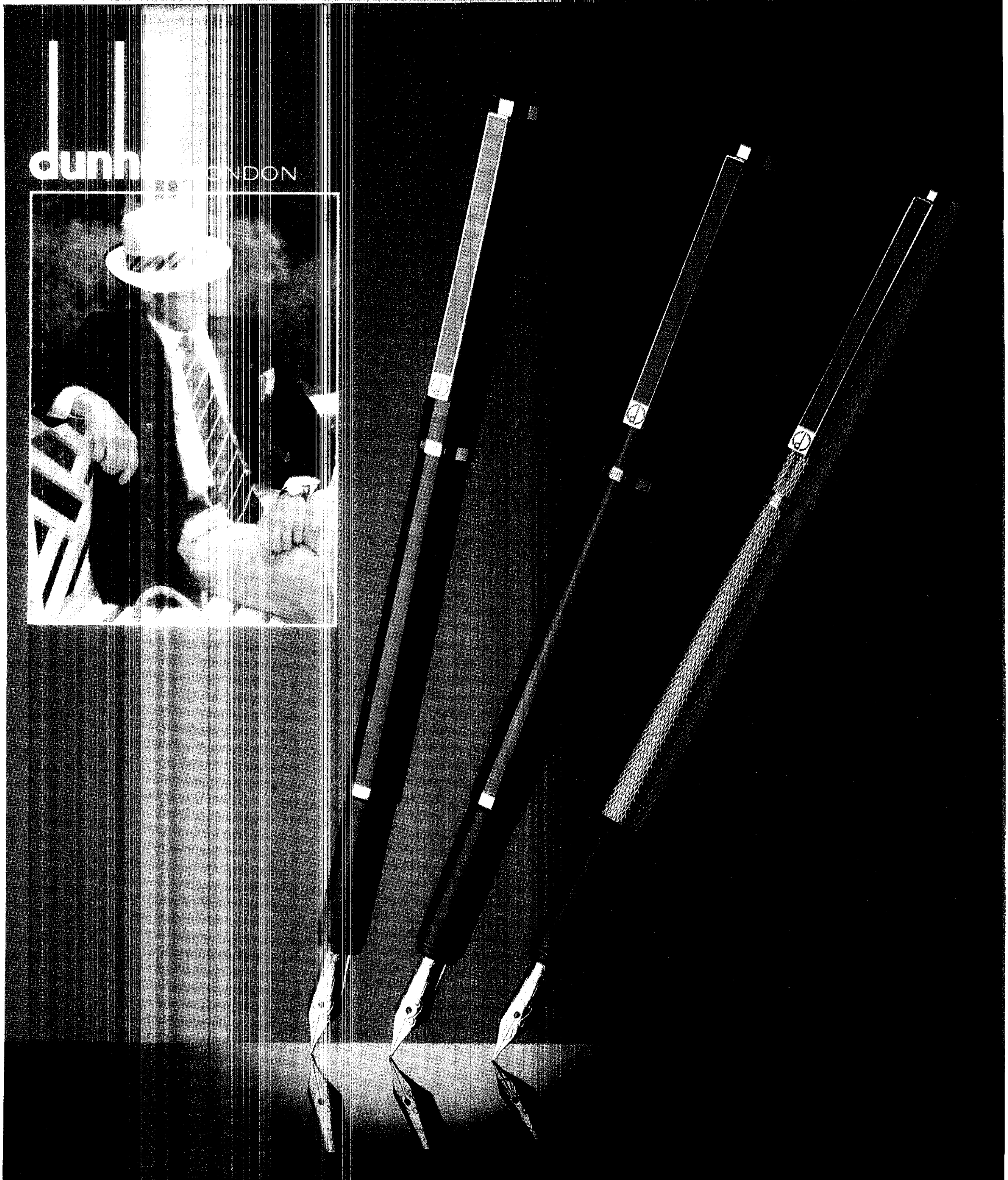

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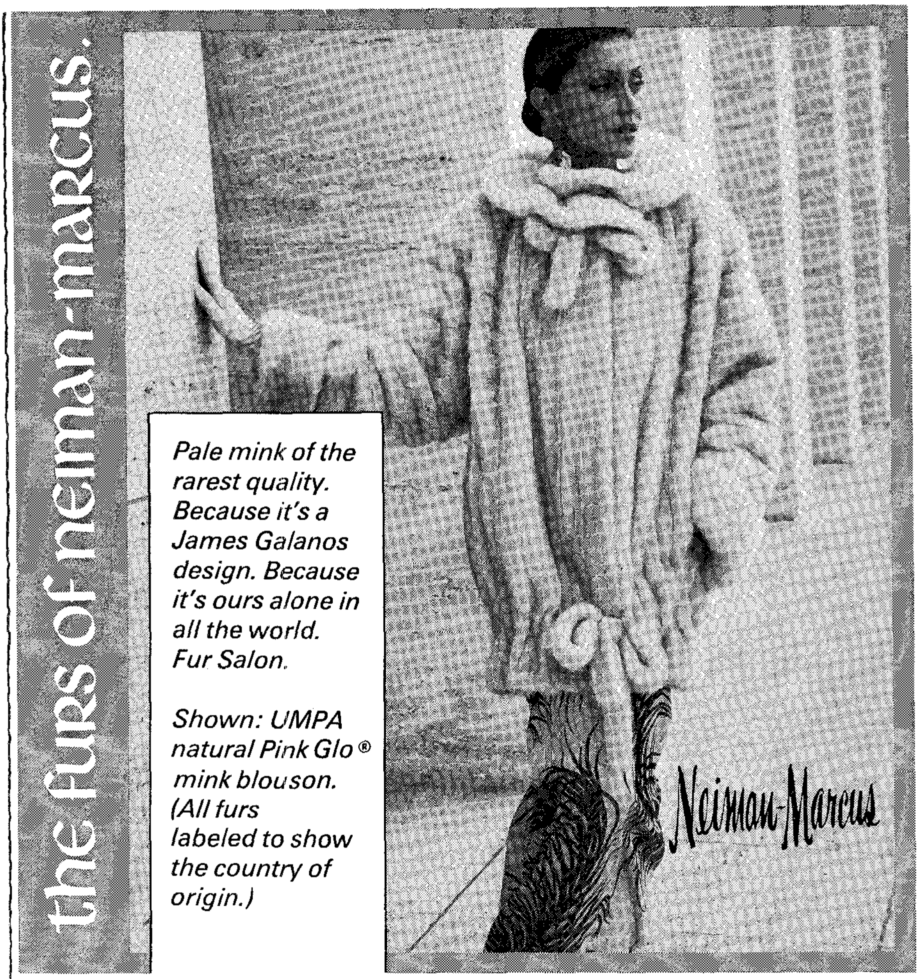
on a jobs bill. People are very nervous now." He told me, "We worked very, very closely on legislation with the various business, corporation, association, professional, and philosophical groups." Of course, these groups' efforts to help the Administration can also be of benefit to themselves, even though they may start out in philosophical agreement. One Republican official said that such groups—the Chamber of Commerce, BIPAC, the N.F.I.B., the Realtors, the National Association of Home Builders—have access to the White House through its political office, through the office that maintains liaison with outside interest groups, through the congressional-liaison office, and, most important perhaps, through a special task force working on reducing government regulations, headed by Vice-President Bush. "They call there all the time," one Administration aide says.

Rich Bond, of the R.N.C., was quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* in August as saying that he had persuaded two Republicans to vote for the President's 1982 budget cuts. "I said, 'Look—what if I can guarantee we'll max out on you?' " ("Max out" in this context means giving a candidate the maximum amount a party can give in direct contributions. Individuals who have contributed all they can under the law are said to be "maxed out.") Bond also said, "We'll help you do a quick-and-dirty newsletter, make a commercial, organize a town meeting. Boom. Boom. Boom." If the two congressmen had not supported the President, Bond explained, "I would have nailed them to the wall."

The Republican Party's access to large amounts of money has helped Reagan govern in other ways. The Party's bountiful treasury has enabled Richard Wirthlin, whose polling for the White House is paid for by the National Committee, to have the latest equipment in polling devices. With something called Computer Assisted Telephone Interviewing, or CATI, Wirthlin can gather more sophisticated information than ever before, and gather it more quickly. For example, the President gave a speech on the 1982 tax-increase bill on a Monday night; by Tuesday night Wirthlin's polling operation had detailed information on how the public had reacted; by Wednesday the Administration was able to deliver material to members of Congress telling them which arguments worked best with the public. By March or April of 1983, Wirthlin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expects to have a still more sophisticated system. And the Republican National Committee took the concept of soft money to yet another frontier by using it to run thirty- and sixty-second spots, in those states that permit soft money, of the President delivering his tax speech. Actually, though the spots appeared to be excerpts of the President delivering his speech, they had been cut ahead of time.

As it turned out in November, 1982, Lott's—and the President's—troops had had cause to be nervous. And one result of the 1982 elections was to inject more independence into the Republican members of Congress. (Among other things, about eighteen of those Republicans who lost their House seats had been first-termers who were true loyalists. And many of the House and Senate Republicans who survived did so by separating themselves from the President's economic program.) But the moral of the story is not that an Administration and a party cannot use money effectively to enforce unity; the moral is that they can use it very effectively—but only up to a point. Faced with the choice between showing gratitude or surviving, most politicians do not have difficulty deciding.

THE chase for political money has led to the institutionalization of the Washington fund-raiser: the ritual event—usually a cocktail party, but there are variations—at which a politician provides an opportunity for lobbyists and political-action committees to turn up and give him money. Often, the fund-raisers are staged by the lawyer-lobbyists themselves; sometimes they are staged by the candidate, with party luminaries acting as honorary hosts (or allowing their names to be put on the invitations). At the height of the political season, in the fall of an election year, there will be at least a dozen fund-raisers going on in Washington on any given weeknight. But in fact fund-raisers have now become a year-round phenomenon. The lawyer-lobbyists and the lobbyists for trade associations that like to spread their money around become exhausted racing about town to these gatherings. It is important to turn up in person.

Politicians who used to make it a point to raise most of their funds back home—they didn't want word to get back to their districts and states that they had taken any money from "Washington," and they didn't in those days need so much money to run—now find the Washington money

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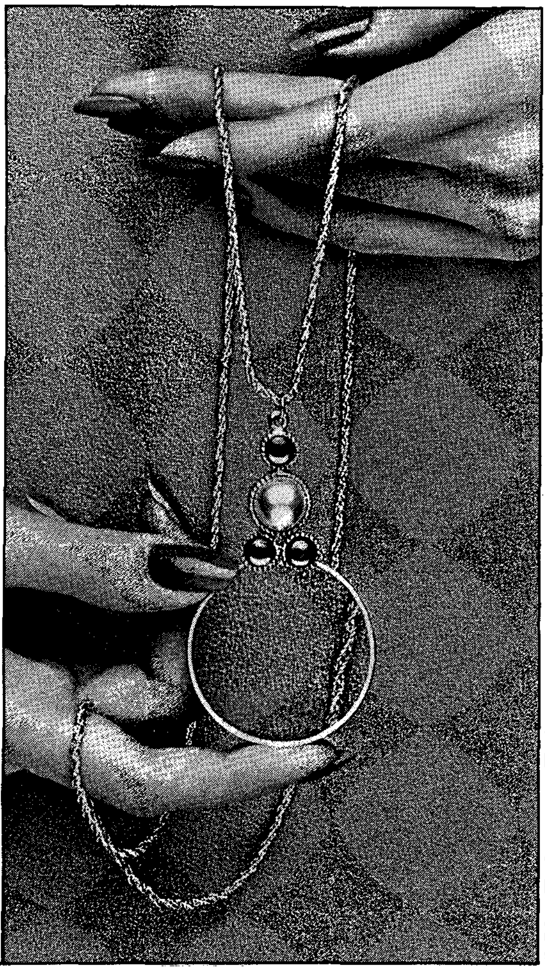

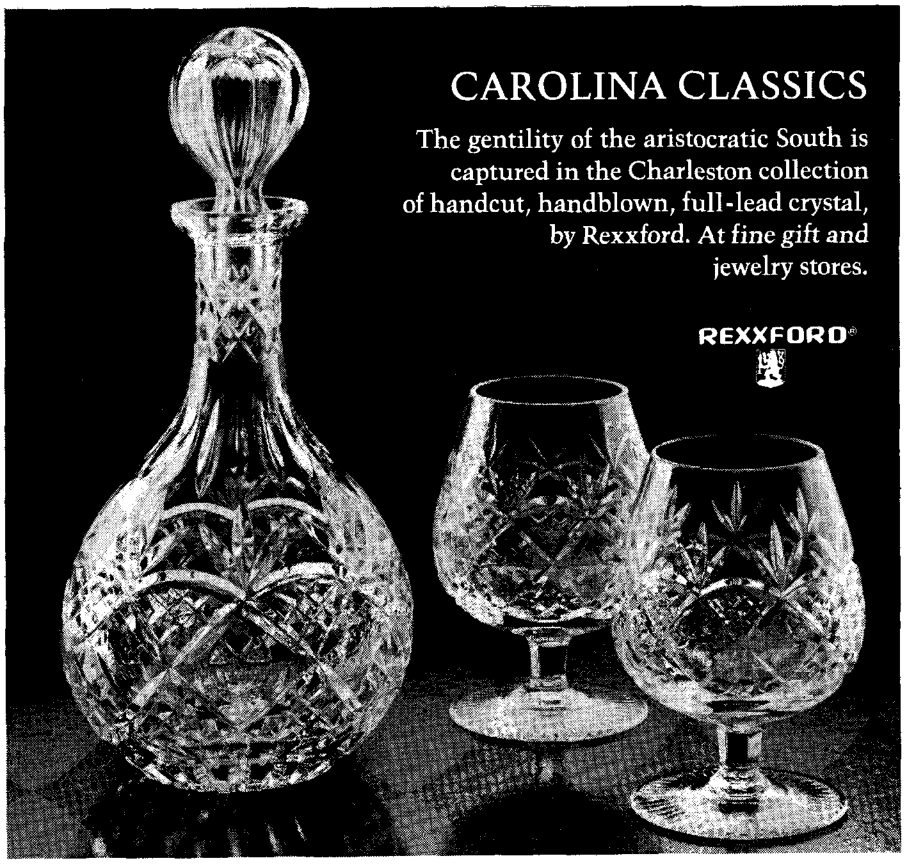

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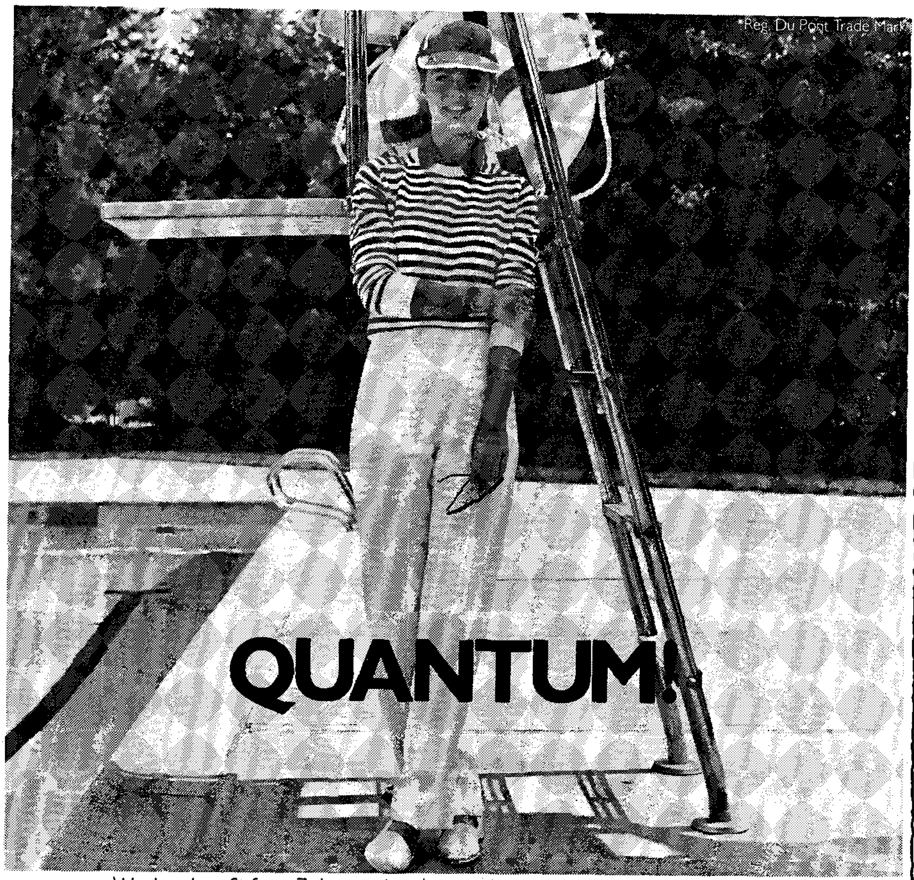
pot hard to resist. When Mike Mansfield, the former Senate Majority Leader, was up for reëlection in 1964, he simply wrote his Montana constituents that he was too busy with his Washington duties to come back to campaign, and he spent about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for his reëlection. In 1982, Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia, nearly wore himself to a frazzle raising money for his own reëlection—and as of mid-October he had spent about $1.2 million. And it is not just candidates for the Senate and the House who have Washington fund-raisers held in their behalf. Candidates for governor and lieutenant governor also trek to Washington for money. There is even a firm in Washington that specializes in arranging fund-raising parties for Democrats. One young Washington lawyer, whose practice is beginning to flourish, and who makes the fund-raising rounds himself, told me, "Ninety-nine per cent of lobbying in this city is now fund-raising." He continued, "The standard price of going to a fund-raiser used to be a hundred dollars. Now it's two hundred and fifty dollars. For that, you get your standard cocktail party. The food's the same, the people are the same, the conversation is the same. For five hundred dollars, you get either a smaller group and better food or maybe a buffet dinner. For a thousand dollars, you get a sit-down dinner in a fancy house." There are a few Washington homes—the Averell Harrimans' among them—that are frequently put to use for fund-raisers.

I asked the young lawyer why he went to so many fund-raisers.

He replied, "If you're a friend of the congressman, or if you're doing a favor for a friend who calls you for money, you send a check. But there are reasons you might want to be seen to be there. If you want to see a couple of congressmen and staff members—people you want to do business with—you have a good chance of running into them. And if you want the congressman to know that you contributed, you don't want to count on his reading the list to see who gave." He added, "There's an elaborate system of getting the right people to make the calls to get people to go to a fund-raiser. The right person calling can get me to show up."

The role of the lobbyist–fund raiser has given prominence to a new style of lawyer in Washington. The older,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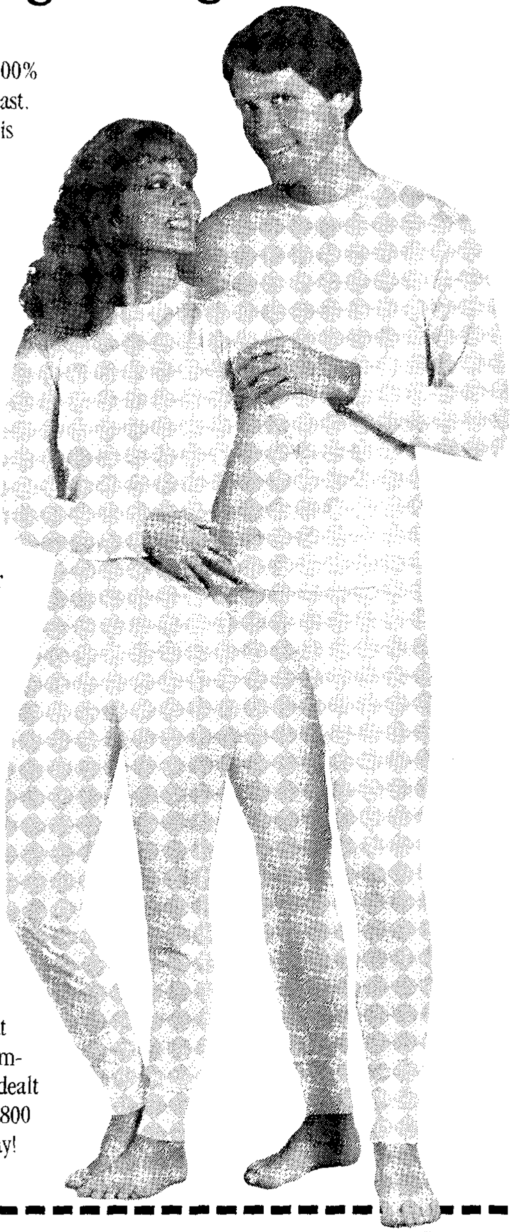

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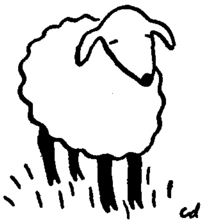
more staid firms still do their lawyering and their lobbying (though some decline to call it that) and their fixing (even fewer would call it that), but the new razzle-dazzle lobbyist–fund raisers are now the most visible members of the cast. They raise money, which purchases them access, which impresses their clients, which enables them to get more clients, which enables them to raise more money, which enables them to purchase more access, and on it goes. The young lawyer said, with a mixture of admiration and envy, "They raise money from their clients. They just hit them up. The clients by and large have PACs. The PAC gets credit for it; the lawyer gets credit for it; everybody's happy." (Robert McCandless, one of this new crowd, has been quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying that he would not accept a client who was not willing to set up a political-action committee.) As a Capitol Hill aide explains it, "Those lawyers have a very sophisticated arbitrage arrangement. They come to a congressman and say, 'I know you have a tough campaign and need some money, and I'll throw you a party,' and they'll raise you ten thousand dollars." The aide was being conservative in his estimate. He went on, "If they raise ten thousand dollars, then they have access to you. Then they turn around and get more clients and represent their interests before Congress. Why? Because they can show them that they have access to people in Congress. So a ten-thousand-dollar fund-raiser is arbitraged into twenty or thirty thousand dollars in legal practice." The aide was being conservative in this case as well. Actually, no self-respecting money raiser wants to put on a fund-raiser that yields a mere ten thousand dollars. Thomas Boggs, one of the première lawyer-lobbyist money raisers in Washington, says, "We'd be embarrassed to have fund-raisers that end up with less than fifteen thousand dollars. If we raise thirty, forty thousand dollars or over, that's good." Boggs is forty-two, and has an innocent moon face, a low-key, pleasant manner, and an understanding of politics that would impress Machiavelli. In a sense, he was born to the role, being the son of the late Hale Boggs, Democrat of Louisiana, who was the House Majority Leader, and Corinne Boggs, who has represented her husband's district since he died in an airplane crash, in 1972. Over lunch one day, Thomas Boggs explained to me the niceties of these occasions. "The Washington fund-raiser is not successful without PAC money," he said. "That is, not unless you have an unusual kind of race, about which a lot of individuals feel very strongly." Boggs maintained that the amount of money that comes out of a fund-raiser—thirty thousand dollars, say—is "a pittance" in a Senate race, which costs at least a million dollars.



Why, then, I asked him, is the fund-raiser so important?

"Because you want to have a successful Washington event for someone," he replied. He went on to explain, "It has connotations for your relationship with the member. And it has connotations with constituency groups around the country. If a senator is showered with special-interest money in Washington, then the special interests in Chicago and Los Angeles and New York will follow suit. If they see he's a player in Washington, they want to play along. The fear factor is also very important. If the fund-raiser is a failure, it has repercussions, and those repercussions affect you. They also affect the candidate's ability to raise money."

I asked Boggs what he does to try to make a fund-raiser a success.

He replied, "Most of the smaller PACs are oriented to their own self-interest and basically reward members who have helped them. If a guy's on the Senate Banking Committee and he's supported Glass-Steagall, you go to the securities industry. If he's opposed it, you go to the banking industry." The Glass-Steagall Banking Act of 1933, which prohibited commercial banks from also being in the investment business, has pitted the banking industry against the securities industry for years. This year, there was an attempt in the Senate Banking Committee to change the law to allow banks to underwrite municipal bonds. The attempt failed. Boggs said, "A guy like me doesn't really care what side he was on if I'm raising money for him. If someone's on the Agriculture Committee and he's supported price supports for sugar, I'd go to the sugar producers—in Florida, Louisiana, and Hawaii. If he voted against it, I'd go to the candy manufacturers." Boggs' fund-raisers range from those he has held in his own

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offices ("It's cheap") to ones held at the Hyatt Regency Capitol Hill Hotel (a popular spot for fund-raisers), to a fine dinner for a group of congressmen at a good restaurant (the charge for that: a thousand dollars a head). Boggs will also arrange a small dinner for a politician he feels the PACs may have the wrong impression of—that is, they may feel he's too anti-business. Boggs also said there are some politicians you don't want to expose to the donors too much. Though Boggs has a few Republicans in his firm, his fund-raising efforts are, with one or two exceptions, limited to Democrats. Of course, if enough money raisers are going to stage enough successful fund-raisers, mutual assistance is required. Boggs says, "A lot of us scratch each other's backs. Sometimes I'm trying to raise money for someone nobody's ever heard of—someone who's running in a district where there's no incumbent—and I get money from two or three guys. They could be other lawyers, other lobbyists, or PAC representatives. I know damn well they're going to call me in two or three days for someone I've never heard of. You could almost put us on a recording and put it on the phone. We get pretty tired of each other."

One result of all these people raising money can be overlapping claims to the credit for raising it. An aide to one politician says, "Four different people will tell you that they will raise fifty thousand dollars for you, and you end up with seventy-seven thousand dollars, and wonder what happened to that other hundred and twenty-three. They're all claiming to have raised the same money, and they get into terrible fights about it."

The astute lawyer-lobbyist does not direct his efforts only toward those who need his help; he also puts his (and others') money on sure winners. For example, in July, 1982, J. D. Williams, one of the most notable lawyer-lobbyist money raisers in Washington, sent a letter to other lobbyists on behalf of Senator Howard Metzenbaum, Democrat of Ohio, who is one of the most liberal members of the Senate. Metzenbaum, Williams wrote, "is the overwhelming favorite in the Ohio Senate race." In other words, give to him *because* he is going to win. The letter, on Williams' stationery, was co-signed by eight others, including Boggs; Stuart Eizenstat, a former assistant to Jimmy Carter and now in private practice; Pat O'Connor, a lawyer and major Democratic

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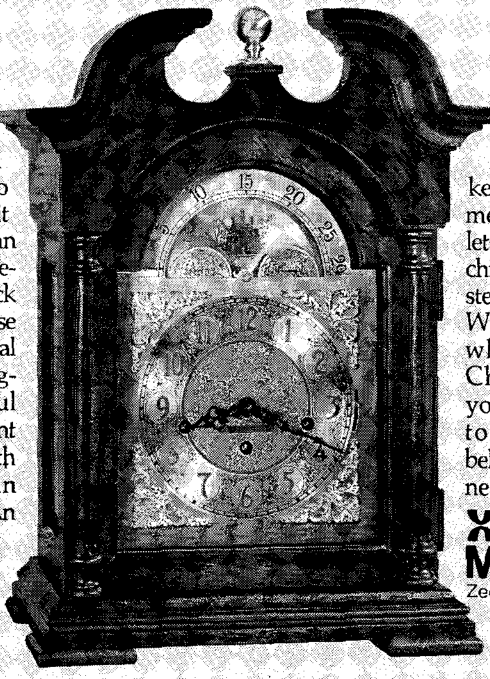

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fund raiser; Ned Gerrity, a senior vice-president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation; Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association; and lobbyists for General Electric, the oil-and-gas industry, and the National Retail Merchants Association. Metzenbaum serves on the Judiciary Committee (which has major anti-trust and copyright issues before it), the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, the Budget Committee, and the Labor and Human Resources Committee. The letter said, "We are aware that, in some quarters, Howard Metzenbaum is charged with being 'anti-business.' We have had occasion to deal with him on many issues and we have found him to be a willing listener and helpful on several issues." The letter mentioned that Metzenbaum had supported the 1981 tax-cut bill and other tax breaks for business.

Williams, a forty-four-year-old Oklahoman who declines to give interviews, is, like Boggs, a Democrat, but he doesn't mind going where the exigencies of business propel him. During the 1982 deliberations over where to find the revenues to raise taxes, Williams was on the telephone to Robert Dole almost every morning, telling Dole that he could get him two or three votes for this or that proposal. Williams, of course, had some interests he wanted protected and, Dole was aware, had clients who might contribute to the political-action committee, Campaign America, that Dole himself has established, in preparation for a possible run for the Presidency in 1984. And House Democrats were surprised to hear White House aides praise Williams for being very helpful to them in getting the 1982 tax-increase bill through. As it happened, an item in the tax bill that was of major interest to Williams was the one involving safe-harbor tax leasing. A Williams client, General Electric, had done well under the tax-leasing system that existed before the 1981 tax-cut bill. The 1981 bill opened up tax leasing to new categories of business, and thus created competition in the market for tax deductions and credits. Moreover, the focus in the press on abuses under the safe-harbor law threatened companies, including G.E., that had been comfortably nestling there before the new rivals came along. Those representing the companies that benefitted from the 1981 change were trying to preserve what they could, and were willing to sacrifice G.E. Thus, Wil-

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BRAINTREE
Jordan Marsh
BURLINGTON
Jordan Marsh
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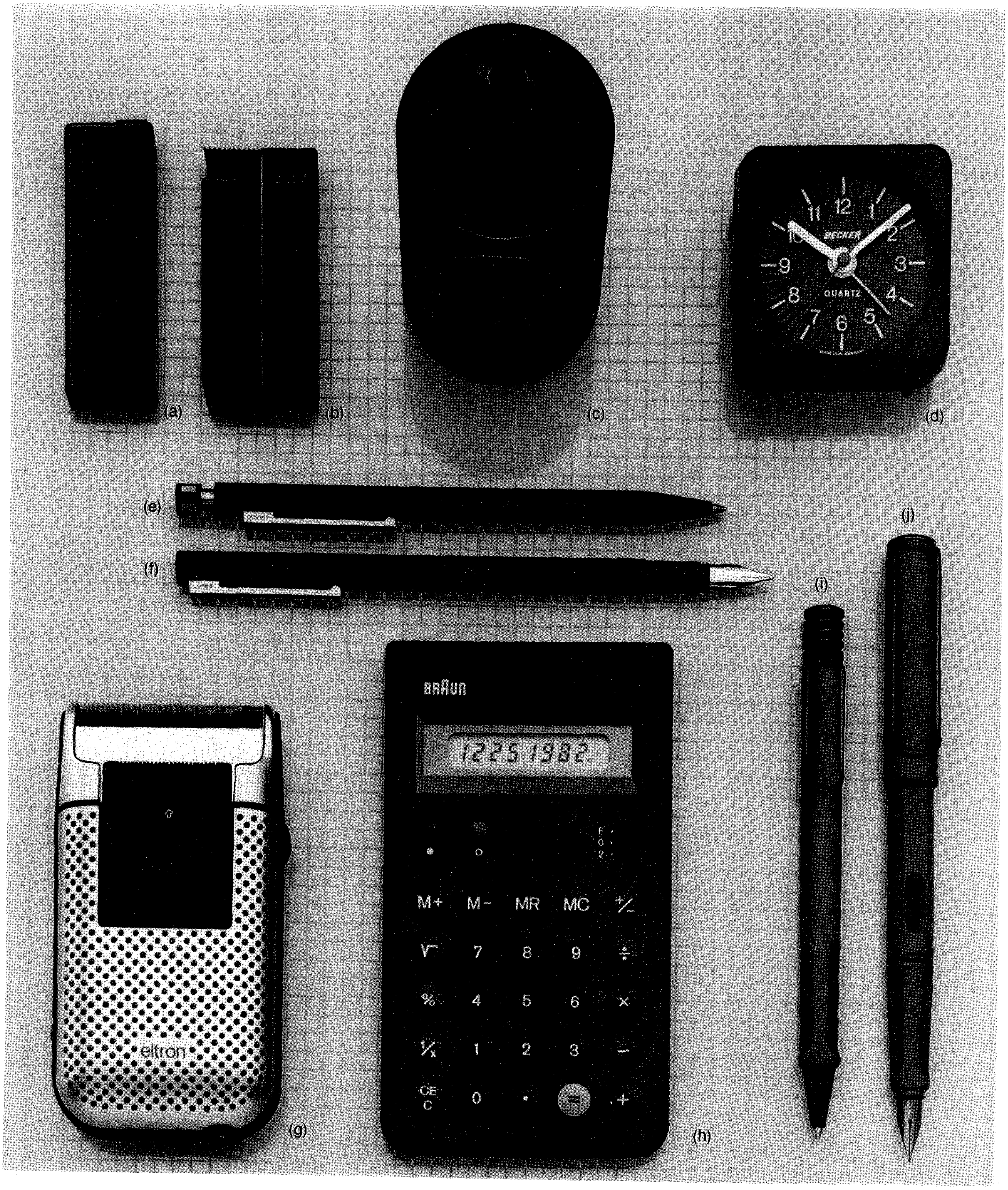
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liams, representing G.E., was on the side of "reform"—that is, of repealing the 1981 provision, with the result that his client would be comfortably off once again. And so he made himself helpful to Dole and the White House.

The fight over safe-harbor leasing was one of the more spectacular examples of how the lawyer-lobbyists all get involved in an intricate quadrille, sometimes working together, sometimes opposing each other. Williams' friend Boggs represented Chrysler, which stood to benefit from the new law, so he was opposed to Williams on this issue. It may be remembered that Byron Radaker, the chairman of the Congoleum Corporation and also the chairman of the Democratic Business Council, had written, along with Party Chairman Charles Manatt, to every member of Congress asking that the new safe-harbor law be protected. Boggs told me that he had talked Radaker into taking the job as Business Council chairman. Radaker is also a client of Boggs'. Charls Walker, the business lobbyist, who was one of the champions of the safe-harbor-leasing provision of 1981, was in this instance on the same side as Boggs; in other instances they have been on opposite sides. In the case of safe-harbor leasing, they lost.

Robert Strauss also occupies a place in the pantheon of lawyer-lobbyist money raisers; in fact, it is unusual in the case of any hotly contested legislative issue not to find that one side or the other has signed up Strauss, Williams, or Boggs, as well as some others. Increasingly, the legislative fights have become struggles among the major lobbyists, all of them equipped with war chests. (It is not uncommon for interests with large stakes to take out insurance by signing up more than one lobbyist, in order to gain access to both sides of the street. Chrysler has signed up both Timmons and Boggs, as has the Association of Trial Lawyers of America.) Strauss, of course, has been raising money for Democrats in one capacity or another for years. He told me one day this fall, "There hasn't been anybody who can reach the rich people the way I can." And he added, "Except maybe Lee Kling, who can reach Wall Street and financial circles." Strauss gives his own fundraisers and circulates at others. Like his Democratic colleagues, he helps see to it that corporate money still flows to Democrats—particularly incumbents. "Those companies are

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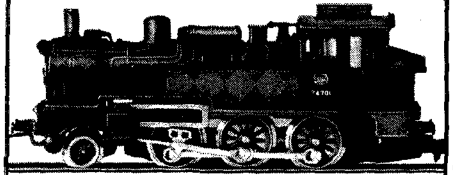

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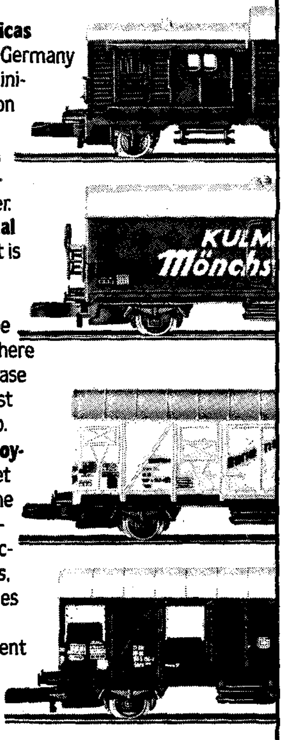

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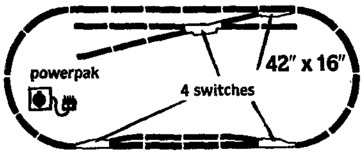

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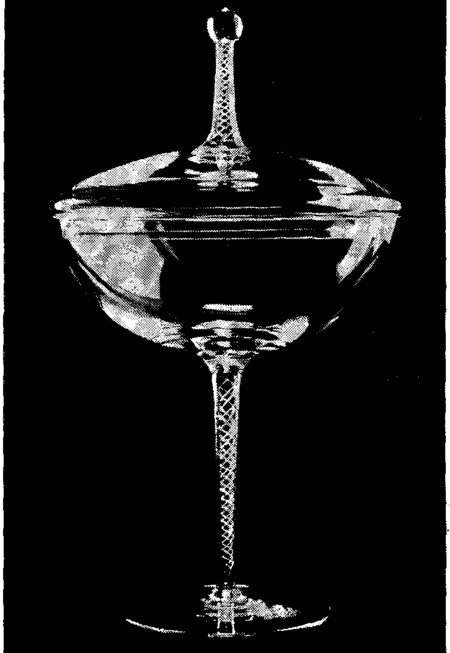

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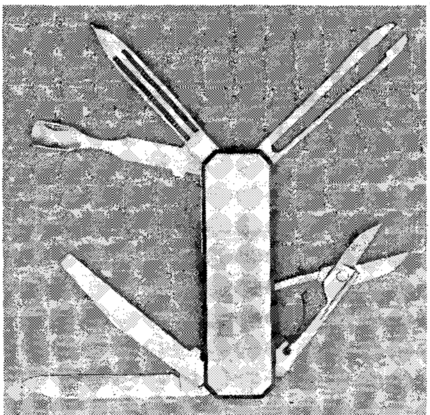

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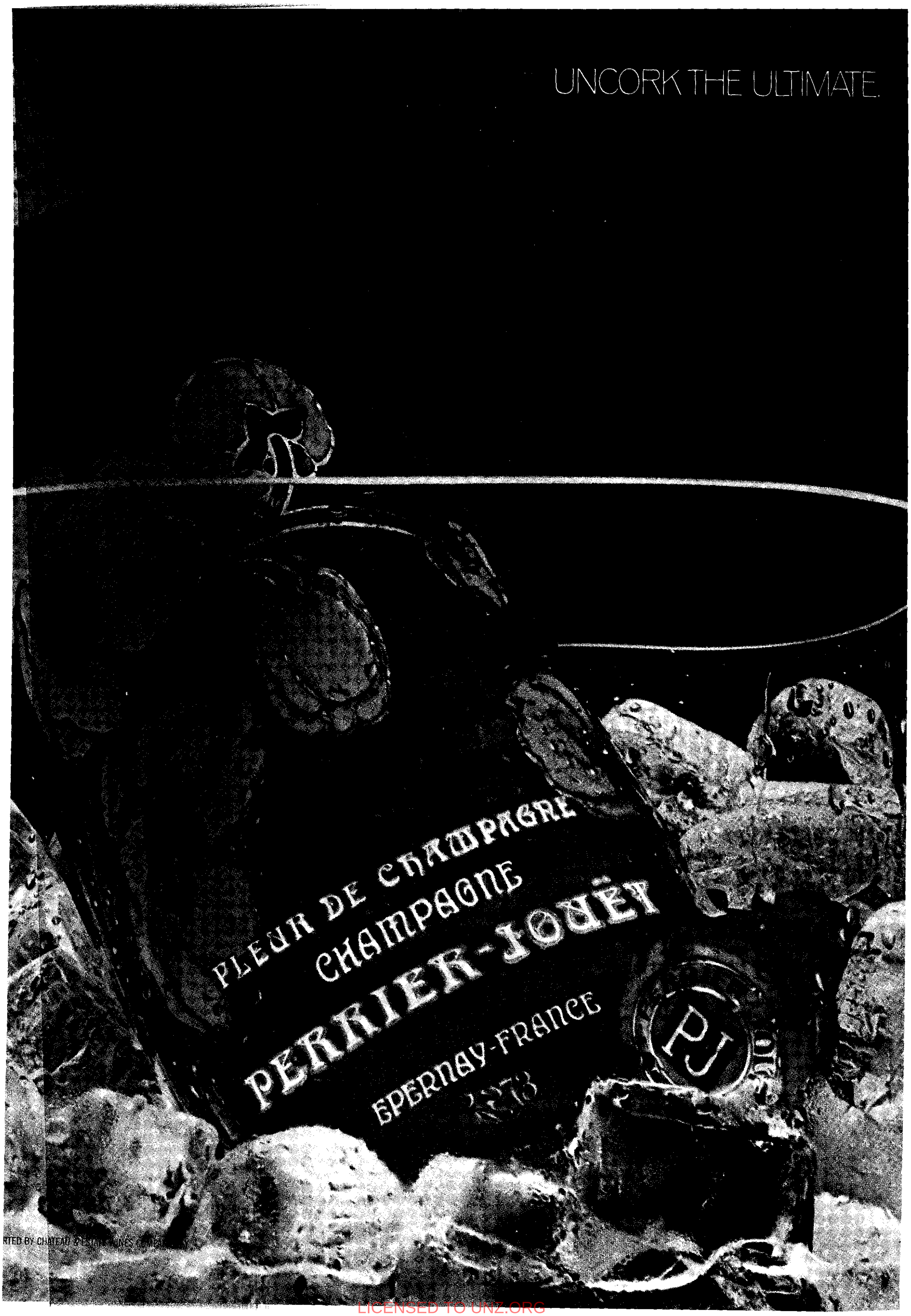
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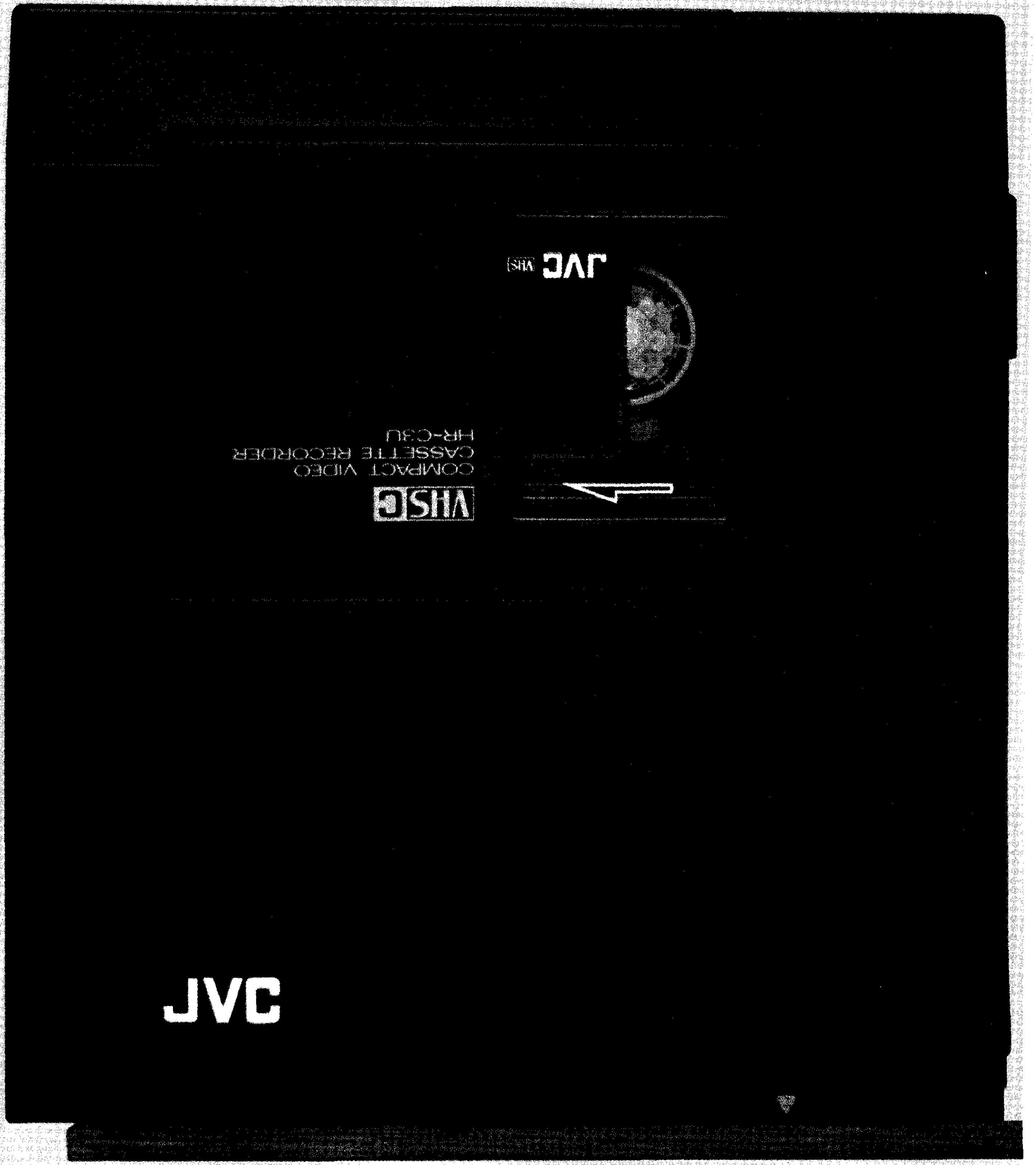
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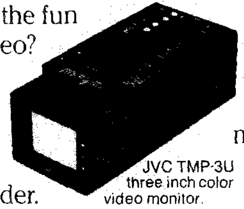

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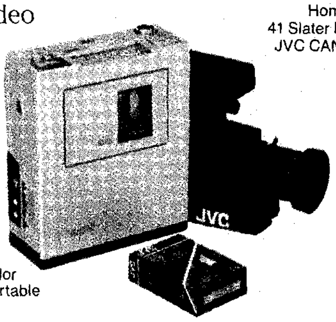

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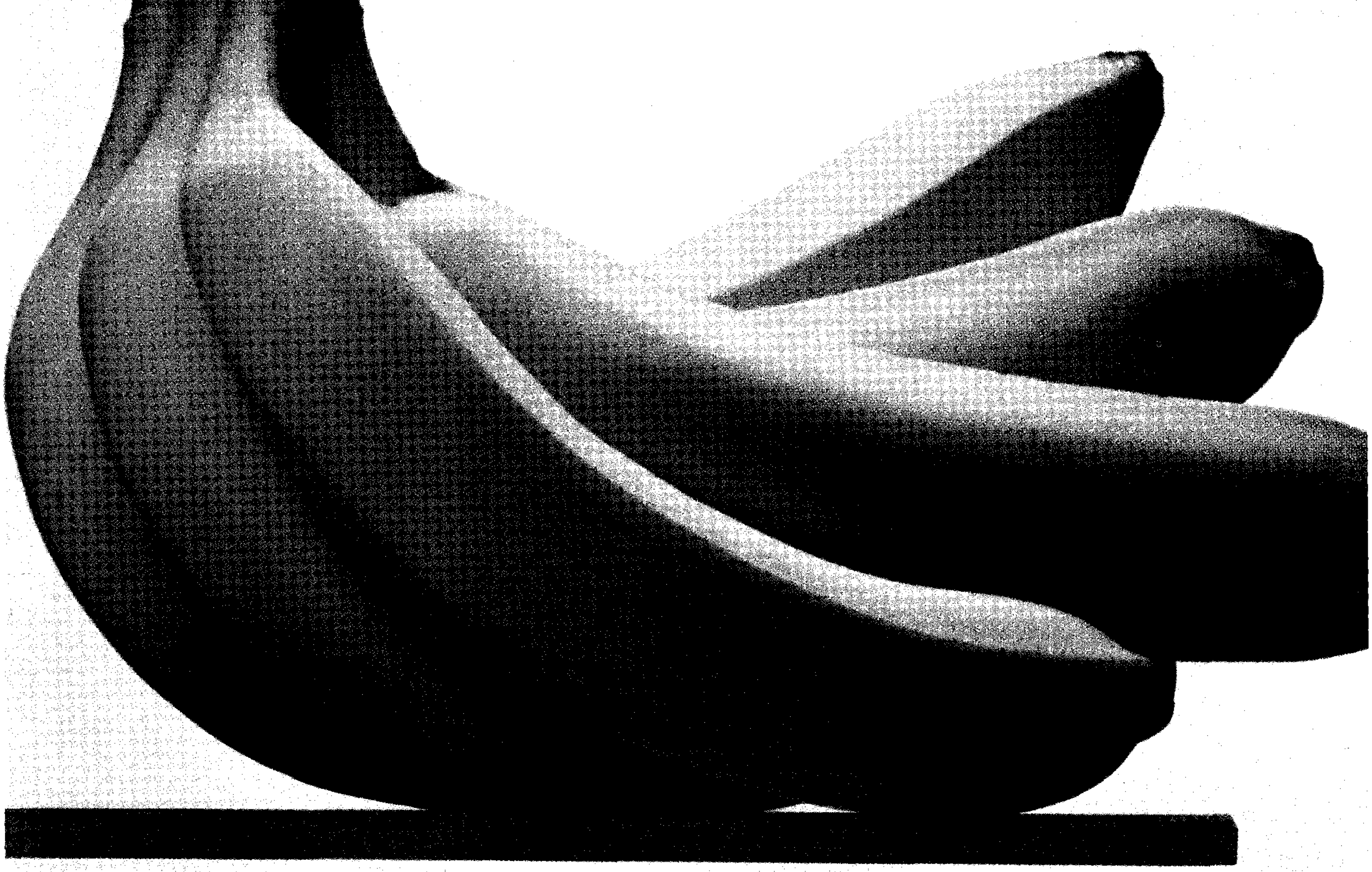

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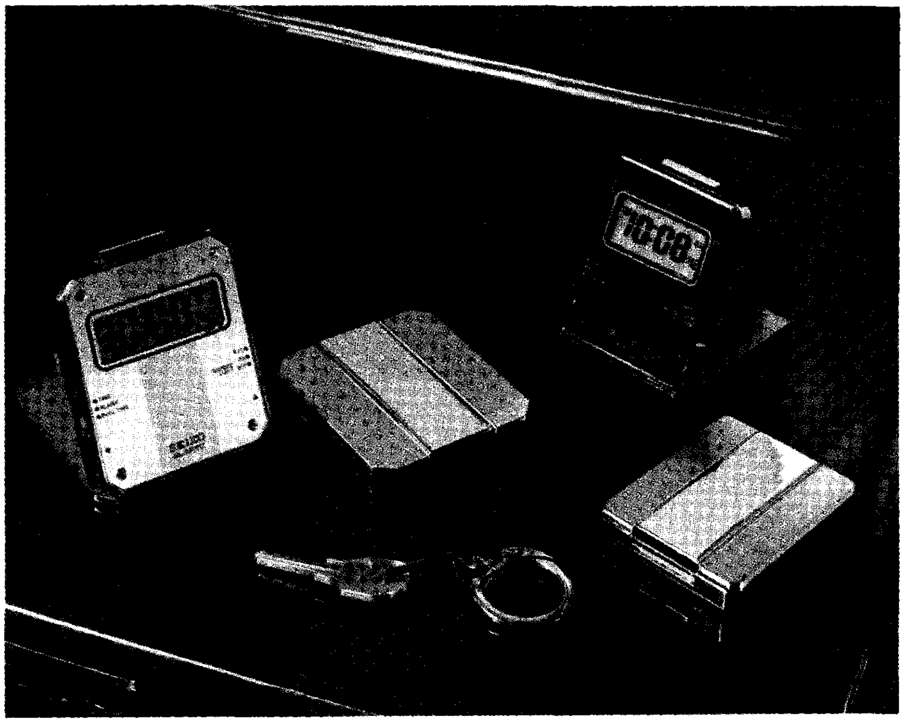

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hedging their bets," he said. Strauss helped educate Senate Minority Leader Byrd in the ways of national fund-raising. Byrd had never had to bother with such things before, but in 1981 he had been singled out by Republicans as a potentially vulnerable candidate, and there were threats of large amounts of money coming in against him. The National Conservative Political Action Committee, or NCPAC, had also listed him as a target. So, coached by Strauss and others, Byrd travelled around the country to the Democratic funding sources, and on the evening of the day I talked to Strauss there was to be a fund-raiser for Byrd at the Hyatt Regency in Washington. "You'd be surprised at the companies that will be there," Strauss said. Strauss and his friend Russell Long, the Democratic senator from Louisiana who has for years directed others' money to his colleagues, hit the road together to raise money for incumbent Democratic senators. Strauss told me, "I know a man in Houston who will give Russell Long or me money for almost any candidate if we describe him as a moderate or a conservative. They won't give to the party committees, because that money might go to 'those goddam left-wingers.' One man wants to know where a candidate stands on defense. Another wants to know where he stands on social issues. Another wants to know where he stands on the pipeline. They want to give to a man whose stand they know."

I asked Strauss what he does when a candidate calls and asks him to raise money for him.

He replied, "First, I take a look and see what committee he's on. Then I call a couple of friends in a couple of communities and I say, 'Senator So-and-So is on such-and-such a committee and he's interested in your problems. He's going to be in New York, and I think you'd like to see him.' The pattern is that a politician goes to the people in the field he handles—somebody involved in defense goes to the people in that industry—and those people usually do some work for him. They're not buying anything: he votes for them sometimes and against them sometimes. Then he goes to people who simply like to help Democrats. The next thing you do that's important is you go to a significant man or woman in a town—I'm talking about a Lew Wasserman or a Bob Strauss—and say, 'Would you do me a favor? I want you to host an affair.' People will come to the affair. He'll attract a hundred people. You don't ask them for money—just to come to the affair. Then the senator or congressman comes and makes his pitch, and then the politician or the host or his staff follows up with phone calls." Strauss ticked off the names of the major Democratic money raisers in America, and said whether each followed up with calls or had staff people do so, or what. "I have that all right here," he said, pointing to his head. "Then, there's people like me, who have been in politics a long time and have an apparatus all across the country. People are constantly calling us for favors." Referring to his wise and able executive assistant, Vera Murray, Strauss said, "Vera knows these people. She can call any town in the country and she's got someone who can help." He continued, "Sometimes people would rather make a half-dozen phone calls than give an event. They call their family and social and business contacts. They can produce a few thousand dollars that way. They're relieved as hell they don't have to host a party. Sometimes I'll call a fellow and say, 'Look, Senator So-and-So needs money. You don't have to give a fund-raiser—just make a few calls. Give for yourself, your wife, your kids. Get a few of your friends to do the same thing.' "

At the time we talked, in September, Strauss said that he had probably given forty-five thousand dollars himself. Moreover, his law firm—Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld—maintains its own PAC, as do some other law firms in Washington. In 1981-82, Akin, Gump's PAC gave more than that of any other law firm (almost fifty-nine thousand dollars as of July, 1982). One of the more unexpected politicians—at least at first glance—for whom both Akin, Gump and Thomas Boggs raised money in 1982 was Representative Fortney Stark, Democrat of California, who is one of the most liberal members of the House. In a letter inviting other lawyers to have lunch with Stark and contribute five hundred dollars, an Akin, Gump partner pointed out that Stark, in September of 1981, had taken over a position that is of great interest to the lawyer-lobbyists: he had become chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee's Select Revenue Measures Subcommittee. That subcommittee is where a lobbyist turns if he is seeking enactment of a special tax provision. These are provisions that affect a par-

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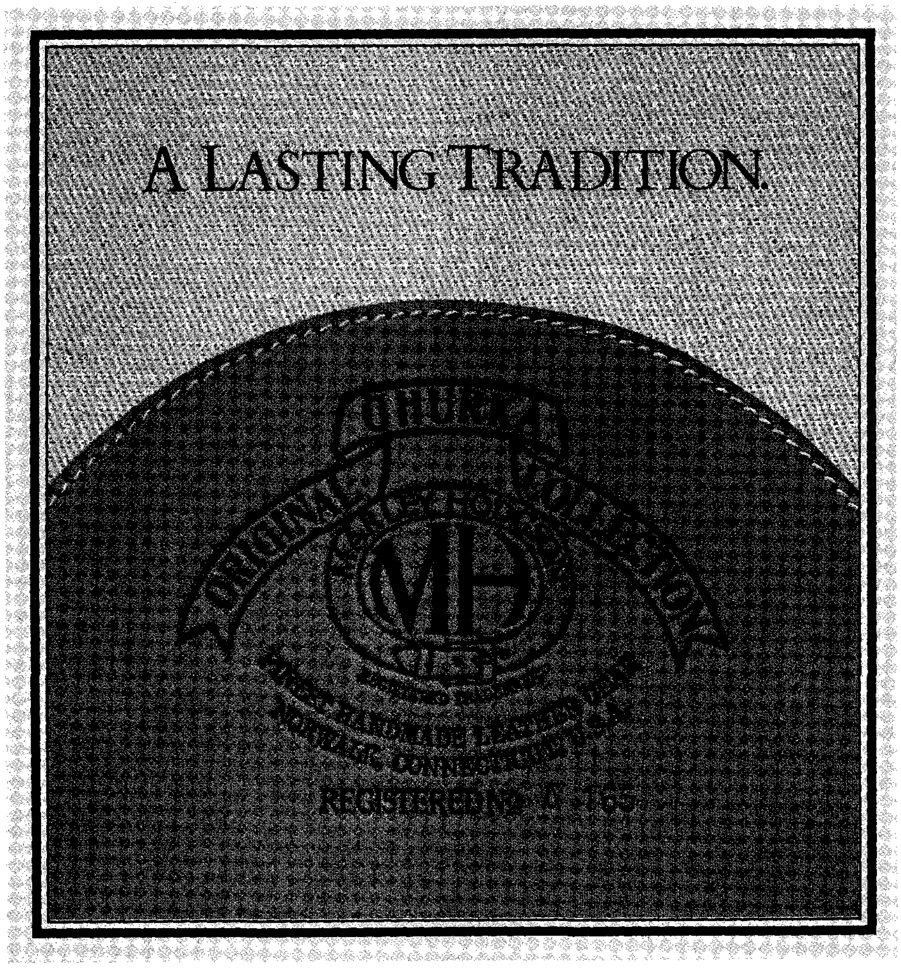
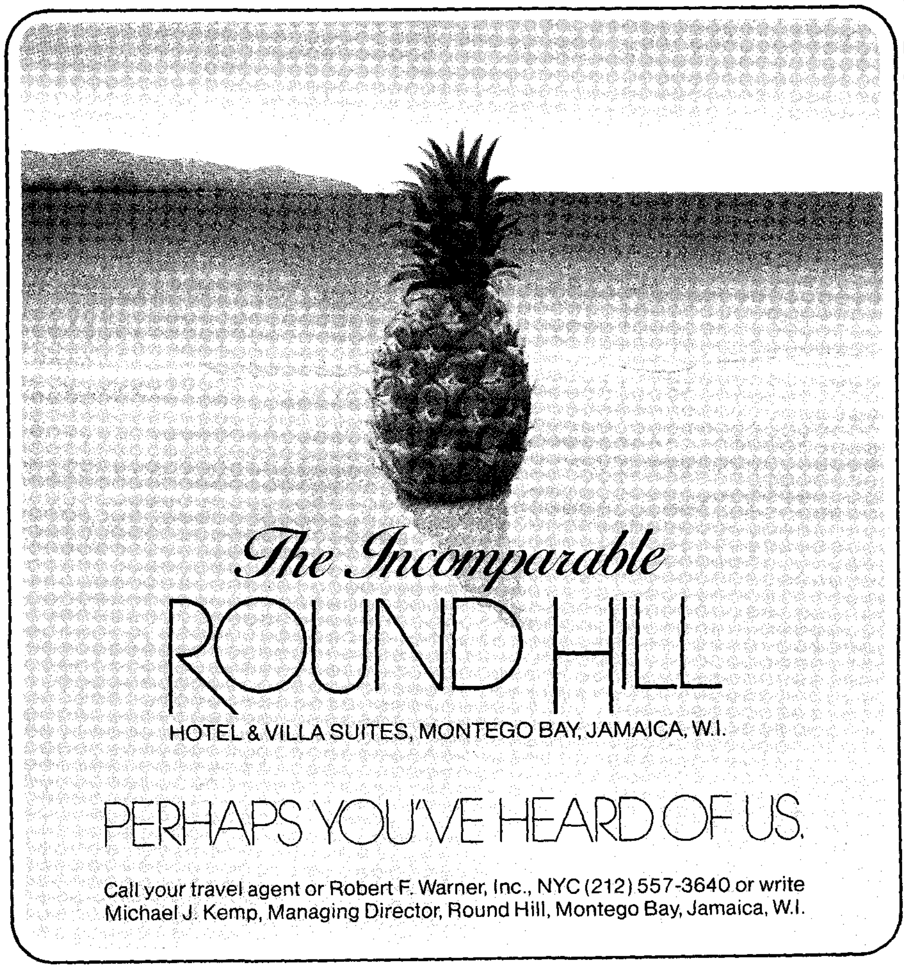
ticular client, and are the ones that are usually described by the lobbyist as "just a little technical amendment" that "won't cost the treasury much." In its time, the subcommittee has been referred to on Capitol Hill as "Santa's workshop."

SERVING on some congressional committees is more lucrative—the term is actually used on Capitol Hill—than it is on others, the most lucrative being the House Ways and Means and Senate Finance Committees, which have jurisdiction over tax legislation, and the House Energy and Commerce Committee and the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation. The Commerce Committees have jurisdiction over, among other things, regulatory policy affecting business. By contrast, serving on the Judiciary Committees, whose purpose is to watch over the Constitution and deal with the subject of crime, is not nearly so financially rewarding. Only the subject of anti-trust, which produced a major lobbying fight in the Ninety-seventh Congress, has begun to make it more profitable to sit on Judiciary, and only the infusion of ethnic money—Greek and Taiwanese as well as Jewish and, increasingly, Arab—makes it financially worthwhile at all to sit on the committees that monitor the conduct of foreign policy. In 1980, the total PAC contributions to members of the Ways and Means Committee and the House Commerce Committee were roughly twice the total contributions to members of the Judiciary and Foreign Affairs Committees. (The PAC listings with the Federal Election Commission are only partially revealing, of course, since people with interests before Congress do not funnel all their contributions through PACs.) The same picture emerged from a study of the F.E.C. reports of PAC contributions as of July, 1982. (Large sums would, of course, flow in to members after July, but those were the last figures available before the study was made, and the proportions tell the story.) As of July, 1982, the House Energy and Commerce Committee members had been given a total of $2.9 million. House Ways and Means Committee members had been given $2.1 million. House Judiciary Committee members had received $1.2 million, and House Foreign Affairs Committee members had been given less than $1.1 million. Thus, it is worth roughly half as much to watch over foreign policy and

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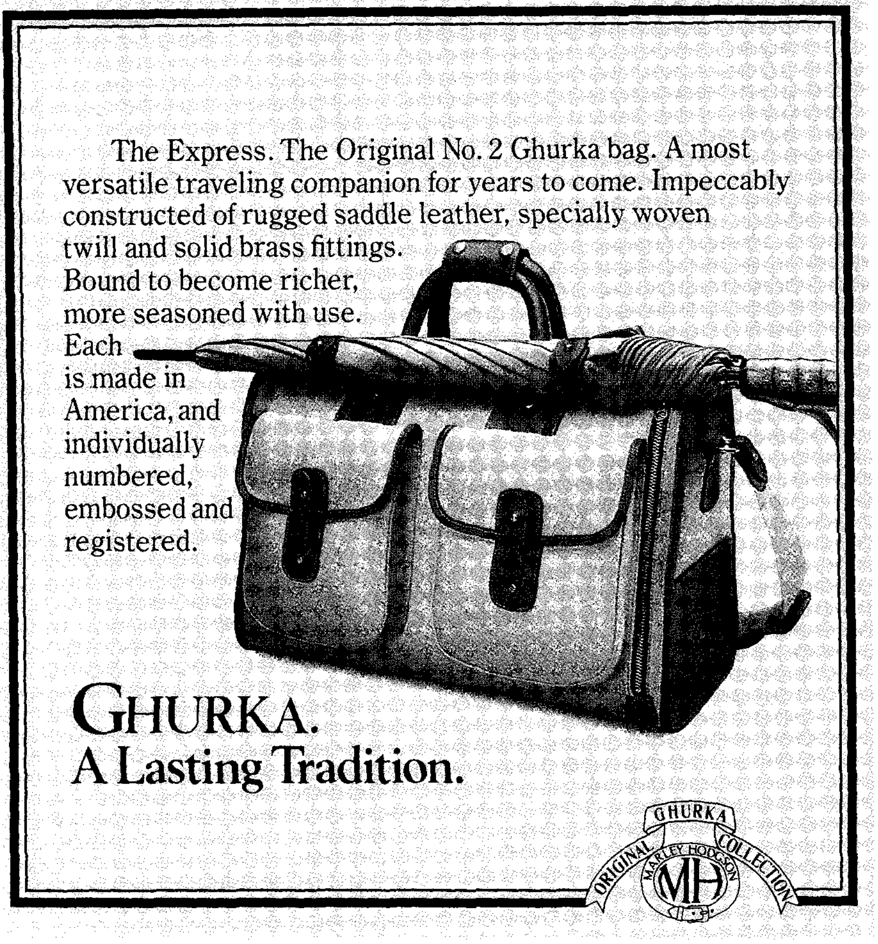
It is not uncommon for strategically placed congressmen who do not have real election challenges to be beneficiaries of PAC investments. For example, in 1980 Representative Ken Holland, Democrat of South Carolina and a member of the Ways and Means Committee, had no primary contest and won the general election with eighty-eight per cent of the vote, yet he received more than seventy-three thousand dollars from PACs. Kent Hance, Democrat of Texas, who was appointed to Ways and Means in 1981 and was the co-author of the Administration-backed substitute for the committee's 1981 tax-cut bill, had no primary opposition in 1982 and won the general election with eighty-two per cent of the vote; by mid-October of 1982 he had received over four hundred thousand dollars in total contributions. Some Republicans who barely glimpsed an opponent in 1980 were similarly remunerated. In 1982, twenty-four members of Congress who were unopposed in the general election and had either minor or no primary opposition received at least fifty thousand dollars from PACs. Eight of them received over a hundred thousand dollars in PAC money. The grand master of raising money that he doesn't need is Dan Rostenkowski. Rostenkowski, a product of Chicago's machine politics, hasn't had a real election challenge since he decided to go to Congress, in 1958. In 1980, he won with eighty-five per cent of the vote and received a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in PAC money. In 1982, when Rostenkowski, who had now become the chairman of Ways and Means, was similarly worry-free—he won by eighty-four per cent—he had four hundred and forty-five thousand dollars on hand by mid-October. Rostenkowski explains that he needs the money "for a rainy day." In October, 1981, Rostenkowski held his first Washington fund-raiser. Every lawyer-lobbyist in town felt he had to turn up. Rostenkowski said to me before the election, "If I'm anything in politics, I'm a learner. I know the best defense is an offense. Anyone who thinks of running against me knows two things: one, I get back to my district; two, I've got a fund. And if I had to raise a lot more, I could. That fund gives one a little bit of independence. I know people would say that fund means I'm bought. There's no relationship be-



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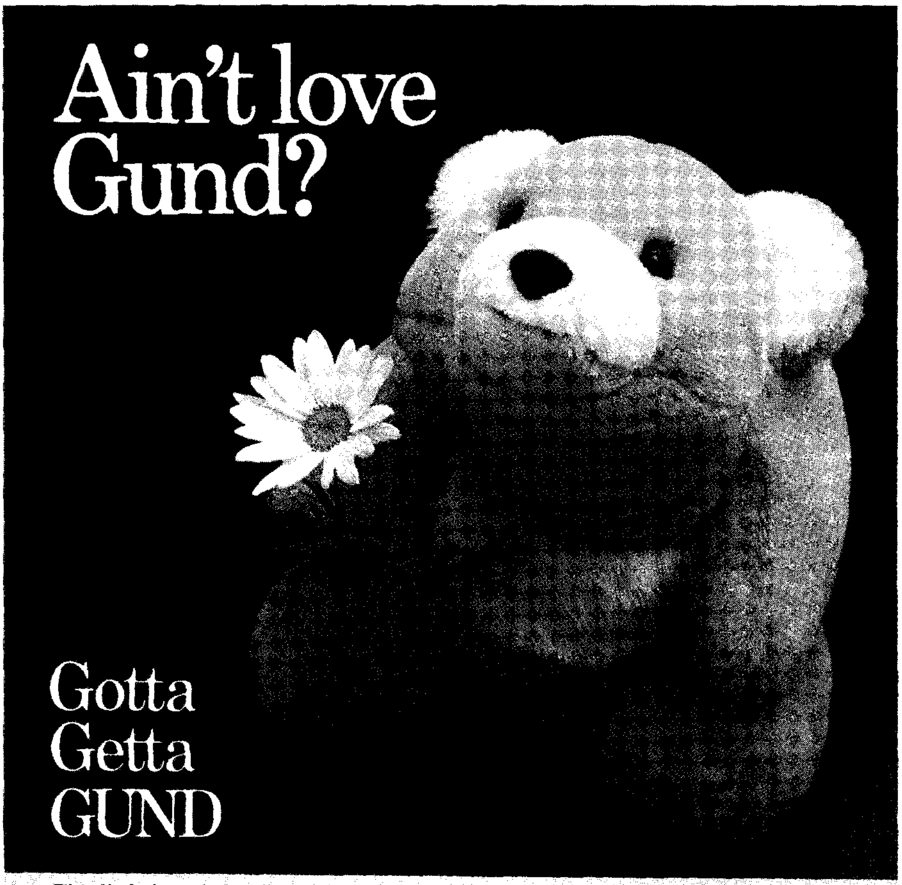

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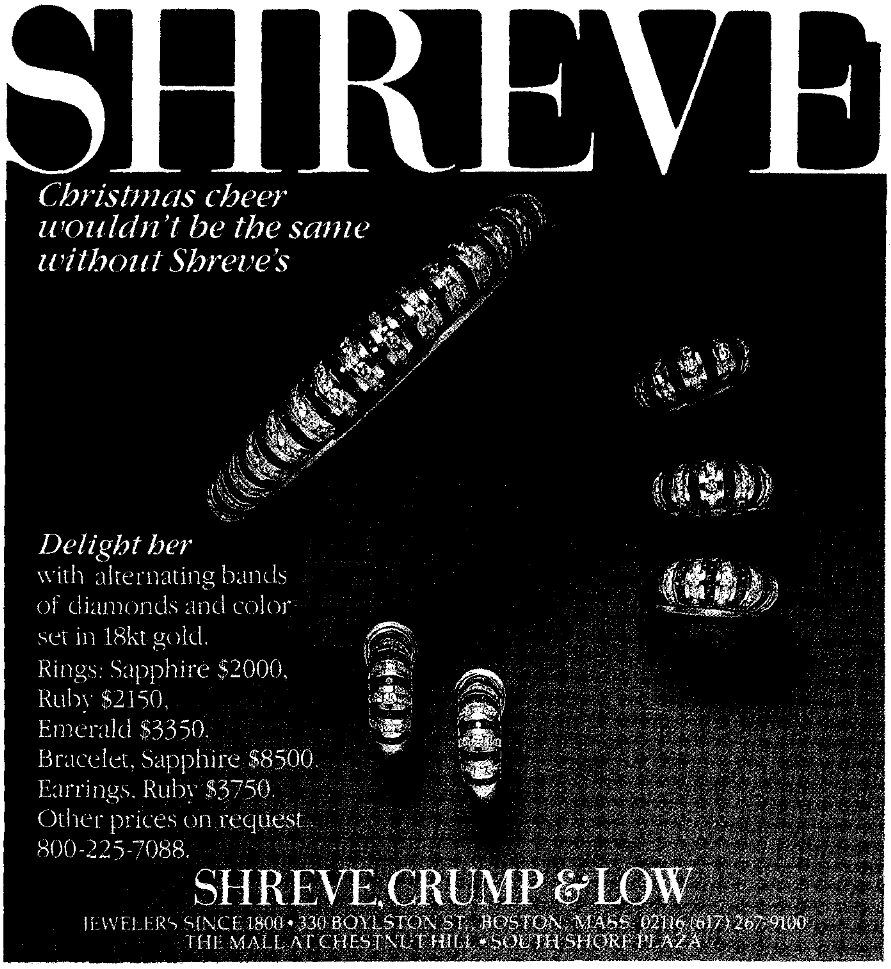

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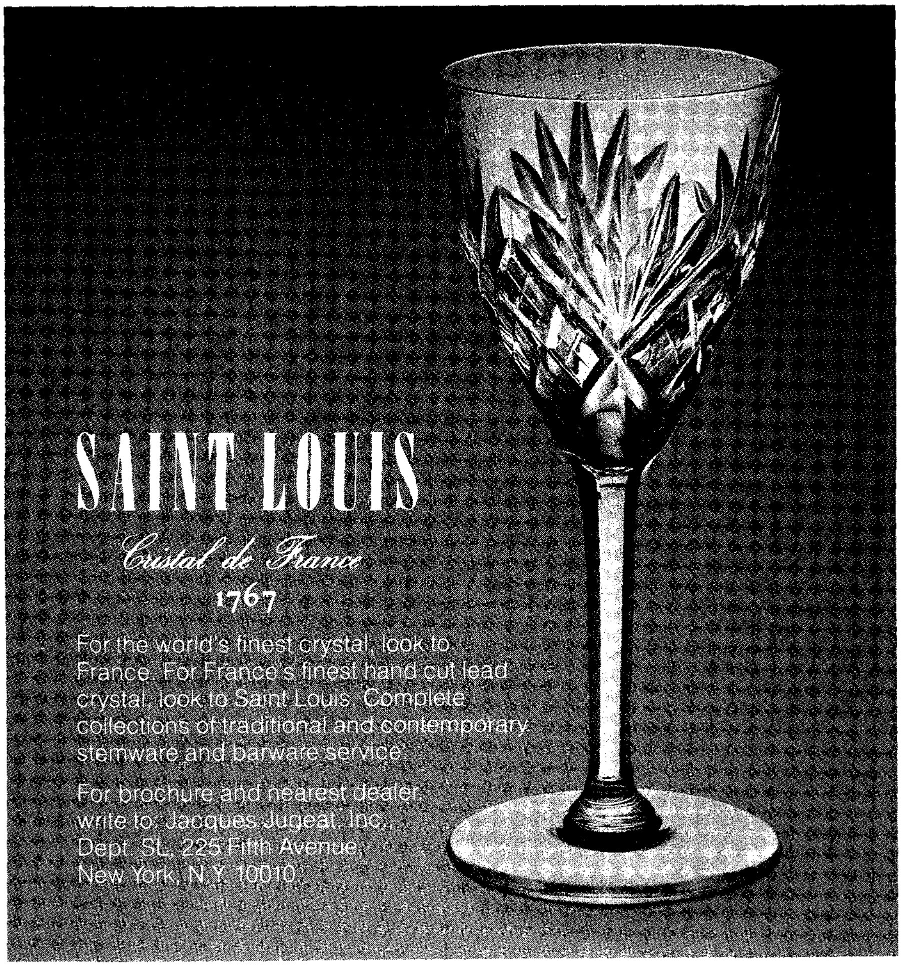

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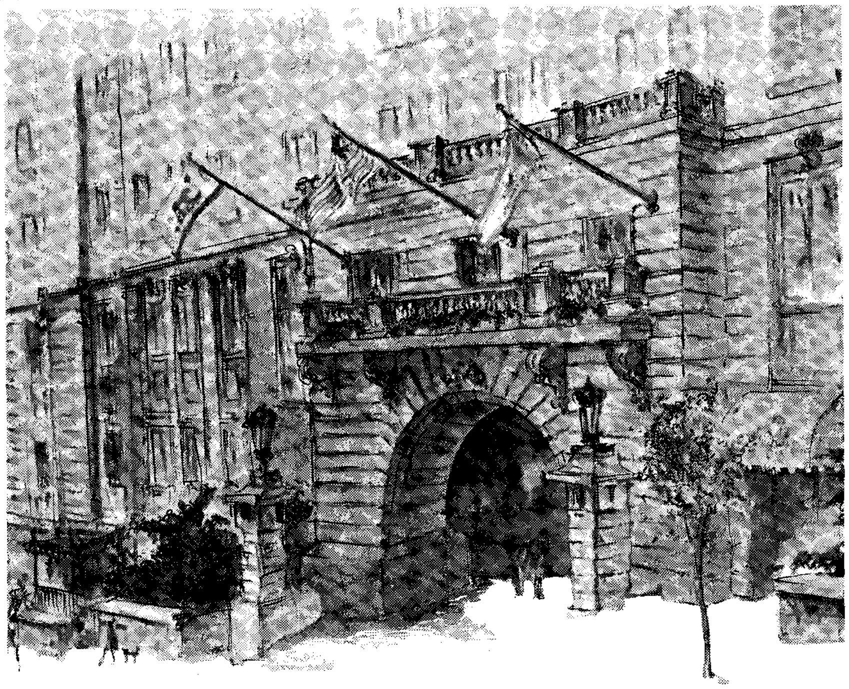
tween that fund and my record. Bob Michel is suffering in a close race now—he doesn't have a fund." (Rostenkowski has been in the forefront of those who oppose public financing of campaigns.)

Rostenkowski, like a number of other House members, also puts his surplus funds to use to help his fellowman, and thereby help himself. Bill Frenzel, a Republican from Minnesota and a member of the Ways and Means Committee, has also been very active in dispensing campaign funds to his colleagues. One lawyer-lobbyist says that incumbents without real election challenges consider money from some of the larger political-action committees their "just due." Some House members accumulate large funds, which they carry over from election to election. Some store the money up for a run for the Senate. Some invest it. Some use campaign funds for questionable purposes: campaign funds are not supposed to be put to personal use, but some members are less than fastidious about this. Tom Boggs' father may have started the tradition of congressional leaders' maintaining funds from which they disburse contributions to their colleagues. O'Neill and Jim Wright, the House Majority Leader, and Gillis Long, the chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, have such funds. One reason some members maintain such funds is to help themselves in the House. Another reason is that they can act as a conduit for groups or individuals who have already given a particular candidate all they are allowed to under the law. One member of Congress says, "They buy power for themselves by spreading the money around." A notable example of such generosity occurred in 1979, when Representative Henry Waxman, Democrat of California, who was trying to win the chairmanship of the Health and the Environment Subcommittee of the House Commerce Committee, distributed about forty thousand dollars to thirty of his House colleagues, including eight who served on Commerce. Seven of the eight voted for Waxman, and he defeated Richardson Preyer, a respected representative from North Carolina, who according to seniority was in line for the job.

The honeylike attraction of members of the House Energy and Commerce Committee is apparent in their contributions reports. The list of fields over which the committee has jurisdiction indicates the nature and the size of the interests that would want to be in good standing with its members: oversight of most of the federal regulatory agencies; energy and power; health; environment; telecommunications; consumer protection; finance (meaning the securities industry and to some extent the commodities exchanges); fossil and synthetic fuels; transportation; commerce; and tourism. PAC contributions to members of the Energy and Commerce Committee as of July, 1982, included, by interest group: $11,500 from commodities exchanges; $4,550 from cotton; $7,000 from grain; $28,125 from the milk industry; $6,000 from poultry and livestock; $72,475 from sugar and sweeteners; $11,500 from other agricultural interests; $62,800 from the auto industry; $56,050 from the chemical industry; $146,995 from communications; $29,730 from computers and electronics; $827,000 from drug companies and medical suppliers; $428,844 from energy; $159,320 from finance; $92,825 from food; $34,025 from forest and paper products; $22,454 from general business interests; $46,750 from the aerospace industry; $105,275 from the insurance industry; $51,950 from metals and mining; $42,450 from machinery and tools; $80,025 from manufacturing; $161,600 from real estate and construction; $31,250 from retail businesses; $56,850 from service industries (hotel, motel, recreation); $42,400 from steel; $9,300 from textiles; $23,125 from tobacco; $1,880,830 from transportation; $43,300 from dentists; $85,400 from doctors; $44,700 from hospitals; $228,701 from nurses; $18,975 from ideological conservative groups; $27,052 from congressional leaders; $6,590 from environmental groups; $9,425 from gun groups; $6,250 from ideological liberal groups; $16,625 from nonconnected organizations; $19,000 from Presidential hopefuls; $20,664 from miscellaneous political sources; $273,842 from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.; $90,970 from independent unions; $11,300 from accountants; $51,100 from lawyers; $15,750 from engineers; and $6,450 from other miscellaneous sources.

TIM WIRTH, forty-three, came to Congress in 1975 as part of the "Watergate class" of reform-minded Democrats. He is a public-spirited person and a smart, substantive politician. He fought a battle to change the 1982 anti-trust agreement between



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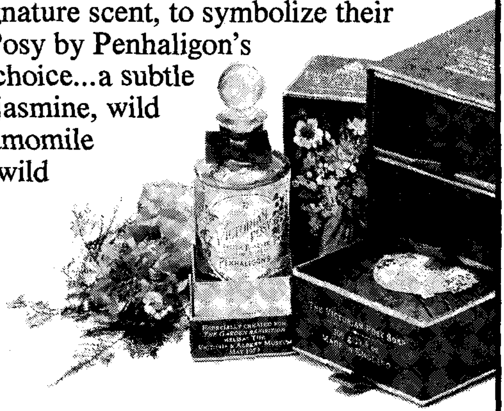

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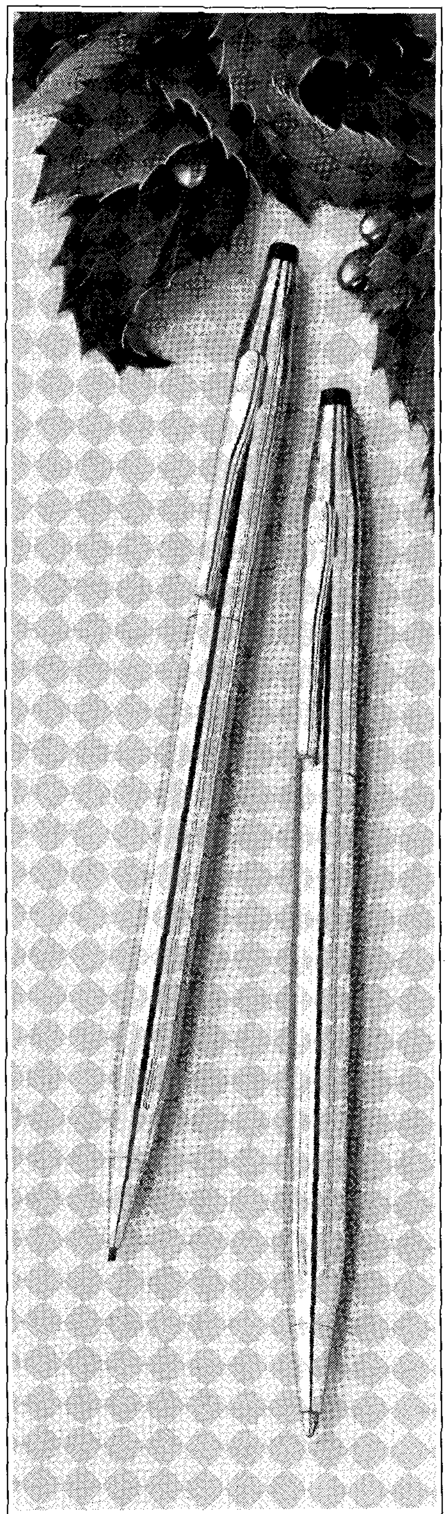

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A.T. & T. and the Justice Department. A.T. & T. fought back with a major lobbying effort, and held off congressional action, but later a federal judge changed some of the terms of the agreement in line with some of Wirth's objections. Therefore, the way Wirth has become caught up in the logic of the money system is telling. Wirth, who represents a formerly Republican district that includes Boulder, Colorado, and other areas near Denver, had close elections in his first three races, and in 1980 he won by fifty-six per cent. In 1981, he became chairman of the Commerce Committee's Subcommittee on Telecommunications, Consumer Protection, and Finance. The subcommittee deals not only with telecommunications issues but also with federal securities laws, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and automobile safety. One of the biggest matters before Wirth's subcommittee is the revision of the Communications Act of 1934. Since the Act was written, there have been revolutionary changes in the telecommunications field, involving big stakes for large interests. Among these are the breakup of A.T. & T., the growth of the cable- and satellite-broadcasting industries, the development of a revolutionary wireless telephone system (cellular radio), and the whole range of computer-information services. Challenge and opportunity have made Wirth one of the House's more aggressive money raisers. He once told a group of his colleagues that presiding over a subcommittee offered especially valuable opportunities for fund-raising. A study of the F.E.C. printout of Wirth's campaign contributions offers a virtual *tour d'horizon* of the telecommunications industry, with large sums provided by parties that had an interest in the telecommunications bill. Wirth also received contributions from a number of companies in the securities business. And it is to be remembered that interested parties give as individuals as well as through PACs. This fall, *Broadcasting* magazine reported that John Saeman, who is the chief executive officer of Daniels & Associates, a cable-television company, and who also serves as the chairman of the National Cable Television Association, held a fund-raiser for Wirth at his Denver home and raised about twenty-five thousand dollars for him. The magazine also reported that in early October a fund-raiser for Wirth was held at "21" by Gustave Hauser, the chairman and chief executive offi-

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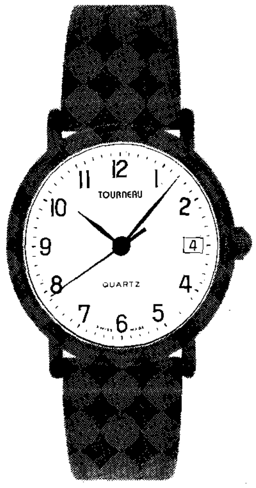

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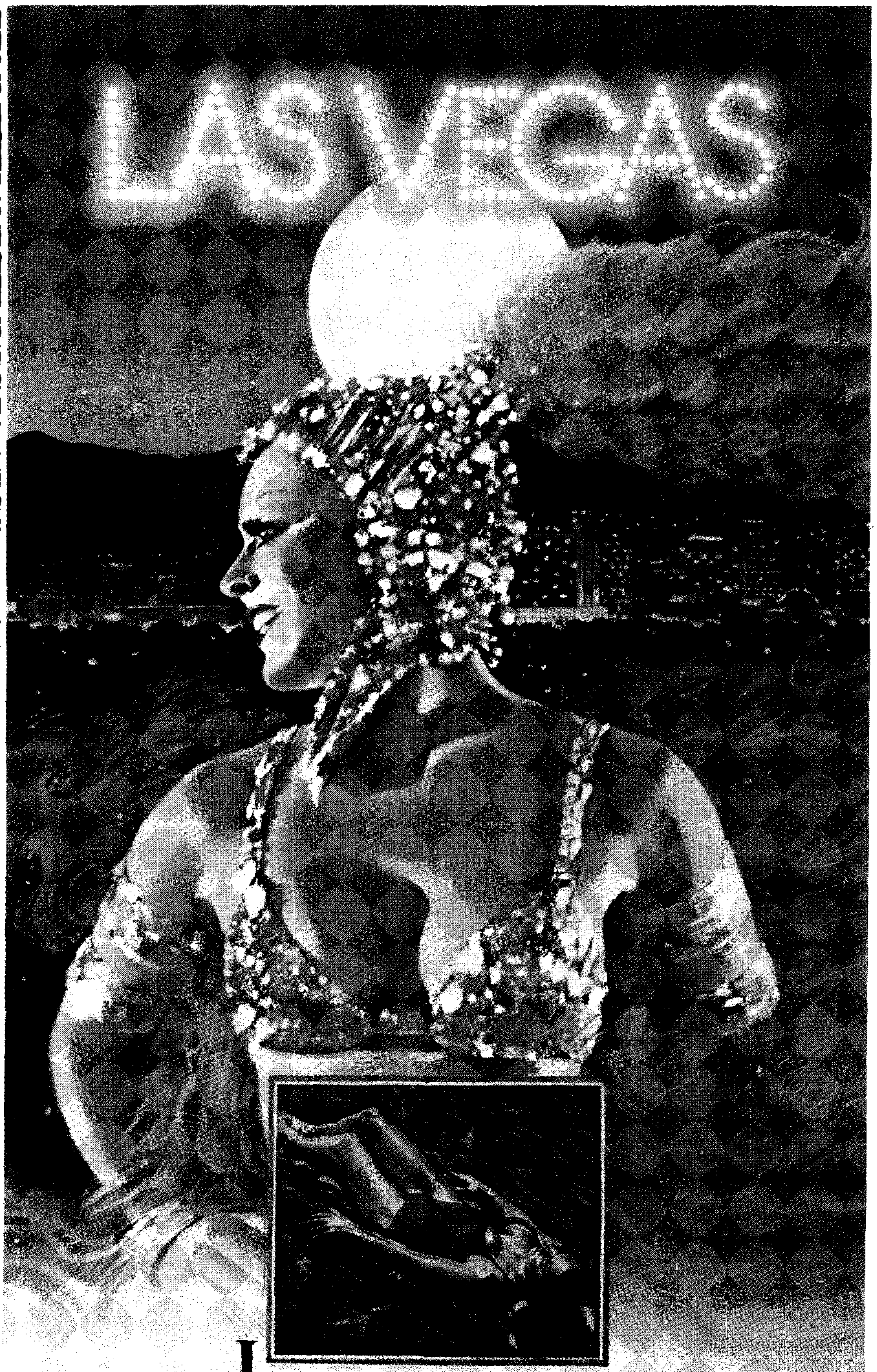
cer of Warner Amex Cable Communications. As of mid-October, Wirth had received about four hundred thousand dollars from individuals, and a hundred and fifty thousand from PACs.

I asked Wirth how he felt about taking so much in campaign contributions from groups over which he has jurisdiction.

He replied, "I'm in the game, and I play by the rules, so it doesn't bother me. The telecommunications types have all kinds of different interests, and they're a diverse group." Wirth also pointed out that he expected to spend about six hundred thousand dollars on his 1982 campaign, because campaigning in Denver requires heavy use of television advertising, and because his opponent had been encouraged to enter the race by the House Republican campaign committee and was receiving the support of such groups as the A.M.A., Standard Oil of Ohio, and the Realtors. (Hedging bets being a common practice, the Realtors also gave to Wirth; but they gave him four hundred dollars and his opponent ten thousand.) In fact, it was estimated all along that Wirth's opponent would be able to raise only about half as much for the campaign as Wirth could, and the general impression was that Wirth was in no real danger. BIPAC did not support Wirth's opponent. The most recent figures indicate that as of mid-October Wirth had spent five hundred and eleven thousand dollars, while his opponent had spent a hundred and eighteen thousand. Wirth won by sixty-three per cent.

Wirth's point that the telecommunications industry has diverse and competing interests has some validity. A similar argument is made by other members of Congress who accept contributions from a variety of parties at interest. The flaw in the argument is that it can assume a universe composed of the parties at interest, and that when the parties at interest carve up the universe everyone is served. Wirth is, as he says, "playing by the rules." One alternative is to take a more relaxed attitude toward raising money—and take a bigger chance on losing. Another alternative is to change the rules.

Philip Sharp, a Democratic representative from Muncie, Indiana, was also elected with the "Watergate class," and he, too, heads a Commerce Committee subcommittee—on Fossil and Synthetic Fuels. In addition, he serves on the Energy and Environ-



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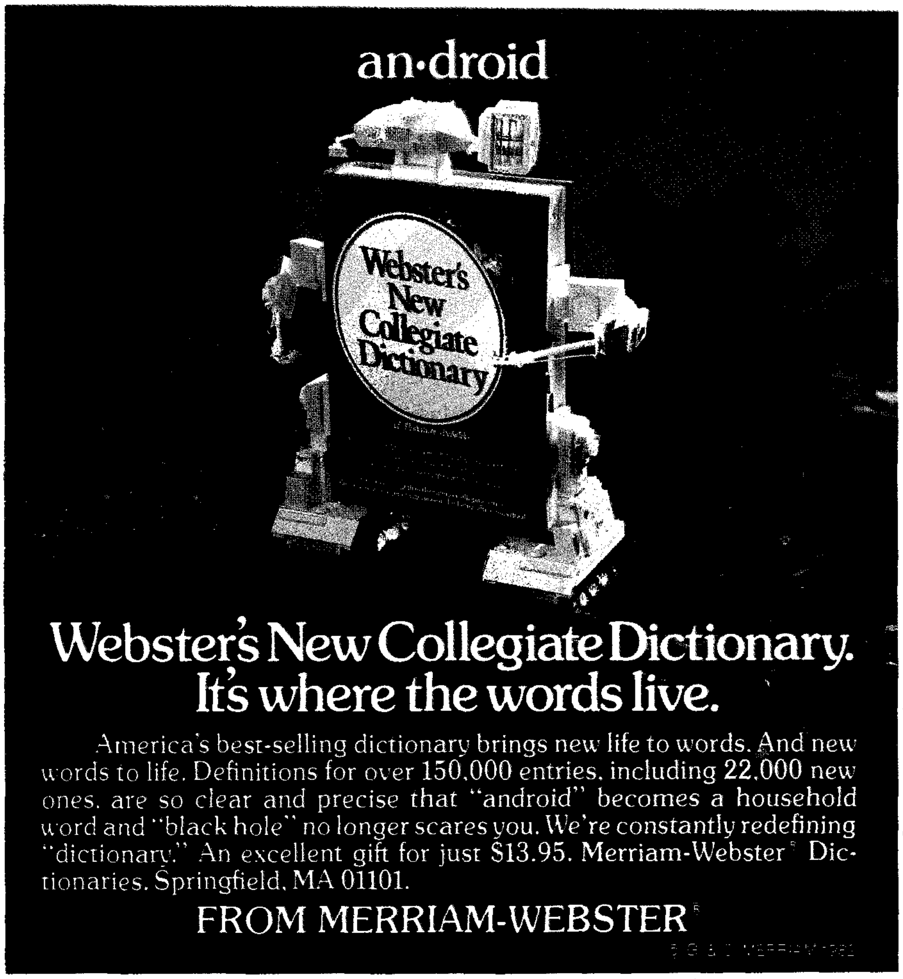

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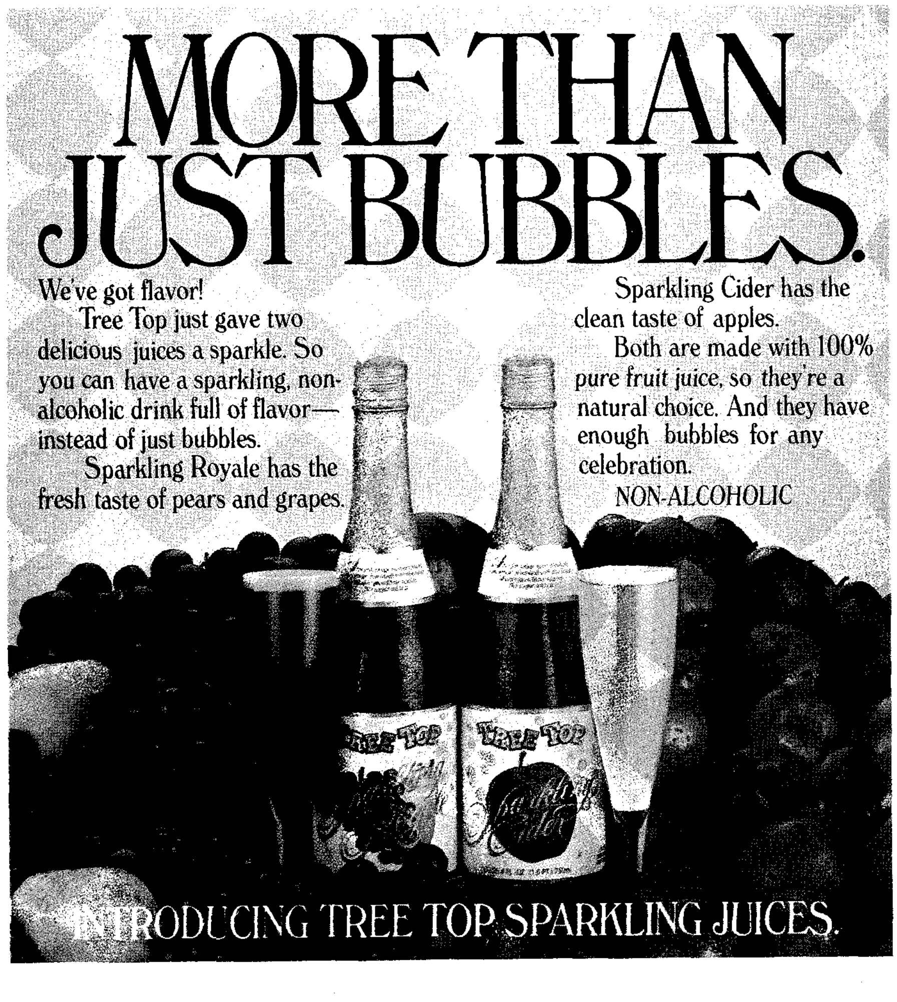

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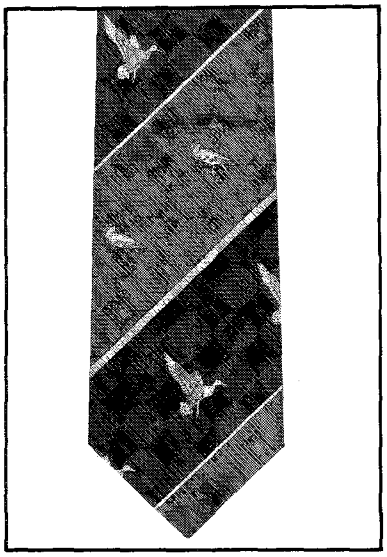
ment Subcommittee of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. Sharp, who is known in the House as a hardworking member, is inclined to try to fashion legislative compromises. His district has never been safely Democratic, and the Indiana legislature's redistricting made it even more Republican in 1982. Moreover, in 1982 he faced a challenger who had been sponsored by the House Republican campaign committee in what it termed an "opportunity race." BIPAC, too, endorsed Sharp's opponent. So Sharp decided that he had to break with his past practice of declining to take contributions from political-action committees in the energy field. Sharp, who is forty years old, is a soft-spoken, sandy-haired, earnest, but not humorless man. He attended Oxford University and is a former professor.

Sharp talked with me one afternoon before the election about the difficulty of his decision. He said, "I've always taken PAC money, but never from interests affected by the Energy Subcommittee. Frankly, there was always a problem of drawing the line. In this campaign, we were going to be drowned by money and by reapportionment, so I decided I had to unleash our side. I'm not really worried about my own personal integrity in making an independent judgment, but I am concerned about the question of the perception of me and of the institution. You know, I look at some of the guys on the Banking Committee and the Commerce Committee who take the money and give you the big wink. I wish I could avoid that, and I would have if reapportionment hadn't occurred and if I hadn't been facing the threat of the extraordinary amount of money the Republican committee and the right-wing groups have to spend."

So Sharp set to work raising money. He made phone calls and he held fund-raisers, drawing up his invitation list, as other members of Congress do, from the PAC lists that circulate. (The production and sale of "PAC directories" has become a new industry in Washington. One such book, listing party and non-party contributors and corporate PACs by classification, and PAC support of candidates and interest-group ratings of candidates, weighs nine pounds and costs a hundred and eighty-five dollars.) Sharp sent a mailing to PACs that might contribute to him. He rounded up people who would make calls to PACs on his behalf. Invitations to Sharp's fund-raiser listed the names of House Democratic leaders and members of the Indiana delegation as co-sponsors of the event. He told me, "The problem is that almost every Democrat sends out the same thing. The system is getting pretty worn." As a result of his efforts, Sharp raised money from pipeline companies, utility companies, and producers of oil, natural gas, and coal. Some of the money came in small amounts from organizations that were actually opposing him. "That's the token contribution," he said. "By virtue of being a member of the Commerce Committee, you tend to get that kind of contribution. I think it's clear that because you're chairman of a subcommittee and number six in rank on the Commerce Committee people on both sides of the issue will contribute." However, some of Sharp's contributions from companies in the energy field were in the thousand-dollar range, and he also received funds from the communications, pharmaceutical, transportation, and financial industries, among others. As of mid-October, Sharp had received thirty-three thousand dollars from energy PACs; his opponent had received thirteen thousand. Sharp also received money from consumer and environmentalist groups, but, he says, "that side doesn't have that many committees or the sort of range that the other side has." Labor also gave Sharp substantial support. In his 1980 campaign, Sharp spent about a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. This time, he planned to spend a great deal more. By October of this year, he had spent two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. His opponent had spent two hundred and fifteen thousand. (These figures do not count the help given by the national committees.) Sharp was reëlected.

WHY is all this money floating about? What do the investors expect? At a minimum, they expect access, but access is simply the required entry ticket for getting something done. John Culver, the former Democratic senator from Iowa, says, "I think there's no question that money gives you real access. The members have to get their money someplace, and they are grateful for the contributions. All other things being equal, they hope that if you've got a problem they can support your position, and they realize that if they can't they're not going to get any money from you in the future." The young lawyer-lobbyist says, "We are in such a retail



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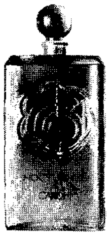

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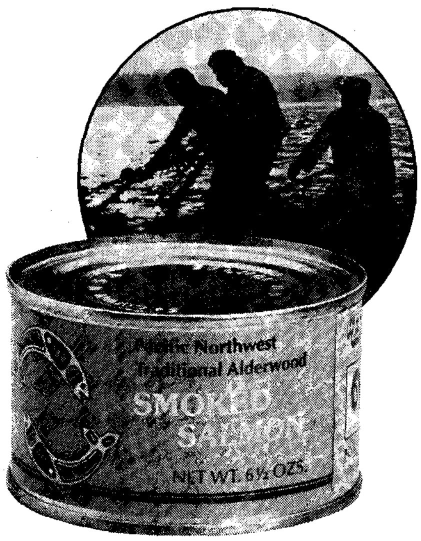

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business that for a hundred and fifty dollars you can get access. There are some senior members of Congress whose fund-raisers I've gone to, giving a hundred and fifty dollars, and when I call I can get through. I think that if I hadn't given the money it would have been harder. I really believe that anyone who gives a hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty dollars is treated like a prince. I can imagine how someone who gives a thousand dollars or directs a five-thousand-dollar PAC contribution to someone is treated." Charles Ferris, who worked as a key Senate Democratic aide for years and then headed the Federal Communications Commission and is now in private law practice in Washington, says, "A member of Congress's time is very limited. Who do they see? They'll certainly see the ones who gave the money. It's hard to say no to someone who gave you five grand." An aide to the House leadership says, "The first measure of influence around here is access." The aide continued, "Obviously, the most important factor in establishing the legislative outcome is the information that the members are acting upon. Clearly, this has to be viewed in the context of members overburdened with demands on their time. So a little bit of information will carry a member a long way." No less an authority than Justin Dart, one of Ronald Reagan's longtime financial backers and the chairman of Dart Industries, which maintained one of the largest corporate PACs in 1978 and 1980, has said that dialogue with politicians "is a fine thing, but with a little money they hear you better." Senator Inouye says, "The fact remains that when someone gives you a thousand or two thousand dollars he expects that door to be open to him—and he gets a little preferential treatment." He added, "The senator may not be the door-opener himself. But the staff knows who contributed. You have ten people vying for one hour. A staff member will say, 'I think you ought to see Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So. We'll send letters to the others.' Often, that decision depends on the level of support." Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the committee that has jurisdiction over the U.S. tax code, said to me, "A guy gives you a thousand dollars, and his trade is bringing people in the door, and he wants you to talk to them. I do that all the time. You don't want to take a shingle off a guy's roof."

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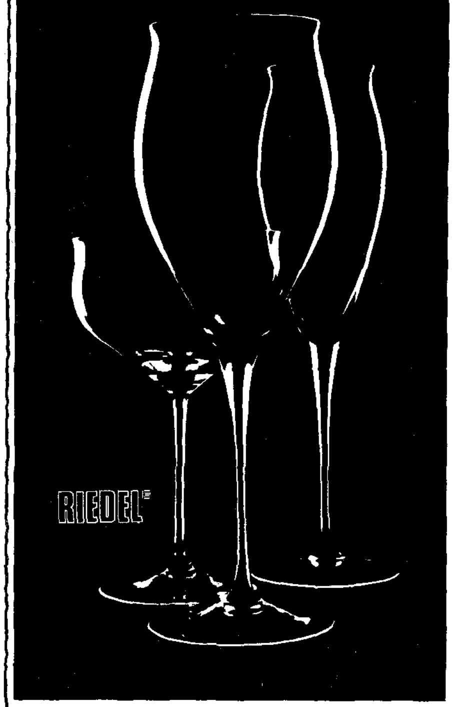

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A commonly held view is that the money goes straight toward a legislative outcome—put the money in the slot and out comes a bill. And sometimes that is the case. One of the most spectacular examples—the success of the used-car dealers in 1982 in getting the House and the Senate to vote to overturn a regulation of the Federal Trade Commission that they list the known major defects of an automobile—was almost a caricature of what happens. The automobile dealers spent six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in the 1980 campaign—up from just fourteen thousand dollars six years earlier. Of the two hundred and eighty-six House members who voted to kill the F.T.C. regulation, two hundred and forty-two had received money from the auto dealers. "Of course it was money," one House member said to me afterward. "Why else would they vote for used-car dealers?" But the effect of money works on several levels and in many ways, some of them subtle.

The plain truth is that most issues before Congress do not involve great moral principles, and the lobbyists understand that a little persuasion will often do the trick. If an issue doesn't involve a high moral principle, and if it doesn't directly affect an important constituency group, the member is open to persuasion. He who has access is most likely to persuade. Tom Downey, the young representative from New York, says, "It is far too crass to actually buy votes—to say 'Here's ten thousand dollars for your campaign if you vote a certain way.' There are exceptions to this—such as the used-car dealers, who bought their way to happiness. But the more important thing is that if your opponent takes PAC money you have to, and that's bad, because the people who give to you are buying access and influence. Most issues here are not issues of conscience or morality—they are questionable calls. The people with money always have access and always have influence and are capable of tipping the scale. The whole process has become very much distorted by money." The aide to the House leadership says, "The truth is that if you take the most honest member, whoever it might be—someone who's self-conscious about not being overly influenced by campaign contributors—the moment he crosses the threshold of accepting PAC money, or money from large contributors, the whole system is corroded. At that point, the big contributor inevitably

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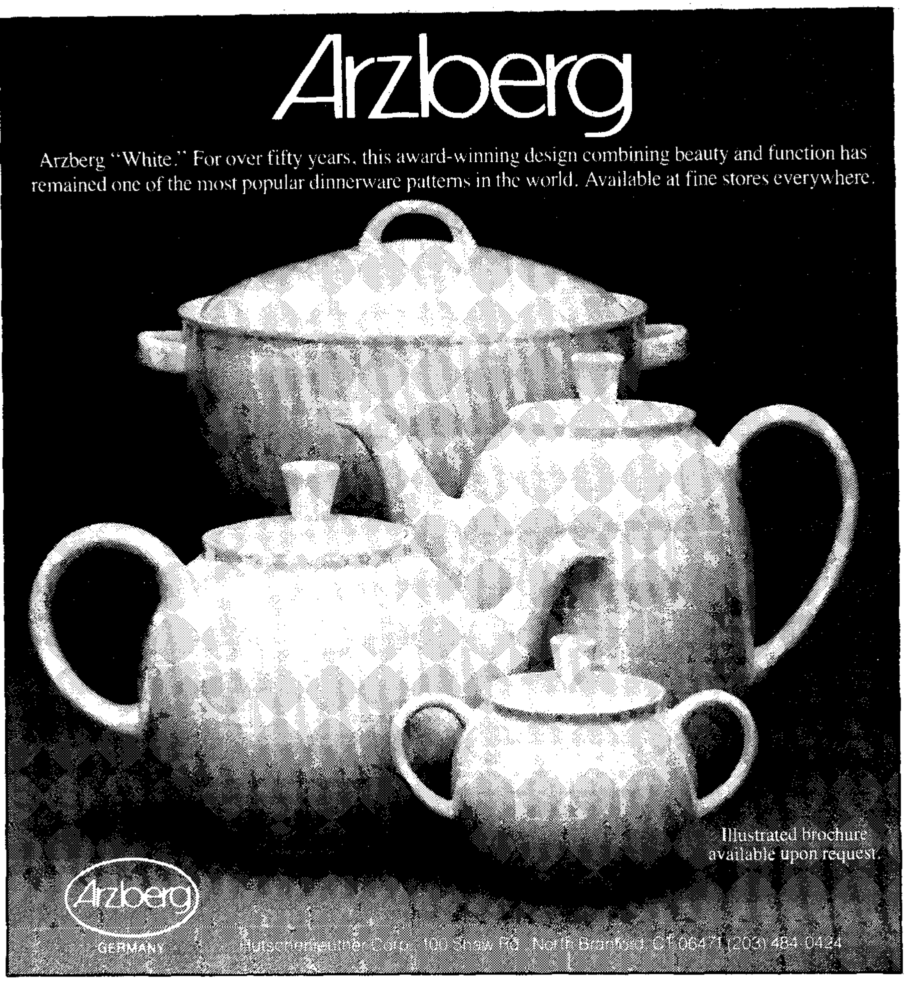
has an advantage in terms of access."

Theoretically, a congressman's staff is supposed to protect him from the pressures, and help keep him informed about the merits of an issue, but today the staff has become as caught up in the money-raising frenzy as its boss. Says one House aide, "The idealized conception is that the staff acts as a filter and sees to it that the best information is available to the congressman or the senator on most important decisions. But in fact the boss sets the tenor of the office, and if the boss shows by his activities that his concern is with raising money and trying to accommodate those who have raised money in the past, then any normal staff member will try to accommodate that. His boss's priorities become his own. Most staff people are competing for attention and for what is perceived to be power in a field where there is very little power to go around, so the trappings become very important, and the major trapping is the favor of the boss. The staff wins that by reflecting the boss's interests." And if the boss loses, the staff is out of a job.

Another House aide says, "Context is very important. The common picture is of the members of Congress as marionettes whose strings are pulled by the lobbies, but that's not accurate. Because there are all these pressures on them for reëlection, if members take risks on some issues it is common for them to protect themselves on others. The problem is that some very well-meaning, sincere members of Congress enter into these unholy alliances in order to make it possible to get reëlected, or to express themselves freely on some matters, and then they find the bonds of the alliance hard to sever." The alliance is not necessarily struck by the money already received, but it's cemented by the need to go back for more. One campaign consultant says, "It's the last-minute money that's the most expensive. The people with the money are just sitting there waiting for you—with big smiles on their faces."

The overturning of the used-car regulation was one of a set of moves that Congress made to try to interfere with regulatory-agency rulings. The legality of the whole procedure is now in question, but if it should continue, this practice, combined with the availability of special-interest money, offers possibilities that are awesome. The legislation killing the used-car regulation was unanimously overturned by a Court of Appeals in October, on the ground that "legislative veto" of actions by regulatory agencies violates the constitutional principle of separation of powers. Congress has become increasingly interested in the idea of the legislative veto, and moves to overturn agency regulations certainly do attract a lot of money. A move to prevent the F.T.C. from exercising jurisdiction over price-fixing practices by doctors and dentists attracted two hundred and nineteen House sponsors. According to a study made by Public Citizen, a Ralph Nader group, the American Medical Association and the American Dental Association contributed almost $1.3 million in the 1979-80 campaign period; as of mid-October, 1982, the A.M.A. had contributed $1.5 million, and the American Dental Association more than five hundred thousand. Co-sponsors of the legislation to exempt the medical professions received on the average more than twice as much as those who had not signed on. Elliott Levitas, a Democratic representative from Georgia, has for some years sponsored legislation that would permit Congress to overturn any agency regulation. Even before the Court of Appeals acted, a number of observers believed that this would be terrible public policy. The question of its constitutionality aside, it would drown Congress in dealing with hundreds of regulations, about whose merits it would be largely ignorant. However, business and trade-association groups are enthusiastic about the idea, and are grateful to Levitas. Bernadette Budde, the political-education director of BIPAC, said to me, "To be against Elliott Levitas as a Republican challenger means that if you win you're going to win without the support of the business PACs."

The medical lobbies were instrumental in defeating a major Carter Administration proposal to lower medical costs in this country by imposing a system of hospital-cost containment. The bill was finally defeated in 1979, when the House adopted a substitute sponsored by Gephardt, which called for a study of the problem. Large amounts of money went from the A.M.A. to those members who opposed the cost-containment legislation. (The A.M.A. has been among Gephardt's more generous supporters.) Also involved in the effort to kill the legislation, which would have reduced inflation and Medicare and Medicaid costs, was a kind of health-care consortium consisting of hospital associations and suppliers of health-care products. Those who voted



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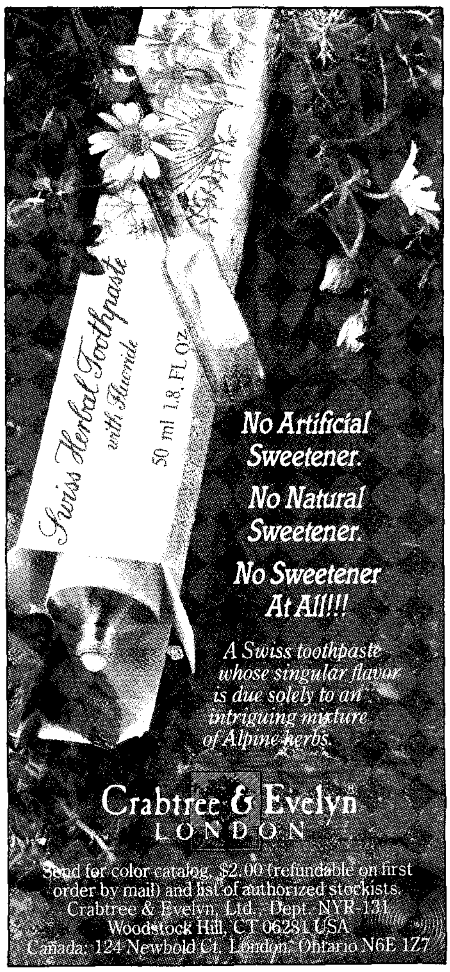

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against the hospital-cost-containment proposal received far more in funds from the A.M.A. than those who voted for it—almost four times as much, according to a study by Common Cause. The A.M.A. has also found another way to help its friends—by hiring pollsters for them. As of September, the A.M.A.'s political-action committee, AMPAC, had spent three hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars to hire pollsters in thirty-six congressional districts.

There are numerous ways besides casting a vote on the House or Senate floor for a member of Congress to show gratitude for a contribution. One, of course, is to cast a vote a certain way in a committee or a subcommittee. Another is to try to block action in a committee or a subcommittee. Another is to cast a vote a certain way on a certain amendment in a subcommittee—or even to refrain from casting a vote—so as to shape a piece of legislation in a certain direction, and then cover one's tracks by voting for approval of the legislation. Still others are to delay a bill until time runs out or to load it up with amendments until it collapses of its own weight. It is not uncommon for a member to say to a colleague, or for a lobbyist to say to a member, "Look, I know you can't be with me on the final bill, but would you do me a favor on this one amendment?" A member may go along out of sheer comradeship, but if he feels an obligation he will try to oblige. The fact that committee meetings (with the exception of those involving national security) are now held in the open—a reform that was adopted in the mid-seventies—has strengthened the lobbyists' hand and reduced the legislators' ability to legislate. The idea was to make the members more accountable for the actions they took in committee, and it was a good one, but it carried a price. The lobbyists used to have to stand around in the corridors and wait to hear about what had happened inside. A member could come out and tell the lobbyist he had done as well as he could for him but couldn't get everything the lobbyist wanted. Members could quietly make trade-offs with each other inside the committee room, where there was at least more of a chance that a member would exercise independent judgment. Now the lobbyists sit right in the committee room, keeping score. Sometimes they even signal to a member how to vote on a certain amendment. During the House-Senate con-

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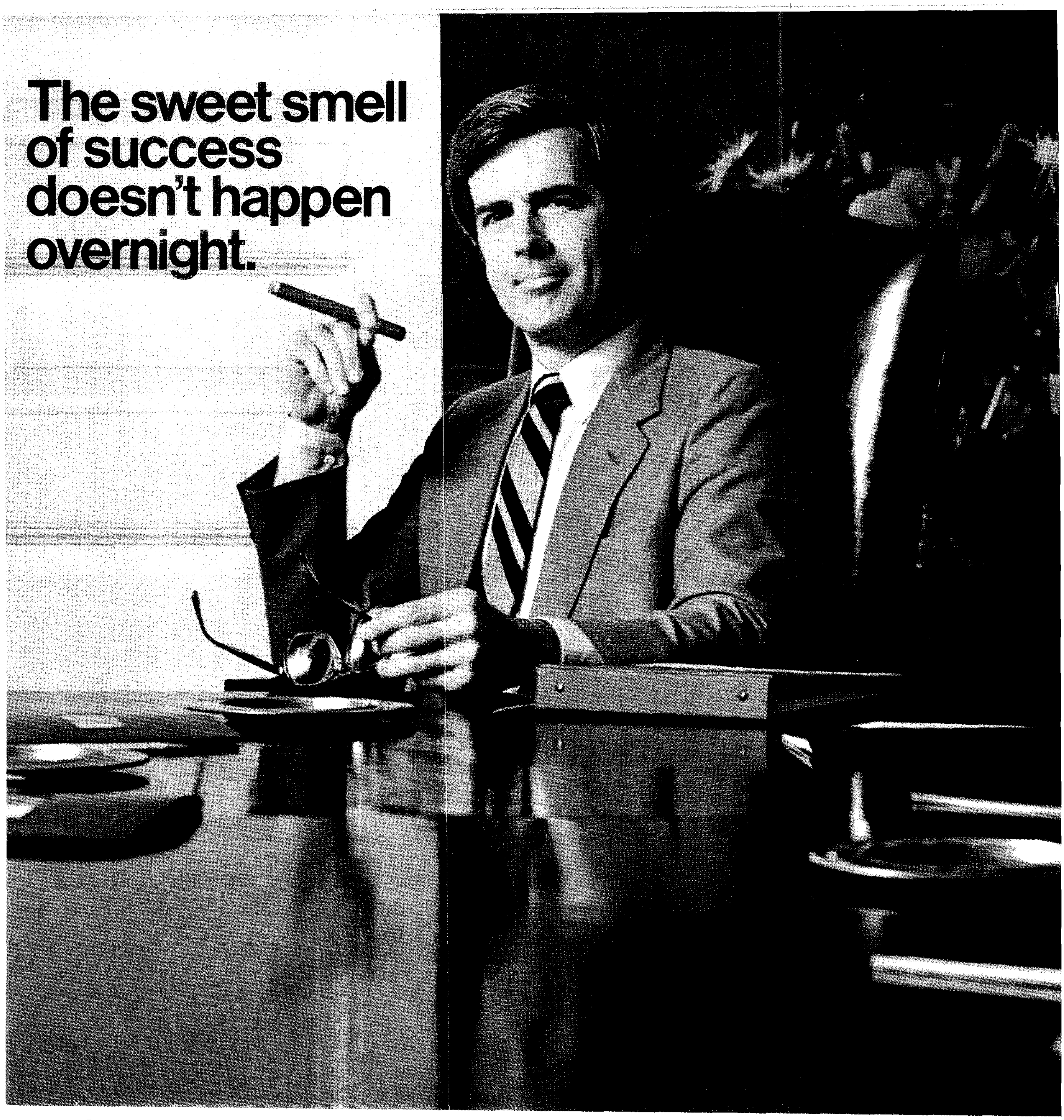

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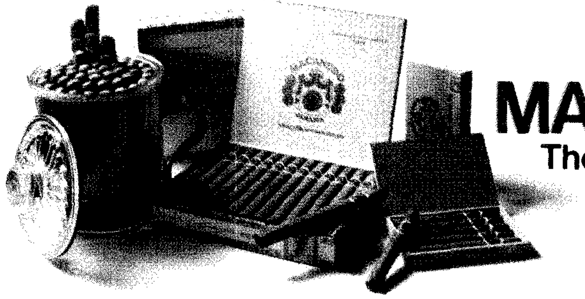

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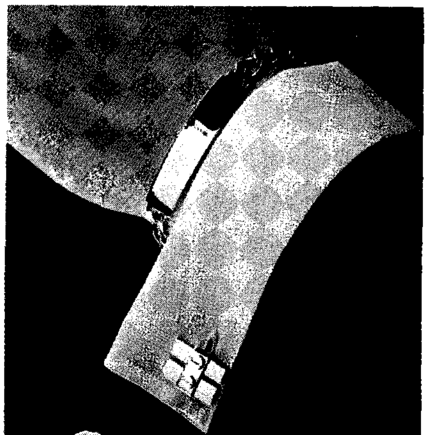

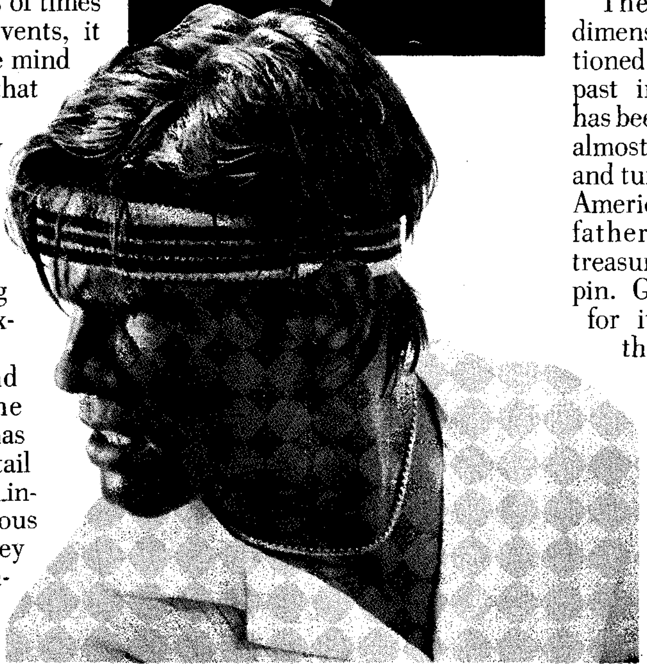

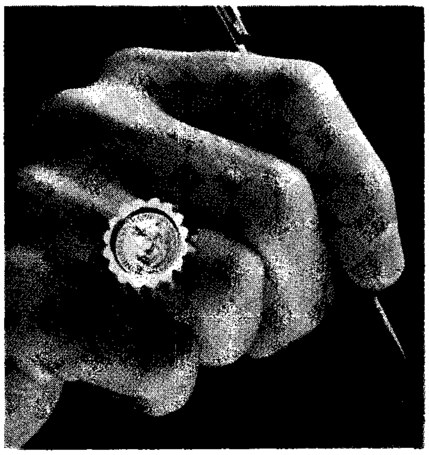

In the fading hour of a summer afternoon, a tennis star hammers out his match-winning volley. The arms go up, the racquet is flung to the sky and as the television cameras move in to capture the scene in close-up and, as tens of millions watch, a bright glint flares from the 14-Karat gold chain he is wearing around his neck.

It is probable that only a fraction of the audience actually noticed this last part but, repeated thousands of times in thousands of sporting events, it does begin to register on the mind and it is the kind of thing that starts trends.

Spurred by its popularity among athletes, entertainers and other male role-models, Karat Gold Jewelry, long considered a province of the distaff side, is rapidly being seen as an elegant way to express masculinity.

Exactly when this trend started is not clear and the strength of this new affinity has not yet been measured, but retail jewelers do report substantial increases in sales over previous years and a nationwide survey by a prominent men's magazine has found that over fifty percent of its readers now favor the wearing of jewelry.

Currently the pieces most preferred by men are neck chains and rings, followed by watches and, in many cases, the newly popular gold coin jewelry. Pendants and ID bracelets are also much admired and many jewelers see a good potential for cuff links.

The psychology behind the phenomenon is still to be fully explained; some articles allude to a "self" syndrome, about which much has been written in recent years; others suggest a simpler "macho" motivation popularized in part by the current Cinema. Leaving this obviously complex analysis to some future psychologist, it can be noted that this appears to be a trend within a trend; the market for men's personal grooming products has grown tremendously, reaching over $1.5 billion by1981, with at least half going to product categories that hardly existed before. The wearing of gold jewelry by men, now widely accepted in business as well as in most levels of society, is certainly a part of this movement.

There is, of course, a historical dimension that should also be mentioned. There have been periods in the past in which gold jewelry for men has been popular. Centuries ago, it was almost exclusively reserved for men, and turning to a more recent era, most Americans can still remember a grandfather or great-grandfather who treasured his gold watch chain or tie pin. Gold's lure, and man's affinity for it, though varying in degrees through the ages, are unquestionably eternal.

Finally, as a generation grown up largely in beads and blue jeans turns to gold and worsteds, one marvels at the degree of commitment to this new fashion on the part of some of the trend setters themselves. Observing the frequent change of pitchers in close-up on television in a recent All-Star baseball game was almost like watching a gold chain fashion show. Meanwhile, major league basketball, a more contact-intensive sport, has even had to prohibit the wearing of jewelry among its players to prevent injuries. Still, at least one player has already threatened to defy this; he plans to wear his ankle bracelets under his socks.

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ference between members of the Ways and Means and Finance Committees on the 1982 tax-increase bill, the large Ways and Means Committee room had an overflow crowd.

THE scramble for money can have two effects: it can propel legislation along that in earlier years would not have seen the light of day, and it can paralyze legislation. A bill that one interest group feels strongly about and has made a substantial investment in, and that encounters no strong countervailing force, has a good chance of being enacted. The overturning of the used-car rule is but one example. On the other hand, if there are strong factions in contention the result can be legislative deadlock. Sometimes this occurs because members strongly committed to one contender or the other cannot reach a compromise. Sometimes it occurs because members courted by both sides would rather not make a decision. A man who has served as a staff member on Capitol Hill for many years said to me as we sat in his office one afternoon this fall, "This is the worst Congress I have ever seen." He said that he had been in a depression over what he had seen. He said, "We have more special-interest legislation; we have more good people sponsoring lousy legislation. The only reason can be their need for and the availability of funds. You have people sponsoring legislation that they really ought not to be sponsoring, in terms of their political anchors. You see them sponsoring changes in antitrust legislation in order to get people to give them money. And they are behaving differently. They are pushier about this bad legislation. Members used to come into committee meetings with open minds, seeking information. The newer members come in already bought, and they are advocates rather than judges."

The special-interest bill that suddenly has some two hundred and eighteen sponsors—most of whom don't have a clue to what is in it—is an increasingly common phenomenon. The staff member said, "Members are less and less willing to be specialists. Now they all want to be generalists—and they know less. And the reason this is happening is that they're being importuned so much by the lobbyists and the PACs. They can no longer say, 'I'm not on that committee. I'll wait to see what that committee says. That's not my bag.' Members used to come to Congress and get expertise in a certain

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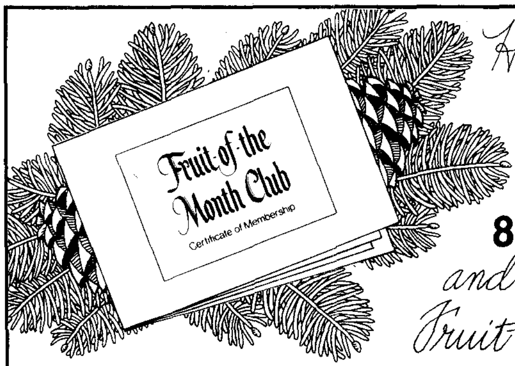

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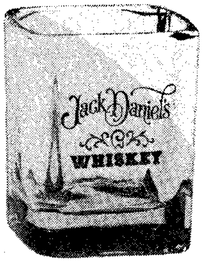

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area, and other members would trust their judgment. They didn't go putting their names on a lot of bills they didn't know anything about and try to ram the bills through, and they didn't try to rewrite bills on the floor. All that's out the window now." Another House aide says, "The most disturbing situation is where the interest group is successful in forcing something through that is never carefully examined and is not understood. In a sense, the interests threaten to displace the committee system." In a sense, the interest groups *have* displaced the congressional committee system: they write the bills and they sign up so many co-sponsors that the committee system is irrelevant.

The Malt Beverage Interbrand Competition Act, a bill that would exempt brewers from anti-trust laws so that distributors could have monopolies on certain brands in certain parts of the country—any bill whose title contains the word "competition" is usually designed to bring about the opposite—had two hundred and eighty-two sponsors in the House and sixty-six sponsors in the Senate. The backing of the brewing industry, and of the National Beer Wholesalers' Association, which formed a political-action committee called SIXPAC, gave the bill a certain attractiveness to members of Congress, despite the fact that it was likely to raise the price of beer. A bill to change the bankruptcy code had two hundred and seventy-nine sponsors in the House. This bill, called the Bankruptcy Improvements Act, would establish a vastly harsher system of treating individuals who have declared bankruptcy. The approach has been rejected by Congress many times, and was rejected by a Presidential commission in 1972, but in the Ninety-seventh Congress it came within range of passing. Nearly a million dollars was contributed by interested groups. Among the powerful groups behind it are banks, credit unions, finance companies, savings-and-loan institutions, and some large retail chains, including Sears, Roebuck.

On the other hand, political-action-committee money was helpful in getting Congress to block a proposal by the Reagan Administration to impose a user fee—of up to twelve cents—on commodity-trade transactions. The fee would pay most of the costs of the federal Commodity Futures Trading Commission; a similar fee on securities transactions helps pay the costs of the

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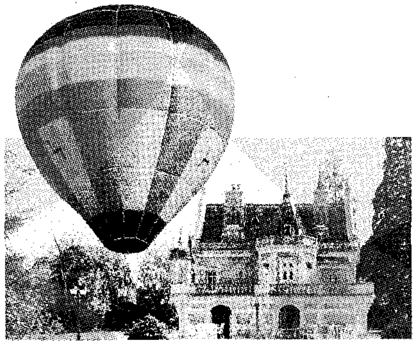

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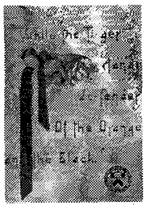

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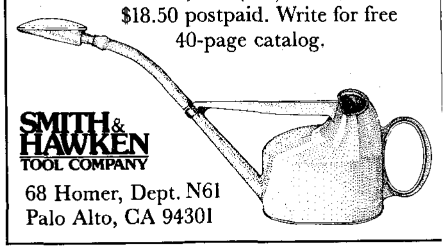

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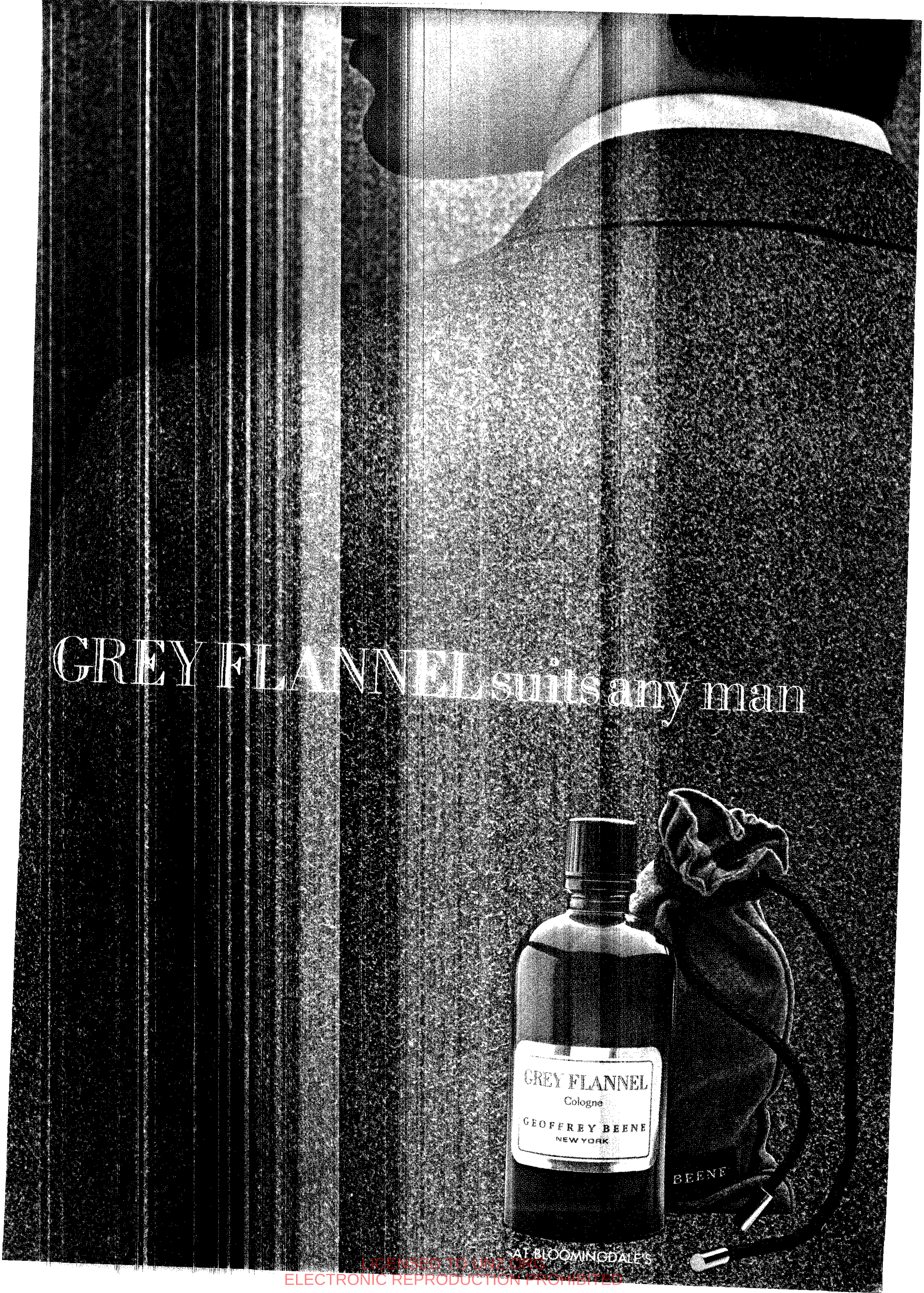
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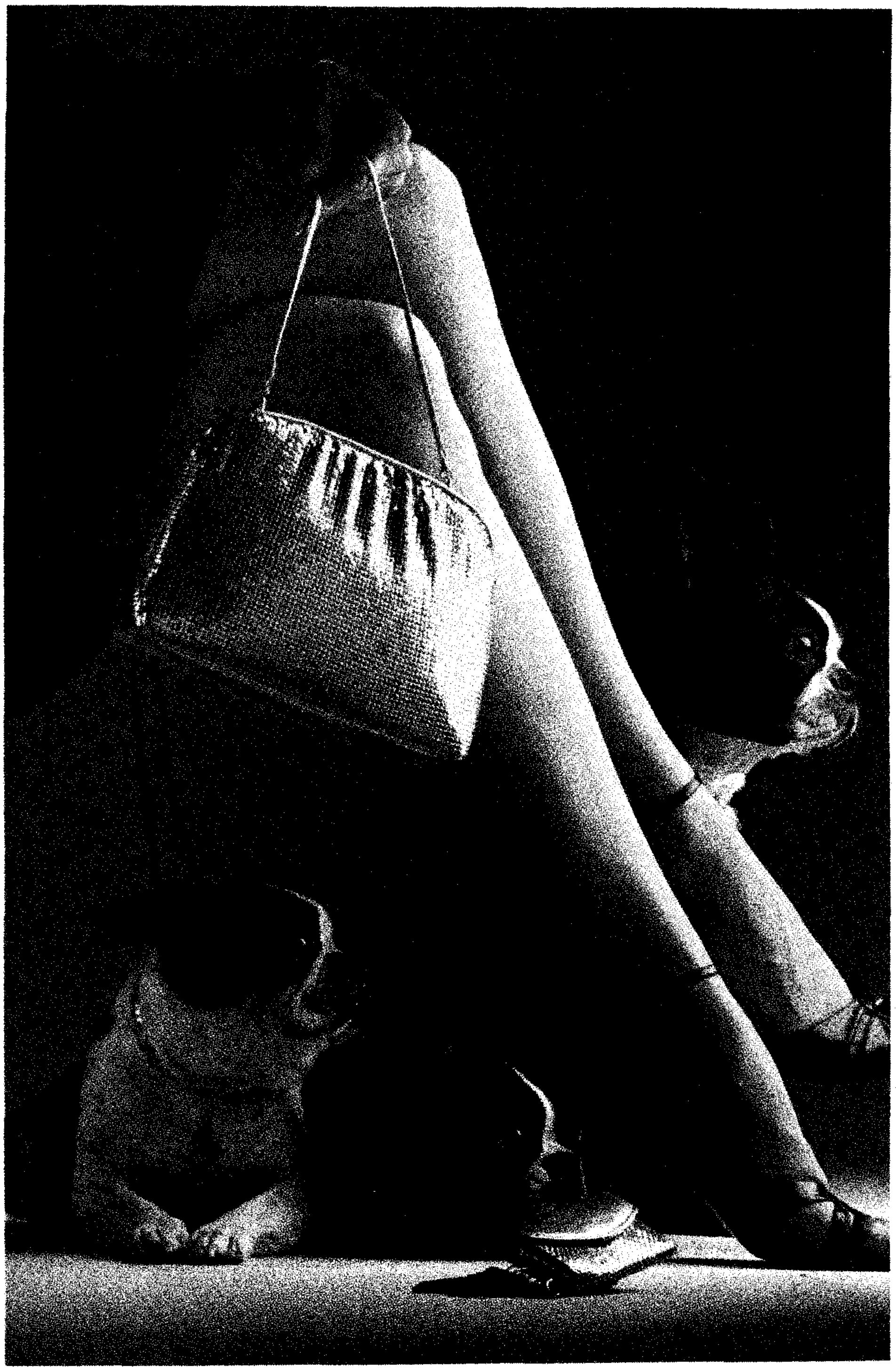

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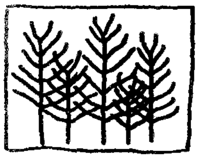
Securities and Exchange Commission. The Commodity Commission, which is now largely financed from general revenue, was scheduled to cost twenty-four million dollars in the fiscal year 1983. By June of 1982, the interested parties (except for the taxpayers)—the Chicago Board of Trade, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, and the Commodity Exchange of New York—had distributed more than three hundred and forty thousand dollars to Senate and House candidates, the *Wall Street Journal* reported, and had five hundred and thirty thousand more to distribute before the November elections. According to the *Journal*, donations were given to all but three members of the House Agriculture Committee, which rejected the fee proposal, and to two-thirds of the Senate Agriculture Committee, which also rejected it. When Senator William Roth, Republican of Delaware, offered it on the Senate floor, it was defeated by a vote of sixty-six to twenty-seven.

Among the more favored recipients were Senators Richard Lugar, Republican of Indiana (fifteen thousand dollars), and Donald Riegle, Democrat of Michigan (eight thousand dollars), both of whom were up for reëlection in 1982. (Lugar is the chairman of the subcommittee that rejected the fee proposal.) On the House side, Representative Marty Russo, Democrat of Illinois, who had tried (unsuccessfully) to help commodities traders retain favored tax treatment (the "butterfly straddle"—a complicated tax maneuver used to get artificial tax losses), received nine thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. Thomas Foley, of Washington, the econd-ranking Democrat on the House Agriculture Committee, who frequently has tight reëlection races, eceived six thousand eight hundred dollars. Foley is also the House Majority Whip. Jim Wright, he House Majority Leader, received ix thousand dollars. Tony Coelho eceived four thousand dollars. Moreover, Robert Dole, who is the second-ranking Republican on the Sente Agriculture Committee as well as hairman of the Finance Committee, received ten thousand dollars for his political-action committee, Camaign America.



Some pieces of legislation have strong contending forces on both sides, nd every lawyer-lobbyist in Washington seems to have been signed up by one side or the other. One lawyer-lobbyist says, "That's why the legislators are paralyzed on some of the issues. They just don't want to make a decision if they can avoid it." A piece of legislation that led to what became known as the Lobbyists' Superbowl involved the liability of companies found to have violated the anti-trust laws—an issue involving hundreds of millions of dollars. According to the lawyer-lobbyist, "That bill probably isn't going anywhere, because the lobbyists have paralyzed the members." Another example is the argument over whether royalties should be paid for the home taping of televised movies and programs and of records. The battle pits the movie, television, and record industries against the Sony Corporation and other manufacturers of videotaping machines and the distributors of videotapes. The list of the lobbyists involved reads like a *Who's Who* of Washington lobbyists, and includes several former members of the House and Senate, two former chairmen of the Federal Communications Commission, and, inevitably, Robert Strauss, Thomas Boggs, and J. D. Williams. This one finds Eizenstat, his former White House deputy, David Rubenstein, and Thomas Boggs and Charles Ferris on the side of the manufacturers, and Strauss, Williams, Jack Valenti, and Dean Burch (like Ferris, a former F.C.C. chairman) on the side of the entertainment industry. Also on this side are Robert Gray, who was formerly of Hill & Knowlton, the public-relations firm, and was co-chairman of Reagan's Inauguration; and Anne Wexler, who handled liaison with outside groups for the Carter Administration and subsequently began her own lobbying firm. Obviously, most of these people could reach out for reinforcement to major fund raisers. The movie industry is especially interested in the issue, of course, and it seems that no one is more interested than Lew Wasserman, the head of MCA. After one senator seeking reëlection made the trek to California in search of funds, and Lew Wasserman was helpful, the senator suddenly expressed interest in the charging of royalties for taping films. "The turnaround time was very short," says one of his fellow-senators. "He was barely off the plane." One lobbyist said to me last fall, "If both Strauss and Boggs have held fund-raisers for a senator who is up for re-

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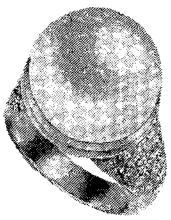

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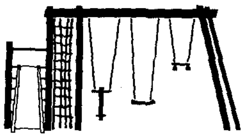

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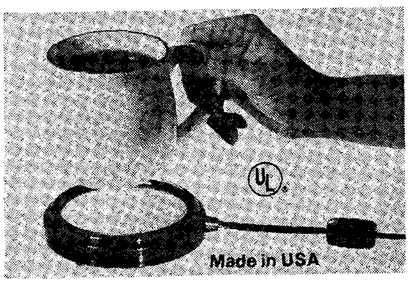

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election, you get the classic result—the senator is undecided." The lobbyist added, "For not all that much money, members get frozen. In the end, if it comes to a vote they'll cast a vote, but they would certainly prefer not to do so before the election." He added, "When issues are not issues of conscience—and most of them are not—and their district or state doesn't have a clear interest, if you raise enough money you can keep them from doing anything."

Mike Synar, a thirty-two-year-old Democratic representative from Oklahoma, a moderate, and a member of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, said to me one afternoon this fall, "The Commerce Committee hasn't passed a major bill in two years. You have some very fine examples of paralysis there." He offered as examples what happened with the Clean Air Act and the telecommunications bill. In the case of the Clean Air Act, part of which was due to expire in December of 1982, he said, "The stalemate has been caused fifty per cent by industry and fifty per cent by environmentalists. Congressmen on the committee said, 'Hey, do we really have to act on this this year?' It's a total mess, and very frustrating." The stalling on the telecommunications bill was largely the work of A.T. & T., which managed to get it filibustered while conducting a lobbying campaign against it. Synar, who himself refuses to take money from PACs, added, "We have three problems. Most of us are physically and intellectually exhausted from doing the work here and running home most weekends to campaign, so you have a tired Congress that can't concentrate. Second, starting early this year members didn't want to deal with anything with tough economic interests involved, because they had to raise PAC money and didn't want to make any PACs mad. So Congress was red meat before the special interests. They could go to members and say, 'You don't have to deal with that this year.' Third, you get PACs fighting PACs, so it is just easier to do nothing." He concluded, "Tell me something major we've done in the last two years, other than vote on budgets and taxes. It's bad, it's really bad."

ONE device increasingly used for steering money toward—or, more important, against—a candidate is the report card. The report card has become a major source of anxiety

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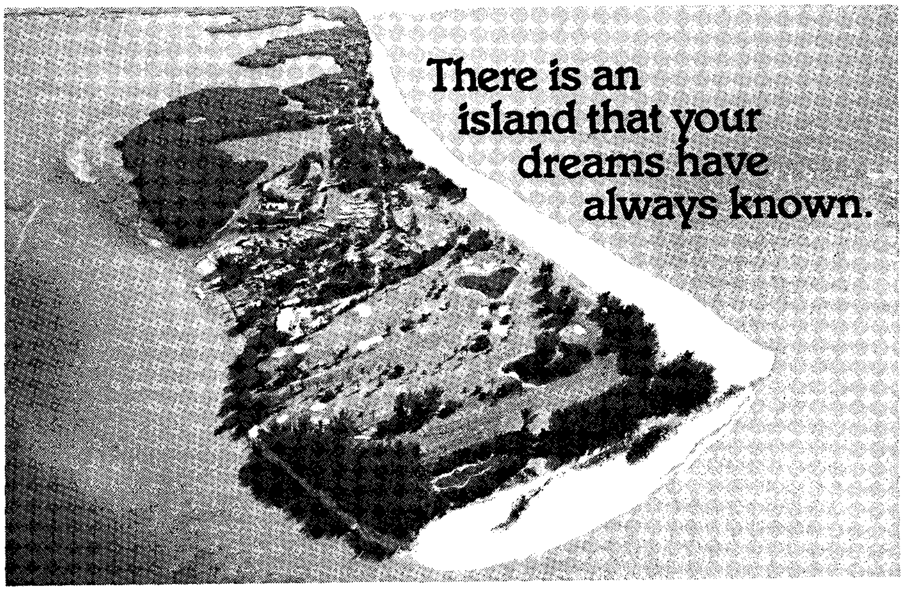

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among the politicians, and is yet another blow to the political process. An interest group keeps score on certain roll-call votes—even sees to it that issues arise in a form that it can keep score on—and then sends out mailings showing who voted "wrong," and raising money against them. Moreover, the meaning of the vote is often distorted. David Obey says, "You get two kinds of money in politics. Sometimes people feel that if they can buy you early they'll be in good shape after you get here. The other is that if they agree with you they'll try to keep you here, and if they don't they'll try to bounce you out. Today, we have the situation where there are threats based on individual votes. Ten thousand dollars may come in against you from one group because of a single vote." He also says, "Voters have less and les ability to understand what the over-all record is, and what the individual legislator is doing to and for them because you have all these message beamed at them on individual issues So the center can't hold. We all know that certain roll calls are staged—an this process adds to the fragmentation These groups devour you. Representa tives used to think that if they did thei job and represented their districts pret ty well they'd be all right. Now the know that overnight fifty to a hundre thousand dollars can move into thei districts against them." Among th groups that get out report cards is th National Federation of Independen Business, one of the organizations tha work closely with the Republica Party leadership. The N.F.I.B. is ru by James McKevitt, a former Republi can representative from Colorad The N.F.I.B. scorecard rated Hous members on four roll-call votes i 1981, all of them related to support o Reagan's economic program. Syna says, "The N.F.I.B. gave me a zer rating—for four votes, out of *all* th votes I cast last year." One hundre Democrats complained to the N.F.I. that these votes hardly constituted test of support for small business, an that the Democratic tax and budg proposals would have been more bene ficial to it. Synar says, "All tho Main Street people know is that I ra a zero. The Independent Petroleu Association of America also gave me zero—on the basis of two votes. helped get them a provision in t Democratic tax-cut bill, but because didn't vote for the President's bil which had the identical provision in i and because of a vote on a procedur matter on the tax bill, I got a zero." This was the oil provision that was part of the bidding war. Synar concluded, "So I'm competing against the special interests, not the Republican Party." The tradition of interest groups' rating members' voting records is an old one, but the ratings by such groups as Americans for Democratic Action, COPE, the National Association of Businessmen, and Americans for Constitutional Action are based on a broad sample of issues. What is new is scorecards based on a very few votes, sometimes deliberately staged and then misinterpreted. Moreover, it is not just conservative groups that use scorecards on specific subjects as instruments of attack. One environmental group, Environmental Action, used to proclaim the congressmen who had done worst by its standards the "Dirty Dozen." The National Organization for Women planned to spend one and a half million dollars in the 1982 election, based not on a scorecard but on a set of specific issues, including economic issues as well as the abortion issue and the Equal Rights Amendment. A new group called PeacePAC planned to spend against congressmen on the basis of their votes on the use of chemical weapons, the MX, and the nuclear freeze.

The National Association of Realtors uses the report card in a novel, and highly controversial, way. It rates members not simply on how they vote but on presumed implications—in terms of jobs lost, the inflation rate, and so on—of their votes. The roll calls that are selected favor Republicans, and several have little noticeable relation to housing. The Realtors also subject Congressional candidates to a questionnaire, forcing them to commit themselves on issues before they get to Congress. The Realtors' other device for wielding influence is money—enormous amounts of money. The Realtors distributed $1.6 million n 1980 (compared to six thousand seven hundred dollars ten years earier). By mid-October of 1982, the Realtors Association had contributed $2.2 million, making it the largest spender of the PACs. The Realtors were also planning to spend three and a half million or so in state elections. A number of PACs, like the national party committees, establish state funds, which can use corporate—soft—money. The Realtors' main interest has been in supporting the Reagan Administration's moves to cut the budget

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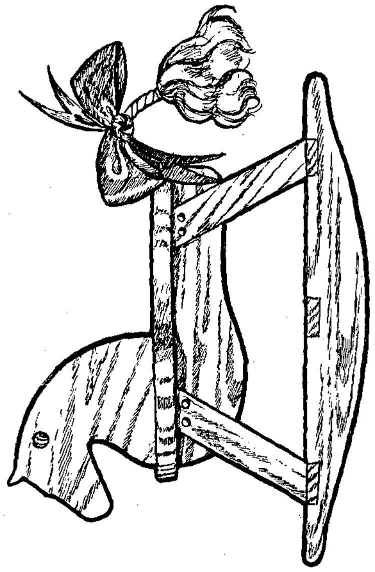

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and bring down interest rates. The association did not, however, let philosophy get in the way of its own interests in the case of the 1982 tax-increase bill. It succeeded, along with the Direct Selling Association, with which it is allied in NAFAPAC, in getting its members exempted from provisions in the bill that would have treated them as employees for the purposes of withholdings and Social Security. While the thrust of the 1982 tax-increase bill was to speed up and tighten up the collection of taxes, realtors and direct sellers were exempted from any such provisions. Having won their exemption, the Realtors supported the 1982 tax bill, and helped the White House get it passed. Richard Thaxton, the Realtors' vice-president for political affairs, told me that his organization planned to be involved in three hundred and fifty congressional races in 1982—which covers a lot of ground. But the participation would be of different orders of enthusiasm. The obligatory contribution—of five thousand dollars—was made to the worry-free Rostenkowski. But most of the money goes to conservatives. A contribution of five thousand dollars was made to Representative Kent Hance, Democrat of Texas, even though he had no real election problem; Hance had been a key figure in putting together the conservative coalition that got the President's budget through the House. Then, there are other reasons for the Realtors' contributing. Thaxton says, "We go to an awful lot of receptions. We look at that as access money: 'We know you're there and casting votes, and we'd like to be able to talk to you.' Then, there are the races where we'll give a thousand dollars or more. Thirty per cent of our money will go to Democrats and seventy per cent to Republicans. But in terms of the numbers we give to, it's fifty-fifty, because the Democrats control the House and we go to a lot of two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar receptions. I can legitimately say to my Democratic friends that fifty per cent of our giving is to Democrats, and I can legitimately say to my Republican friends that seventy per cent of our money goes to Republicans. It's two different questions."

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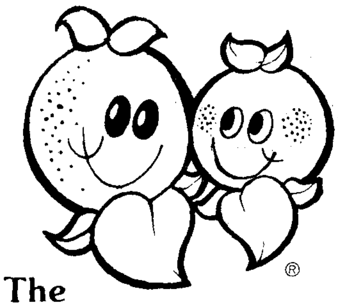

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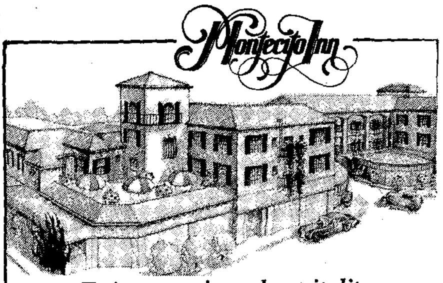

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the arms race. A candidate feels compelled to spend so much money because his opponent is spending so much, or might spend so much, or groups intent on his defeat might spend so much. Of course, the costs of the components of campaigns—polling, consultants, direct mail, and, most of all, television time—have risen; but the sum total of what is spent on campaigns has risen because the political system as it now functions has allowed, even encouraged, it to. A candidate for office doesn't set out to spend a half million or a million dollars for the sheer joy of it; he does it because he fears the consequences of not doing it. And unless he is independently wealthy he has to raise that money—or be more vulnerable to defeat. It is not accidental that the number of independently wealthy people entering politics is rising. And the quest for money has distended and distorted the political system to the point where it bears little resemblance to what it was supposed to be.

A candidate entering politics now must systematically make the rounds of the interest groups and win their approval, and their money, by declaring himself, usually in very specific terms, n favor of the legislative goals they seek. He is therefore imprisoned before he ever reaches Congress. Once there, he must worry about maintaining the groups' support or about finding other groups to support him or about casting some vote that might cause monetary retaliation. He must measure every acion in terms of what the financial consequences to himself might be. The difference between that and corruption s unclear.

An argument is sometimes made hat since everyone is in the game—ince all the interests are raising and distributing money—it all evens out n the end. But, for one thing, the premise is not true. As Robert Dole ays, "there aren't any Poor PACs or Food Stamp PACs or Nutrition PACs or Medicare PACs." Moreover, comparions between spending by business and by labor are misleading, because often business is fighting business, and someimes, as in the case of a weapons sysem (the B-1 bomber), business and abor are on the same side. Senator Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas, ays, "You can't have a sensible debate bout how much is enough for defense when those PACs are contributing so much. The decisions aren't based on what the likely mission of the Penagon is going to be." And, even if the

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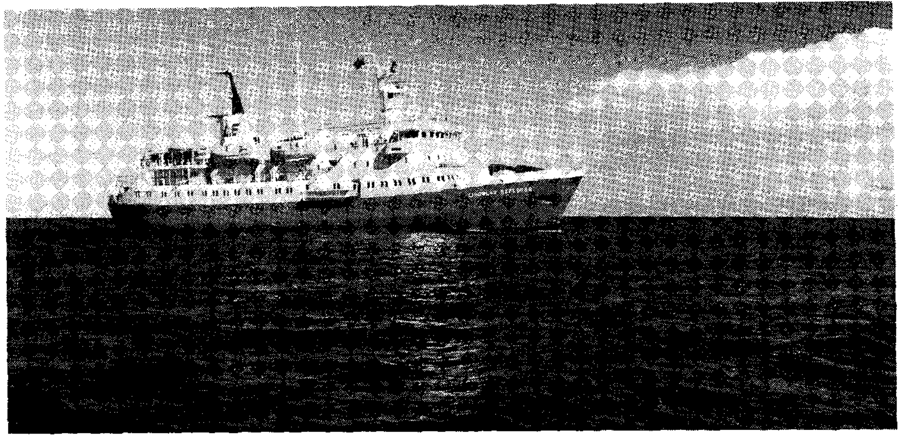

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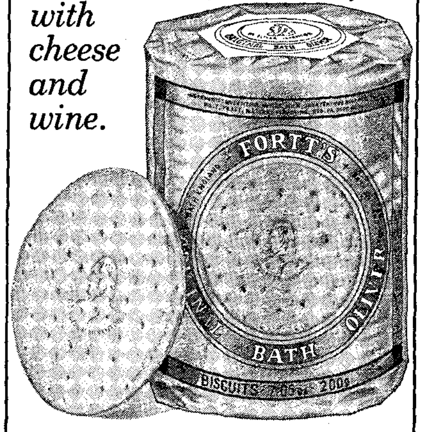

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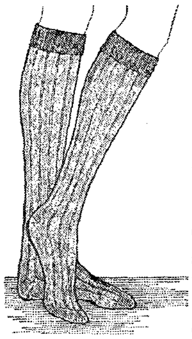
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premise were true, the logical conclusion of the argument that there is no problem because everyone is in on the game is that the political system should go to the highest bidder.

The point about everyone being in the game also lacks relevance because, irrespective of who is winning or losing, the real problem is what the system does to the politicians. We now have a system in which even the best-intentioned politicians get caught up in either actual or apparent conflicts of interest, in which it is difficult to avoid in effect selling votes for campaign contributions. We have a system in which even the best people do these things, not because they want to but because they are trapped. After every election, we get analyses showing that not everyone who spends more money wins. Of course not; there are numerous factors in a campaign, ranging from the state of the economy to what might be termed the "jerk factor"—having to do with the quality of the candidates. But money can make the difference in what would otherwise be a close race.

Politicians on Capitol Hill have a little joke that goes, "I'm a man of principle. Once I'm bought, I stay bought." It is a fact that special-interest money as a percentage of campaign funds has grown. Increasingly, the shape and nature of our politics is being determined by the interests that have the money to contribute and the technicians who instruct the candidates in how to raise it and use it. Increasingly, the question of who gets funds is a decision made within Washington, by people who have an eye on some piece of the national agenda. The young lawyer-lobbyist says, "The interests run this city; everyone knows it." A member of Congress says, "The lobbyists set the national agenda." Some of the interest groups talk about how their political decisions are made at the "grass roots," but of course that, for the most part, is nonsense. Their Washington representatives are paid to monitor, and try to influence, the behavior of the politicians in Washington. Politicians are forced to respond less and less to their constituents and more and more to the interests with the money. The money flows into a district or a state at the direction of interests that have little or nothing to do with the area. Campaigns are increasingly centralized in Washington by the technicians and the money men. The more money that is involved in the political process, the

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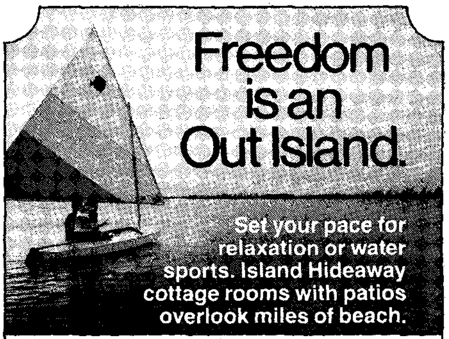
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more important the technological decisions become, and, in a circular way, the more important money becomes. One lobbyist says that the role of money is what has led to so many "plastic politicians"—politicians groomed for the television age (sometimes known as the "blow-dried politicians"), whose beliefs are malleable. The Democratic pollster Patrick Caddell says, "What worries me is what technology—the pollsters and the technicians—has done to the system. We pick the candidates, and we say what works on television. We're the arbitrators. We say what fits the mold, and we reject the mavericks."

It is the role of money that has given us, increasingly, politicians who are exhausted, who can't think clearly, who don't think about broad questions—don't have the time, even if they have the inclination, to do so. Who don't lead. The Burkean ideal—the ideal of the politician leading his constituents, rather than simply reacting to "the convenience of the hour"—is not just diminishing as a factor in our politics; it has almost disappeared. The role of money has delivered us into the special-interest state. As Jim Leach, the Republican congressman from Iowa, says, we have "a breakdown of constitutional democracy, which is supposed to be based upon citizen access and constituency access." Dale Bumpers says, "Money is the number-one political problem our country is facing. I know that money distorts the democratic process." There are things that can be done to help restore the process to its original purpose, and they will be gone into later. First, we have to decide whether we want to try to restore the political process to its original purpose.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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105. THE UNIVERSE AND HUMANITY: ORIGIN AND DESTINY (3) I II Formation and evolution of the Universe, the solar system, and life; events which led to our existence; where we may be going. Field trip.—*Catalogue of the University of Arizona.*

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•

But, to quote a phrase that was magic when Shakespeare conceived it, and is now a cliche, they have all suffered a sea of change.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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THE ART WORLD

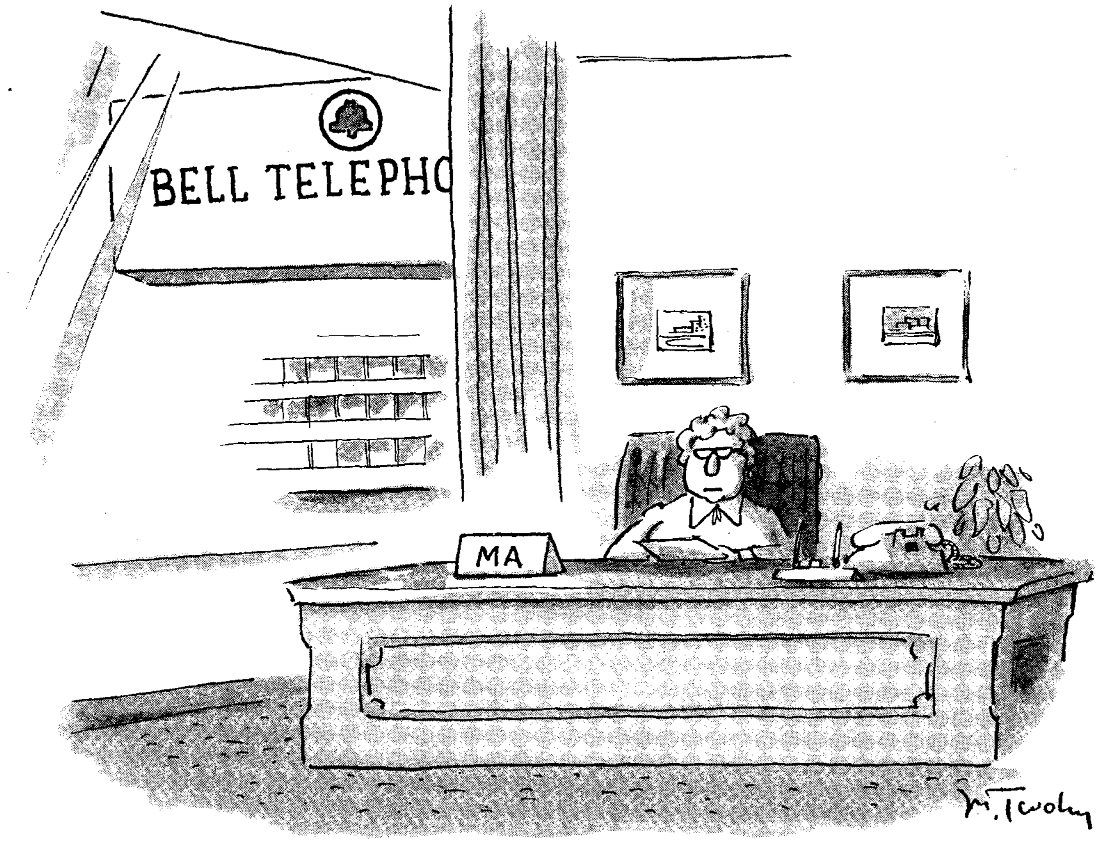
Looking for the Zeitgeist

THE optimism of the art trade this season rivals that of the stock market. Business is good, most dealers tell you. Not quite as good as it was in 1980-81, the annus mirabilis, but better than last year. Auction prices are up again, after last season's decline—and in spite of the much publicized financial cutbacks that obliged Sotheby Parke Bernet to give up its Madison Avenue address and move its headquarters to York Avenue and Seventy-second Street. Interestingly, sales of contemporary art at auction did not share in the 1981-82 decline, and the private market for recent work, though it is selective, continues to rise. Young artists who used to dream of becoming famous, if not rich, now talk openly of doing both, and they are ready to move on to different galleries if progress proves slow.

Precious few ever become rich or famous, needless to say, but more and more of them are trying. In its current "Guide to Galleries, Museums, Artists," the magazine *Art in America* lists some fourteen thousand artists in this country, each with his or her gallery affiliation. Assuming that for every artist who has a gallery there are at least twenty who want one, it appears that the profession is getting a little crowded. What are we to do with all these artists, with all this art? Teaching jobs in the fine arts are even harder to come by these days than gallery affiliations. Works of art must be piling up throughout the republic in dangerous profusion, unsold and unseen, radiating a half life of blighted ambitions. As America's industrial productivity declines, its aesthetic output soars. And yet, with all the furious activity in the studios and the galleries, the impression persists that this is not an especially productive period in art.

There is plenty of excited art talk, much of it centering on the new, figurative expressionism that has achieved prominence and high prices internationally during the last two years. The huge "Zeitgeist" exhibition now on view in Berlin (through January 16th) is dominated by the neo-expressionist Germans (A. R. Penck, Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, K. H. Hödicke, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Helmut Middendorf, Sigmar Polke, Salomé), Italians (Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, Mimmo Paladino, Pierpaolo Calzolari), and Americans (Jonathan Borofsky, Malcolm Morley, Susan Rothenberg, David Salle, Julian Schnabel) who together represent, according to the exhibition's organizers, the spirit of our time. Maybe so. In New York, where Julian Schnabel's recent show at the Mary Boone Gallery drew mixed reviews, the neo-expressionist wave already gives some signs of receding. Schnabel has left himself vulnerable to criticism on other than aesthetic grounds, to be sure. His enthusiastic collaboration with the public-relations process that helped to create his sudden fame probably insured a backlash. The paintings in his last show seemed forced and unconvincing to me, nevertheless, and the fact that three of the largest had been painted *in situ*, with splatters of pigment on the gallery walls and floor to prove it, suggested only that the artist is a young man in too great a hurry.

A lot of new work shown so far this season gives a similar impression of haste and straining after effect. It is more exhibitionist than expressionist. Thicker impastos, more garish color, heavier and cruder black outlines clamor for attention in the galleries, and even more in the non-profit "alternative spaces," where young artists hope to catch the eye of dealers or vanguard collectors, and where many of them appear to believe that nothing exceeds like excess. Ivan Karp, who runs the O. K. Harris gallery, in SoHo, looks at more new work than any other dealer in town, and he says that in the last year or so about thirty per cent of what he has seen has been expressionist and figurative. None of this work surfaces at O. K. Harris, because Karp finds most of it "technically inept"—a judgment he also applies to the German and Italian and American neo-expressionists who have lately been getting such wide exposure. In the early sixties, Karp was associated with the Leo Castelli Gallery, where he took an active part in the successful début of Pop Art. One of the first dealers to open a gallery in SoHo—in 1969—he made O. K. Harris a springboard for Photo-Realist painting and sculpture and several other trends, some notably short-lived. His view



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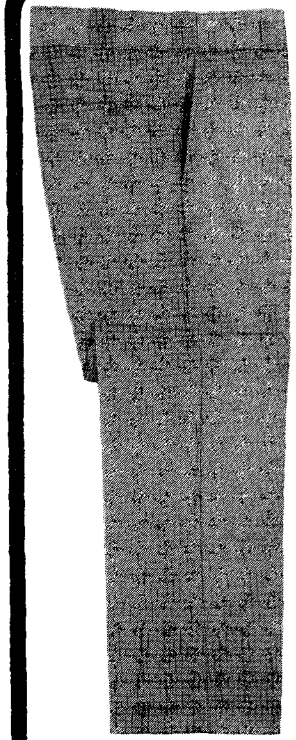

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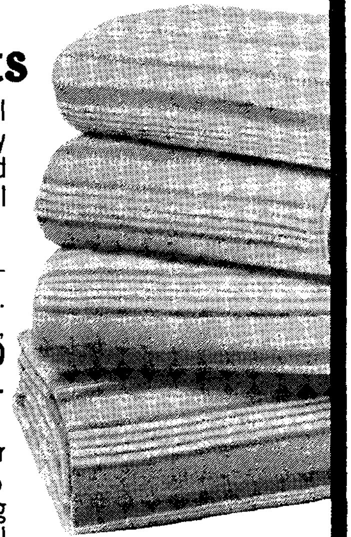

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is that neo-expressionism will have no more staying power than pattern painting, the hot ticket of two years ago. Karp gives it "about eighteen months."

Several established critics think otherwise. Hilton Kramer, the former chief critic for the *Times*, views the new expressionism as the most significant shift in aesthetic sensibility since Pop Art. Mr. Kramer has not liked much of the art of his time, and in an essay for the "Zeitgeist" exhibition catalogue he says why. For nearly twenty years, "art seemed to have lost its capacity to pay attention to the world it occupied," he writes. "The experience of the sixties and the changes it effected—in family life, in the relation of the sexes, in clothes and work and education and religion—were declared off limits as far as painting was concerned. An intolerable tension was created between art and life." This amazing statement (does he really think Pop Art paid no attention to the world it occupied?) sheds an interesting light on Mr. Kramer's aesthetic expectations. It also makes me think that he must have access to an undisclosed body of work by the neo-expressionists, who, he goes on to say, "were clearly determined to put everything in" that their predecessors had left out. The neo-expressionist work I have seen, both European and American, offers many images having to do with sex, death, war, and urban nightmares but none at all depicting school, church, or family life.

Does the new expressionism convey the spirit of our time? My guess is that it does not. The German Expressionist movement of the years before and after the First World War, which the current movement draws upon for legitimacy, achieved much of its power as a result of certain shared ideals that went beyond individual emotion. Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Erich Heckel, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, and others of that generation saw their art as a means of combatting the individual's alienation from industrial society. The "world within" that they painted was not a private fantasy but a place where those of similar spirit might find nourishment. In the current version, private fantasies carry the load. Oneiric states are transcribed in lurid color and on a large scale—most of the new expressionist paintings are huge—and with the impetuosity suggested by loose and careless paint handling. The effect is often impressive at first viewing, in the way that any work, painting or sculp-

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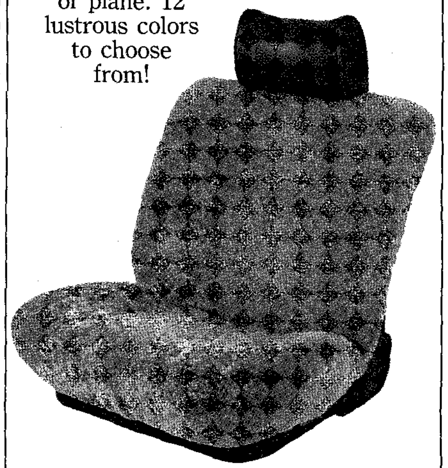

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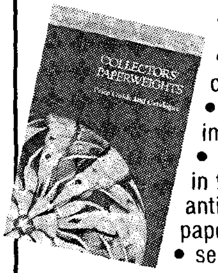

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ture, tends to be impressive when it is larger than the viewer. But there is an emptiness at the core, an absence of real emotion, that discourages second looks. With the Germans, especially, I often have the sense of being yelled at.

Looking for the zeitgeist is a fine occupation for museum curators, of course, and for the new genus of roving international exhibition organizers, who sometimes seem to consider themselves the master artists of our epoch, using works of art as their raw material. Certain historical periods simply do not have a zeitgeist, though, and I suspect that this is one of them. Pluralism continues to rule out the imposition of a dominant style here. At the Whitney Museum this fall, a major retrospective of Milton Avery's paintings, on the fourth floor, was wonderfully complemented by a show of Joel Shapiro's small-scale sculptures, on the second—two artists of different generations (Avery was born in 1893, Shapiro in 1941) whose strength shows in their ability to refine from limited subject matter an intensely concentrated response to the visual world. What excitement there has been so far in the galleries has come from artists exploring familiar terrain: Reuben Nakian, the eighty-five-year-old wunderkind, with his ebullient sculptures, ceramics, and drawings, all on themes from classical mythology, at the Marlborough Gallery; Brice Marden's austerely beautiful Minimalist paintings and drawings at the Pace Gallery; Frank Stella's latest wall reliefs at Leo Castelli's—constructed, I am told, largely from pieces left over from his earlier aluminum cutouts, and, if so, the most effective scrap-recycling program of the year. The "spirit" of the eighties burned as brightly in these widely dissimilar shows, I'd imagine, as it does in Berlin. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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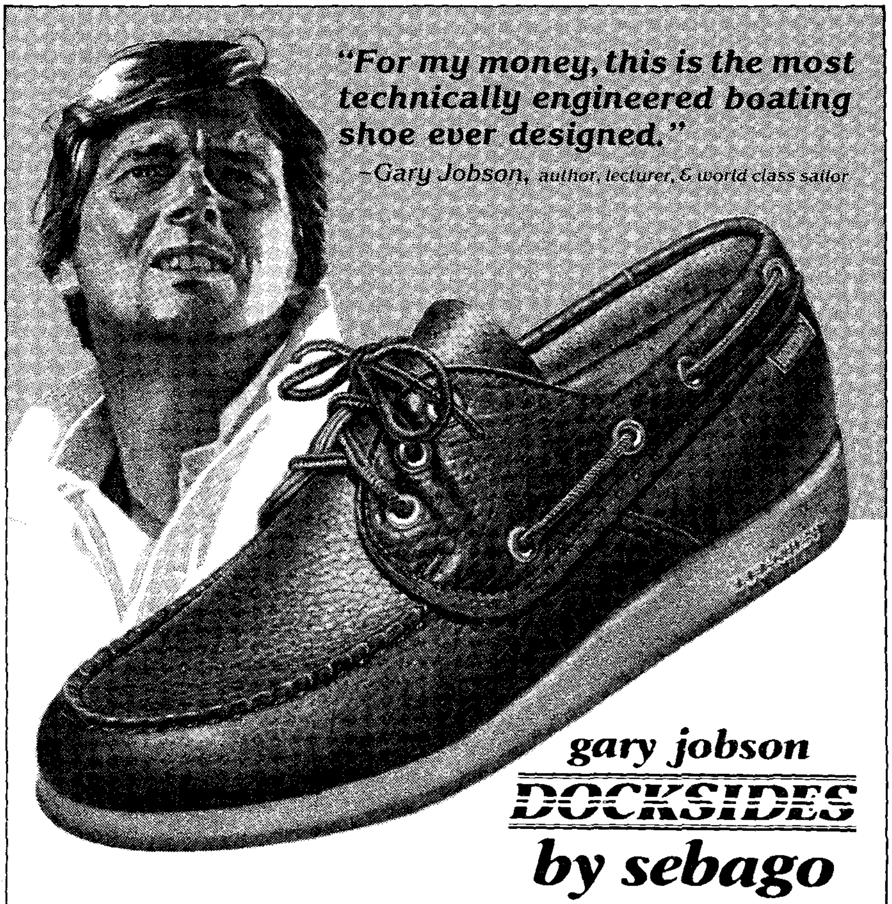
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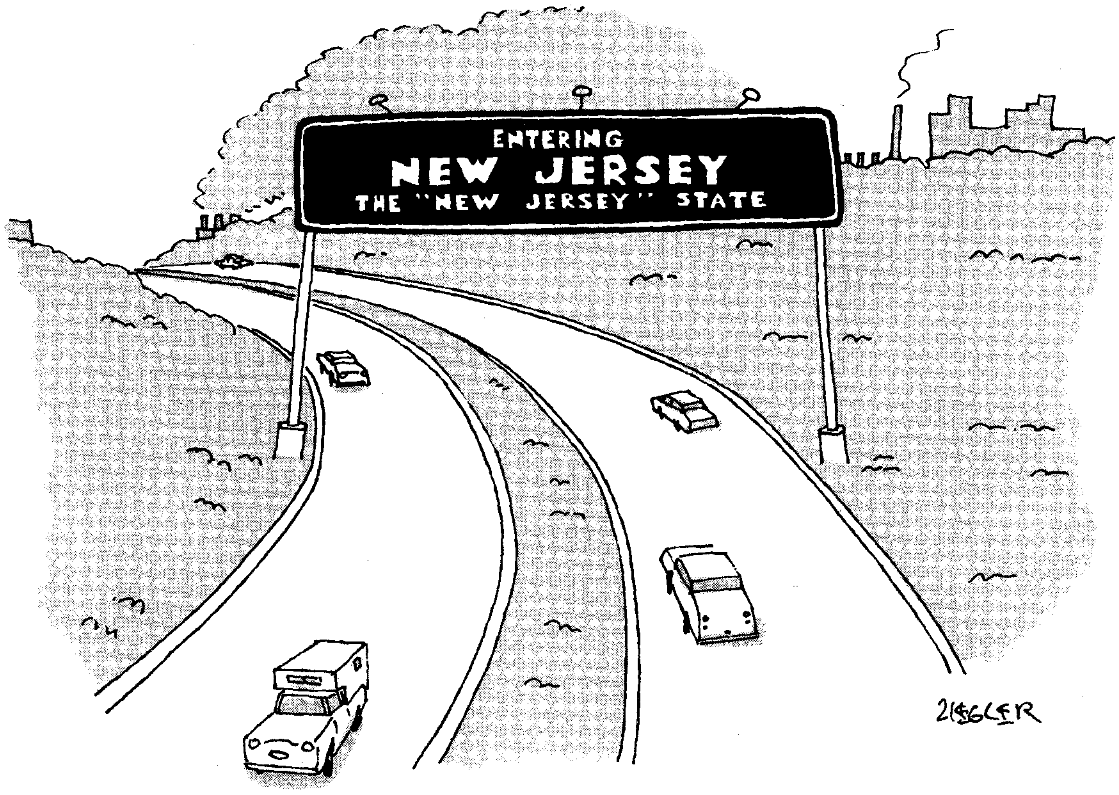
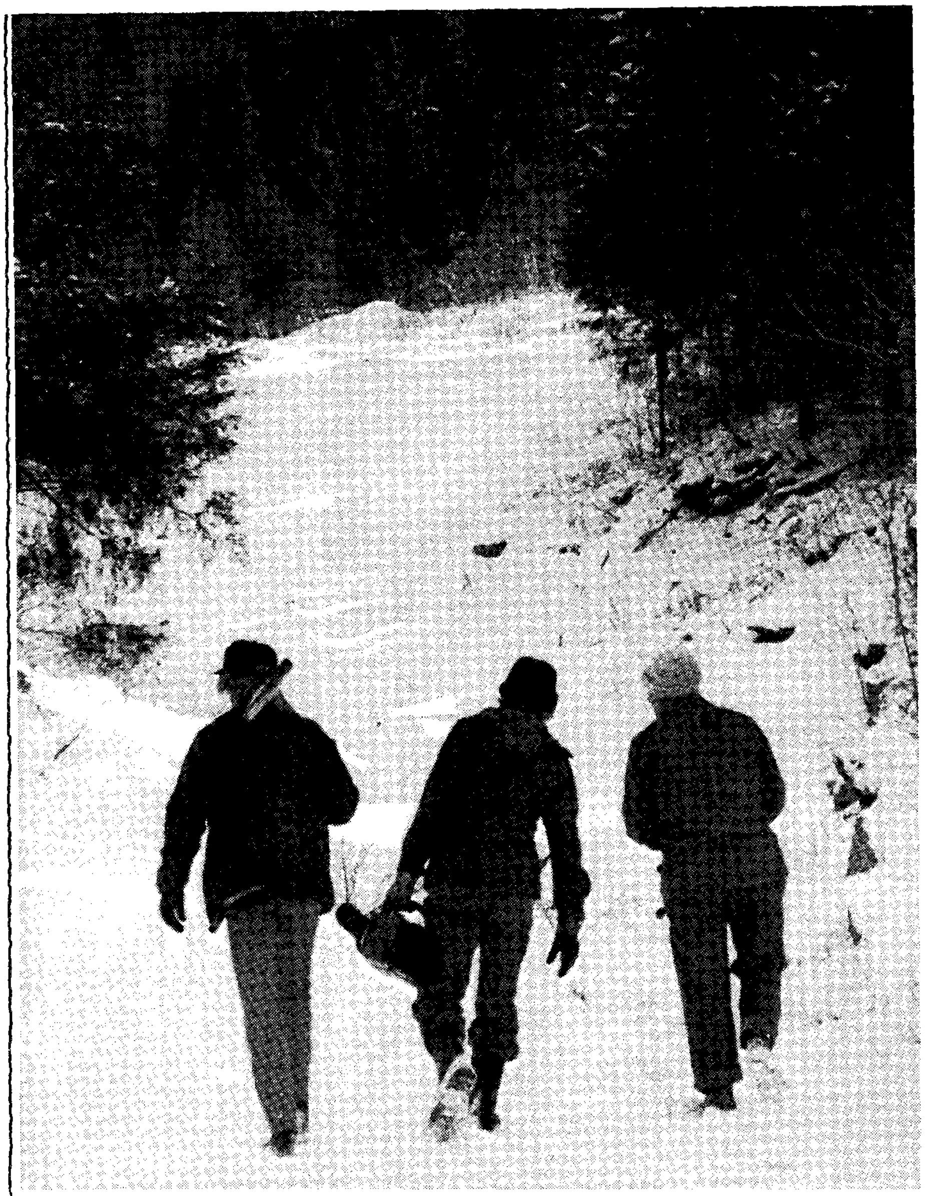
The most conspicuous examples of American wares are in the field of crafts, which have come a long way since the pottery and macramé of the sixties. The tendency is still to imitate the old—preferably American folk art, with emphasis on the duck and the watermelon—but there are some artisans who have become artists by taking an old form a step further: through imagination and a feeling for design they have transformed the familiar. Adirondack furniture is a case in point. Made of logs, small branches, or twigs, unturned and usually unstripped, it is notoriously uncomfortable, and hard on the clothes unless it is subdued with cushions. Now two brothers, Tom and Rich Midwood, are turning out twig furniture that has an elegance and grace heretofore unknown in this medium. A combination of rusticity and sophisticated design is what gives their furniture its distinction. They make a love seat with a high teardrop back that would embellish any garden, or a large room in a country house, or a loft, but would be particularly agreeable as a place to sit while admiring the view. The Midwood brothers make chairs, tables, a chaise lounge, and even a canopied bed (curved twigs mimic drapery folds) that really belongs in a forest clearing, with a Sleeping Beauty permanently installed. The wood is polyurethaned for durability, and twigs forming a chair seat are dowelled into the front edge to save wear and tear on clothes. The love seat and the chaise are $250 each; the bed comes in three sizes, and the single is $480. Potcovers, 101 West 28th Street, has some of this furniture on hand and drawings of other pieces, and will take orders. Ward's Nursery, Route 7, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230, has samples and photographs, and will also take orders.

Barry Norling is a sculptor who makes weathervanes unlike any other weathervanes. They're of copper and brass, and three-dimensional, and they're large, bold, and spirited. He leans toward birds, but he has also done two pigs in a Model T (comic-strip, but O.K. on a pig farm) and a seal (playful but not comic-strip). An osprey grasping a wide-mouthed bass in its talons is particularly beautiful, and so are five sparrows and an oak leaf clinging to two branches. The weathervanes come with the cardinal points, on a four-foot iron post, and are not really designed for the rumpus-room wall—or, indeed, for any room. They aren't realistic—the feathers and muscles are not delineated—but the shapes are such that they are instantly identifiable from a distance, and they should be viewed from a distance. The silhouette carries, whereas some of the details that the old-timers put on don't carry. Mr. Norling's pieces are hammered and soldered, but there are no marks; the artistry is equalled by the workmanship. They are $425 to $900, except for the pigs, which are $1,300. For further information, call 1-201 234-0345.



Art Reed is a glassblower who specializes in small glass bowls—facetted bowls, simple bowls, and constructed bowls. The facetted bowls, which are opaque, expose hundreds of colors of glass, and the effect is rather like stained glass without the light shining through; $500 to $600. The simple and constructed bowls are shaped like mixing bowls, but there the resemblance ends. The simple ones are a continuous piece of glass; the constructed ones have a rim, or one bowl on top of another, or an *inside* rim halfway down the bowl. Wide rings of color blend into one another—some opaque, some that look opaque but are transparent. He uses extraordinary combinations of colors—topaz blending into rose, for example, or gold-brown with copper-ruby and tobacco. The colors change depending on the light and where the viewer is standing. These bowls are quite magical, and are to be gazed upon, or into, and not used for fruit salad. They range in price from $80 to $300. Again, call 1-201 234-0345.

FOR more utilitarian objects, try Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, which has the usual fine collection of pots and pans, not necessarily made in the U.S.A. It is particularly pleased to have acquired the exclusive on an Italian restaurant cookware called Paderno, which has not been marketed for home use in this country until now. The body is solid stainless steel, with a dull finish and reinforced edges; the bottom is plated with heavy aluminum (for better heat conduction); the handles are hollow (for coolness). A two-quart saucepan, with a lid, is $48, and a four-piece starter set (two saucepans, stockpot, and large skillet), boxed in a wooden crate, is $295. Dean & DeLuca has also got hold of some extra-heavy French copper pans, lined with nickel. The advantage of nickel is that it has a higher melting point than tin, and the pans therefore don't have to be relined periodically. A two-quart saucepan is $48, without a lid. A stainless-steel couscoussier with a copper-plated bottom (the better to simmer the couscous) is $135, and is apparently in great demand; according to the management, "they fly out of the store." A stainless-steel restaurant platter measuring twenty inches by forty would easily hold a baron of beef, and loaded would require two servitors to carry it—but what an entrance! It goes for $235. A smaller platter, a mere twenty-eight inches long, is $165. For home bakers, a five-cup stainless-steel rotary sifter not only has excellent action but is good-looking; it costs $12. A handmade stoneware pâté terrine with a matching glazed brick is $26, and will be greeted with a glad cry of joy by anyone who has ever tried to assemble weights from around the house to put on a pâté. (Everything is either the wrong size or not heavy enough, and one ends up by building a leaning ower, topped with the meat grinder.) A white ceramic saltbox with a wooden lid doesn't say "SALT" on it;



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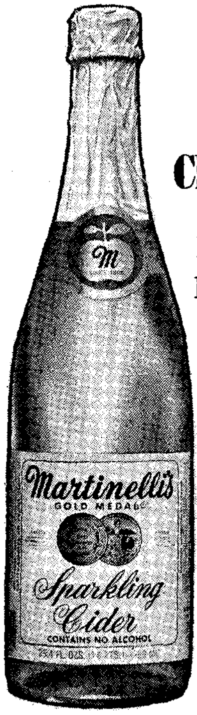
$26. Beige plastic cold molds, stronger on usefulness than on beauty, are worth considering because they have such good definition. The Star and the Gothic are $9 each, the Lobster $10. The large, plain, heavy silver plate here is handsome, and is $90 a place setting.

The following wrap-up on double boilers may be skipped by all those who have not broken one half of their old Pyrex double boiler. The problem is that Corning no longer makes double boilers, and it's one that has caused considerable annoyance across the nation. The ideal double boiler would be made of glass (so that the cook could see at a glance what was happening to both the water and the sauce) and would be unbreakable. The upper half would have a curved bottom (so that the sauce wouldn't get stuck in the join) and would not descend too far into the lower half (so that the water wouldn't have to be replaced). A lid might sometimes be useful, but would not be essential. Such a double boiler does not exist. The best of the lot, and by far the handsomest, is the old French one that has a copper lower half and a ceramic upper half with a curved bottom. It's available at Bridge Kitchenware, 214 East 52nd Street, but at $140 it does not exactly fly out of the store. W. G. Lemmon, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), has a laboratory-glass double boiler made by Catamount Glass, for $35. The upper half goes down too far into the bottom, and there's no lid, but the visibility is one hundred per cent. The Vollrath stainless-steel model and a large white enamel-on-steel one are $64 and $24, respectively, at Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th), and a small yellow enamel one is $15 at Dean & DeLuca; all three of these have a shallow water displacement. A make-your-own-double-boiler trivet, to put in a saucepan, is $1.50 at the Pottery Barn.

Other kitchenware worthy of note includes a tiny whisk with a long handle, for stirring the sauces in the double boiler or homogenizing salad dressing. A salad dressing can now be made in the salad bowl, and the Skippy peanut-butter jar discarded. Two whisks are seventy-nine cents at Zabar's. Zabar's also has something called a Track Rack, made of wood and aluminum, which is both good-looking and strong enough to hold heavy pots. The hooks run on a track, so they can't come unhooked. There are several models; one thirty-six



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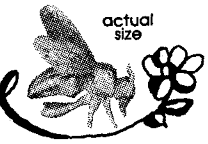

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inches by eighteen costs $70, and it's worth it. A strong stainless-steel potato ricer, which neither bends nor rusts, is $20 at Bridge, and a round wire cover, fourteen inches in diameter, to keep flies off the food, is $5. Chemex has a handsome teakettle, modelled on a ship's decanter, which can be bought at Bloomingdale's for $45. A tube with a cork on each end fits in the neck of the kettle and funnels off the steam. Caveat emptor: the heat must be turned off the second the water boils, or else *you* have to let things cool. A pot holder is not the answer, because glass is slippery.

The tray population has increased enormously since last year (more TV dinners? fewer dining rooms?), particularly gallery trays. Conran's, 160 East 54th Street, has a pine one for $12; Frank McIntosh, at Henri Bendel, has three made of olivewood for $30 to $45. West Town House, 2276 Broadway (82nd), has a bed tray with all the advantages of the traditional pink or white one that ladies in bed jackets have their breakfast on every morning, but this one is made of unpainted oak and can take a beating; $75. The most satisfactory of all is still the gallery bamboo tray made in Taiwan, eleven inches by eighteen, and $2 at Zabar's. The bamboo trays are strong, light, and unslippery, and they stack. Barney's Chelsea Passage, 111 Seventh Avenue (17th), has these trays, hand-painted in abstract pastels, for $35 apiece. A change from flowers, at least. A light teak platter that could be used as a tray is $38 at Hubert des Forges, 1193-A Lexington Avenue (81st).

As for china—or, more accurately, things to eat off or out of—high on the list is a twelve-inch glass buffet plate available at the Pottery Barn for only $2. Tiffany has a dark-blue service (or buffet) plate for $35 which would make anything on it or around it look better. Some eighteen-inch service plates are being sold by Wolfman-Gold & Good, 484 Broome Street, as "place plates," to be used instead of place*mats*. They are lacquered wood, and can be ordered in any color, but the mauve and the persimmon are especially pretty; $55. The service plates at Pan American Phoenix, 153 East 53rd Street, are made of Mexican tin, with an incised decoration around the rim, and cost $8.50 each. Dean & DeLuca, the chief pusher of the French restaurant porcelain called Pillivuyt, has a big supply of this very heavy-duty, not to say indestructible,

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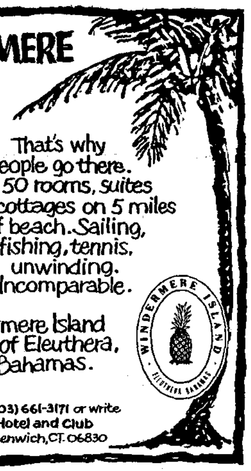

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white china, including twelve-inch plates for $16.50 each. (Any dinner plate less than twelve inches in diameter is passé this year.) Dean & DeLuca also has some of the warm, dark-green Pillivuyt, with a brown-crust rim. It's white on the inside, and a bowl nine inches in diameter is $28; the charming little ramekins are $6.50 each. Chelsea Passage has some pottery, called Italian Peasant, that is the nearest thing to the much-loved Cantagalli, now very hard to find. It is not whimsical, as so much peasant-type pottery is, and the prices aren't exactly peasant-type, either. It's pale yellow, with flowers of navy blue, soft orange, and green. A twelve-inch plate is $35; a jumbo coffee cup and saucer are $25. The Pottery Barn has an off-white demitasse with a Chinese lady embossed in the bottom of the cup ($1.25), and Wolfman-Gold & Good has a highly satisfactory teacup with infusion strainer, lid, and saucer ($22.50). A taupe pottery mug with a lid that can serve as a saucer or as a place to put a used tea bag is $9 at Wolfman-Gold. Sointu, at 20 East 69th Street, a source of good things small and modern, has an insulated stainless-steel demitasse, saucer, and spoon, for $20. The cup fits neatly in the recessed saucer to prevent skidding. This is also available at Frank McIntosh. Sointu has a ceramic "sipping cup," which looks like a demitasse with a round bottom. It's from Scotland, and it's made of dark clay, with an iridescent enamel glaze inside and around the edge. It wobbles when touched, but comes straight again, like Bozo the Clown. Lovely-looking, if a bit tricky; $35 for a pair. The only line of porcelain carried by this store is made by an American named Byron Temple, who studied under Bernard Leach. It combines a natural matte finish with a clear glaze, used on the areas that hold food or drink. Serving bowls with little ring handles run between $35 and $100; a small pitcher with an unevenly scalloped edge is $20. Elsa Peretti has designed the only sensual pitcher we have ever seen; it is made of terra-cotta, and costs $45 at Tiffany. The Lee Bailey Shop at Henri Bendel has a ceramic pitcher designed to look like fennel. It's pretty—and ovenproof, if that matters; $46. Dean & DeLuca has a white ceramic pitcher with a raised design of white grapes on it; it is French and costs $15. Altman's has a plain white milk pitcher from Brazil for $13. All of them would do for flowers as

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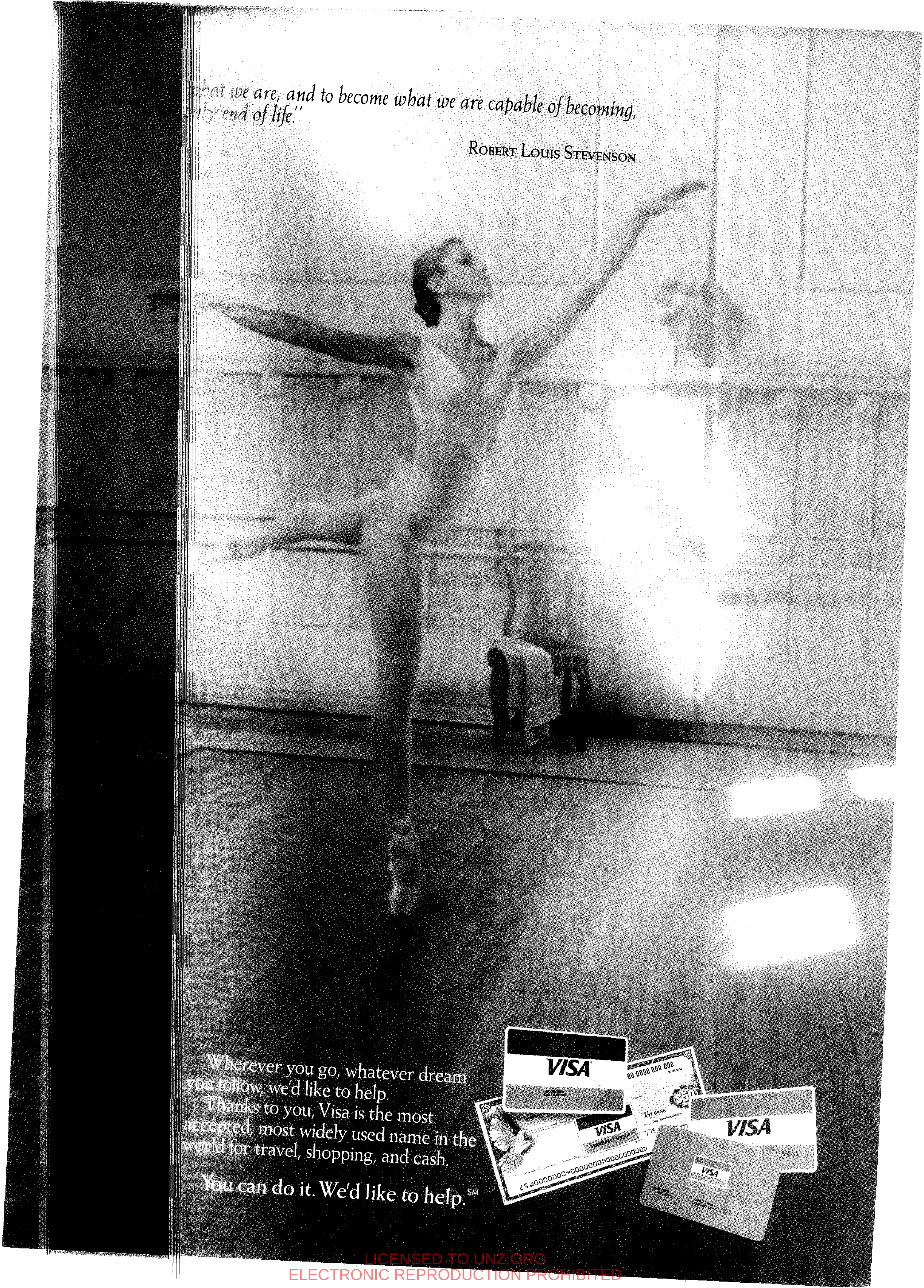
well as liquids. Enough of ceramic pitchers. The Incorporated Gallery, 1200 Madison Avenue (87th), which specializes in far-out ceramic art, has a butter dish in the shape of a diner. It holds a stick of butter, and is a big improvement on corn or cow butter dishes; $125, because it is handmade, and the customer can have his favorite diner copied from a photograph.

Simon Pearce, who moved his glass-making operation from Ireland to Vermont last year, has produced a beautiful beaker, with a flared top, and an equally beautiful little pitcher; $14 and $18, respectively, at Frank McIntosh. One beaker would make a nice present, and eight would make an even nicer present. His small glass bowl, which is the right size for everything from nuts to whipped cream, should not be underestimated; $16. Some octagonal tumblers at Sointu look as though they came from Murano but are in fact American; they are extremely light, with a thin line of color around the rim, and cost $20 each. A Show of Hands, 506 Amsterdam Avenue (84th), has large, hand-blown glasses, clear or opaque, with colored rims, for $25 apiece. (This store, a co-op for artisans, is a rewarding place to visit.) The Pottery Barn has some "bistro" coffee mugs, with sturdy plastic handles, in red, white, or black, for $2.50 each. Matching coffeemakers, which brew coffee by the plunger method, are priced from $20 to $40. Tiffany has a hurricane candlestick, nine inches high, superior to others because the candle socket is a full three inches high. The effect is very pretty; $24. Something called a Crystal Saver should be mentioned at this point. It looks like a screwdriver, and is a diamond-coated file to smooth chipped glass (or china). It does not make the glass look like new, but it does make it usable; $20 at Lee Bailey, instructions included. A Lucite cheese grater that works like a pepper mill and can appear on the table is $15 at Frank McIntosh, and saves trouble and fingers. Here, too, are olivewood salad servers, for $10.50, that are the best-looking we've seen, and small horn knives and spoons for serving hors d'oeuvres (or eating boiled eggs), which run between $8.50 and $16.

CONRAN'S has come up with what seems to us one of the more exhilarating presents around: the de Stijl armchair Sit Kit. The armchair, designed by Rietveld, is something between an angular wooden sculpture and a Mondrian. It makes up in looks what it lacks in comfort (the Museum of Modern Art has one), and the kit includes all the necessary materials except the paints; $295. The old nineteen-fifties butterfly chair has staged a comeback, possibly for reasons of economy as well as comfort. It should be sat in on the diagonal. The canvas slings come in various colors; $40 at the Pottery Barn, and available at many other stores. The Well Tempered Kitchen, 2080 Broadway (72nd), has an oak step stool–chair that is strong, is a cinch to convert, and works equally well for both purposes; $119. The Workbench has a selection of expandable wooden tables, including one made of teak, three feet by four and a half, that will seat ten comfortably when it's expanded (two hidden leaves slide out from under the top); $239. It also has a set of three small oak tables, sixteen inches square, which could be either lined up in front of a sofa as a coffee table or used as end tables or, thanks to a clever arrangement of the legs, fitted into each other to form a cube; $125. For years, Hammacher Schlemmer has carried a sturdy little rolling table that works like a hospital table. It adjusts and tilts, and would be handy at chair or bedside. It's made of brown fake wood, has a tubular frame, isn't beautiful, and doesn't pretend to be; $54.50.

THERE are a number of alternatives to the sofa bed which are worth looking into. In the absence of live-in help, the maid's room has usually been turned into a child's bedroom, a guest room, a study, a dump, or any combination of the above. A current version of the Murphy bed, sold by Lockwood, 1187 Third Avenue (69th), is ideal for such a room, or for a one-room apartment. The bed is concealed in a cabinet; open the doors, pull, and down comes the bed—but not crashing down, because it's counterbalanced. It's easy to stuff back in the cupboard, and there is the bonus of not having to either look at or make an unmade bed. The cabinet comes in four finishes—white, almond, walnut, and oak, of which the first two are preferable, because the walnut and the oak are fake. (And they can't be painted, because they are polyester-laminated panels that resist a number of things besides paint, including stains, cigarette burns, and peeling.) A single-bed cabinet is forty-five inches wide, twenty-four inches deep, and



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Robert Louis Stevenson

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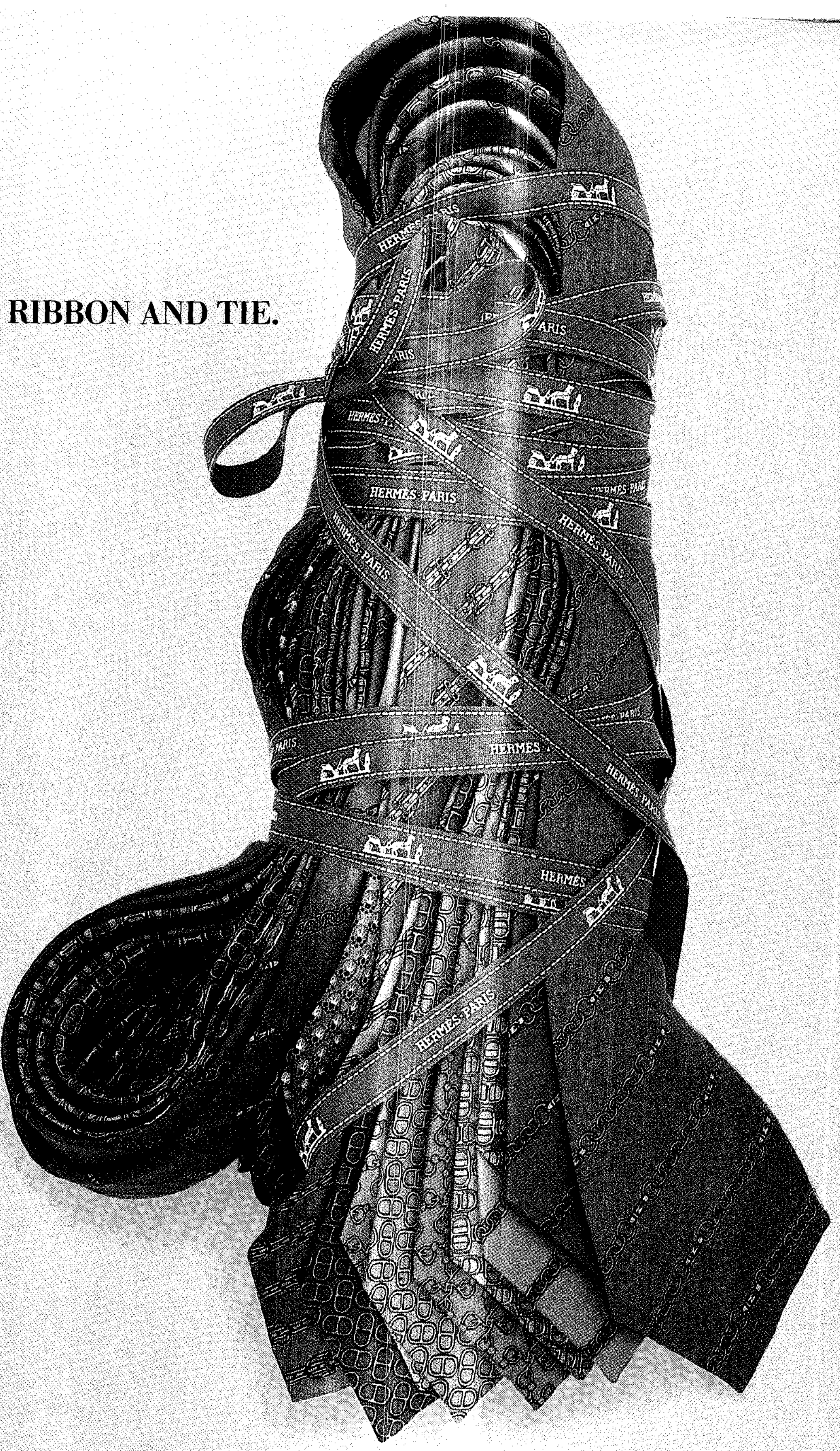

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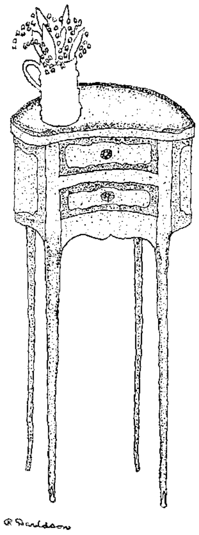
ighty-six inches high. The cabinet, with the Murphy Platform Spring and n innerspring mattress, will set you ack $1,087. Also available at Lockwood are any number of lowboys, files, rop-lid desks, bookcases, drawers, nd doors, so that the maid's room can ecome wall-to-wall storage. Working down the price scale in sofa-bed ubstitutes, there is the high-riser, a aybed with a trundle bed under it. Pull out the trundle, then pull up, and he mattress rises to the level of the aybed. These are pricey in most department stores, but Kleinsleep, 962 Third Avenue (58th), has a simple rass daybed called Camelot, for $299. The advantage of a high-riser is that t can be made up as a single bed, a ouble bed, or—in case Arthur and Guinevere aren't speaking—two singles. To get right down to the floor, here's the futon, which has become ore and more elaborate in the past ouple of years. The Arise Futon attress Company, 37 Wooster treet, can produce just about every ossible variation on this theme. There is the Standard cotton futon; he Cloud, a cotton futon with a two-nch foam core (the result of what the rochure calls "feedback," the tenor f which seems to be mur-urs about a lack of resilien-y); the Living Health mod-l, which has additional mprovements, such as more otton batting; and the Liv-ng Health Imperial, which as "hair-pads" and could asily be mistaken for a mat-ress. These futons range n price from $115 to $195 f they're the twin size; hey're available in sizes up o king. Arise also carries uton covers, cushions, and illows, to say nothing of ofa and bed and sofa-bed rames, which not only ncrease the price but defeat he purpose of the futon: leep on it, fold it into an S-curve, sit n it. The Futon Shop, 178 West ouston Street, is a simpler operation. t has cotton-and-wool futons in everal sizes, and cushions, pillows, nd bed linens. West Town House has educed the options to a minimum: hree sizes, three colors. The futons ome with two black straps and a bam-oo stick, so that they can be rolled up nd fastened; $125 to $200.



There are hundreds of rag rugs on he market. Small white washable ones hat were woven in Kentucky are $20 at Bloomingdale's, and smaller white rugs with a self-pattern, also woven in America, are $35 at Wolfman-Gold & Good. Thos. K. Woodard, 835 Madison Avenue (69th), has superlative all-wool rag runners, any length and up to forty-eight inches wide, in stripes, checks, and a Shaker pattern. The colors are subtle but not dreary, and, in combination with the patterns, result in a runner that could stand a lot of traffic without showing it—of great importance in a stair carpet; from $18 to $22 a square foot.

AD HOC HOUSEWARES has opened a softwares branch in SoHo, at 410 West Broadway (Spring), instead of in Linen Row, on Madison Avenue. What separates this shop from all the others is that it's coed—a man would not look out of place in either the store or the sheets. It is stocked with softwares for the bed, closet, bathroom, and kitchen (as well as with hardware such as hangers, soap dishes, orange sticks, and rowing machines). There is everything from a British face flannel for travellers (it's very thin—for quick drying—and "guarantees a radiant complexion") for $2.25 to a large white cashmere throw for $265. The French yarn-dyed bed linen, in plaids, is unusual and good-looking. The colors are aubergine (when describing that color, "eggplant" is *out*), prune, and gray. A twin-size sheet is $60, a standard pillowcase, $20. A heavy white French square pillowcase, made of cotton and linen, with a single row of large hemstitching, is $52. Flannel sheets, in one- or two-inch checks of gray and blue on a cream background, are from $25 to $34, and don't have that summer-camp look. A jacquard tablecloth in gray or dusty rose, five feet by ten, is $100, and napkins are $7.50 each. Army blankets are $32 each, and the dark green is handsome. The friction bath towels come in a light wood color, cost $28 apiece, and could replace Brillo. There is not a ruffle in sight around here. Everything has been chosen with a discriminating eye.

Drying an ordinary bath towel during the summer is hard enough, and drying a bath sheet, usually three feet by six, is even harder, because most towel racks are so small and a shower

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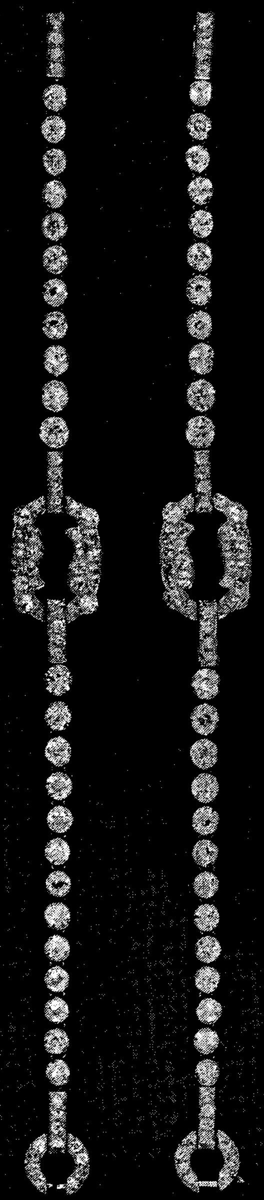

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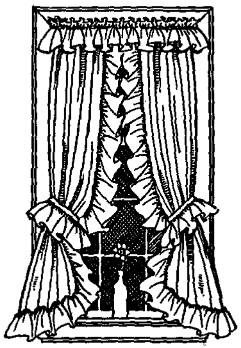

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rod is not always available. We are therefore pleased to report that Home Base, 2335 Broadway (85th), can produce a white plastic thirty-six-inch rod, with ceramic fixtures, for $18.50. While we're on the subject of drying towels, one of the most practical, and most sybaritic, presents around is a heated English towel stand. It is permanently oil-filled, it's energy-efficient, and nothing *ever* goes wrong with it. Hammacher Schlemmer carries both a wall model and a floor model; either is $150 in chrome, $165 in brass.

Another source of linens is Handblock, 487 Columbus Avenue (83rd), which is a large, light, and charming store full of things made of Indian fabrics that would look good on a table, a bed, a wall, or a person. Napkins from India are to be had at many stores, but the variety and the reasonable prices here are extraordinary. There are hand-blocked prints, and woven stripes and solids, ranging in price from $14 for a small tablecloth to $68 for a large bedspread (or perhaps tablecloth). Placemats are from $3 to $4.25, napkins from $2 to $4.25, pillow covers from $10 to $11.50, and duvet covers from $60 to $100. Handblock also carries matchstick bamboo blinds with fabric on one side, and durries, baskets, boxes, and fabric by the yard (from $14 to $18, forty-five inches wide). It's a great store, where every prospect pleases.

"Amish" is the name given to some cottons masterminded by an English group called Clouds; they are made in India and sold at Conran's. Inspired, of course, by the Amish, they combine earth colors with pastels, in stripes or squares of different sizes. They use mostly solid colors, but there are a few small patterns—grids or squiggles. The results are neither Amish nor Indian, but they are successful in that they are appealing, unusual, durable, and practical. They would do for men, women, or children. Pillow covers are between $22 and $50, quilts between $275 and $475; fabrics forty-eight inches wide are $15 a yard.

Turpan Sanders, 386 West Broadway, has some Basque linen that is bold and tough. It comes in white with blue squares or red with blue squares. A placemat is $10; a large napkin, twenty-three inches square, is $12; a tablecloth five feet by eight is $70. This linen is made to withstand being beaten on stones. Sointu has hand-silk-screened linen napkins in a marbleized pattern. The colors are beautiful—a

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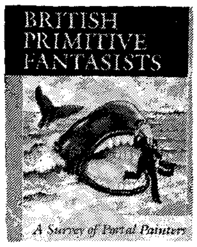

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choice of gray, peach, or pale green—and the price is $10 each. For antique linens, there is always Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), but there is also Trouvaille Française, where one can buy antique household linens for anything from $2, for a guest towel, to $125, for a pair of embroidered heavy French-linen square pillowcases, bordered with handmade lace. Some of the *trouvailles* are *françaises* and some *américaines*. Besides towels and pillow covers, there are shams, sheets, bureau scarves, bedspreads, tablecloths, and napkins. If a piece is slightly damaged (a tiny hole, a tiny spot), its price is lower. There are some wonderful twenty-six-inch-square napkins for $15 each; seven blue linen luncheon napkins are $15. The choice is not extensive, and the quality varies, but the prices are modest, and there are some good buys to be had. (By appointment only: 737-6015.) Wolfman-Gold & Good has a slim volume called "Napkinology," with instructions for folding napkins into a Shooting Star, a Trillium, a Turk's-cap Lily, and nine other shapes; $5. The single most valuable piece of information we have come across recently is that the Vermont Country Store, Weston, Vermont 05161, has silence cloth by the yard. This stuff is made of extremely heavy white cotton (fluffier than felt, more like a blanket), and is put under a tablecloth not only to protect the table but to lower the decibel count in the dining room. Silence cloth has not been made for years, and all substitutes have been unsatisfactory and, usually, expensive. It comes fifty-four inches wide, and costs $8.75 a yard.

Blankets: M. J. Knoud, the horsy store at 716 Madison Avenue (63rd), has horse blankets in two sizes, for a twin-size horse and a king-size horse; $55 and $61.50, respectively. They are whipped in white, and come in race-meeting colors—checks of copen blue, purple, and orange, say—and would be just as dazzling in the home as in the stable.

Something to keep in mind for next summer is a rocking deck chair, with a detachable headrest pillow; $43.50 without arms, $49.50 with, in blue, green, chocolate, or khaki. It's comfortable but not adjustable; at L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033. The Village Stripper, 519 Hudson Street, has a strong slatted chaise made of white oak, with a detachable footrest. The chaise is comfortable because the seat and the footrest are curved, and it

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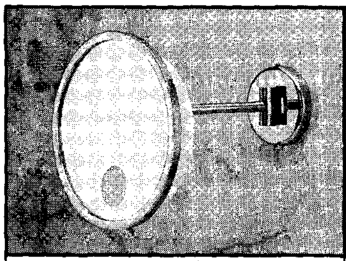

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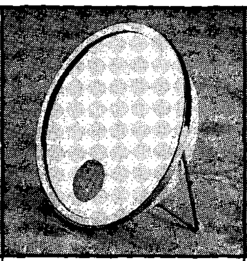

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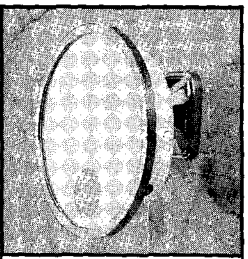

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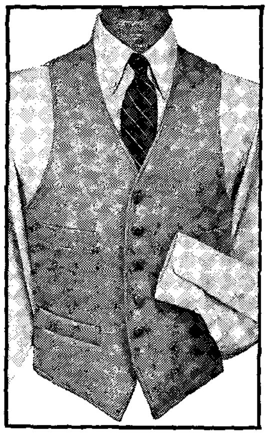

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folds up; $95. Zona, 484 Broome Street, carries the English gardening tools imported by Smith & Hawken; also teak garden furniture and Soleri bells. The tools are made by Bulldog Tools, which traces its history back to 1200 and the Cistercian monks, but its technology took a giant step forward with the advent of Henry Bessemer, in the nineteenth century. The children's tools—scaled-down versions of the regular-size ones—are plenty good enough for the small, the weak, or the rooftop gardener; trowels, rakes, hoes, and spades range from $16 to $25. The larger-size tools are about $5 more, and all these items are going to last several generations. The teak furniture, of the sort that graces most stately-home gardens, is spectacularly uncomfortable and is also made to last several generations in the outdoors; from $330 for a little bench to $950 for a big one. The bells, designed by Paolo Soleri, who was an apprentice of Frank Lloyd Wright, are of bronze and were dipped in an acid bath after casting, to accelerate the oxidation. They have a dated "modern" look, but, hanging in a garden, they would not be too noticeable and would sound lovely tinkling away. The prices start at $16 and go up above $200. White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759, has a three-pint solid-brass English hand sprayer that is a thing of beauty and would be a joy forever. It operates on air compression produced by a small built-in hand pump. Replacements for the few parts that could wear out are included in the price, which is $100. The Applewood Seed Company puts out herbs, with planting mix, in a heavy-duty bag called a Sof-Pot. The herbs can be grown right in the bag itself, which is, believe it or not, attractive-looking. The package is easily mailed, and from experience we know that the plants flourish. There is a choice of basil, chives, thyme, oregano, or lemon balm (whatever one does with lemon balm); there is also catnip, in an Egyptian-type Sof-Pot of terra-cotta polyethylene sprinkled with black cats. They're all for sale at the New York Botanical Garden and at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Gift Shop; $6. The Botanical Garden carries topiary kits as well, which include a frame, a bag of sphagnum moss, pole pins, and directions, so you can create your own little eight-by-fifteen-inch pig ($21) or turtle ($12) or squirrel ($18). The frames alone are $3 less; use Fig, Needlepoint, or 238th Street

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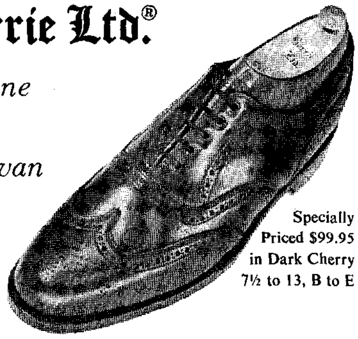

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Ivy. Also in the Botanical Garden shop are brass faucets with bird heads, for $35 each; muslin bags of cedar and lavender (they absorb dampness and discourage moths), for $8; and a 3X magnifying glass with an 8X spot, for $1.50. The Lee Bailey Shop has four paper-white narcissus bulbs, with soil, in a white basket-weave bisque bowl. If they were planted on Christmas Day they would bloom in January, when a little cheer would not be amiss; $20. Salou is a new florist in the Endicott Building, at 452-A Columbus Avenue (82nd). You can tell right away that this is a stylish place. The shop is all exposed brick and marble and glass and see-through paint, and it's full of out-of-season and exotic flowers—particularly *white* out-of-season flowers, such as Queen Anne's lace, lilacs, tulips, Alba lilies, freesia, and paper narcissi. Besides, it offers special vases and packaging. A single flower or a bushel of flowers may be ordered. One thing is certain: no arrangement from here will have to be taken apart and redone. The flowers are in perfect condition, the arrangements artfully offhand. The presentation is superb: cut flowers are sent in clear glass, such as a ginger jar; plants in a terra-cotta pot, packed in a round white box and surrounded by clear cellophane, with a large white card. All flowers go out in water—no green foam. Salou has a collection of vases and baskets to choose from, and it will shop around for a suitable gift to accompany the floral tribute, such as chicken soup for a sick friend (homemade in a neighborhood deli, and $40 and up, with flowers), or a stuffed animal for a sick child ($35 and up), or balloons for anyone (there are helium tanks in the shop). This place has clearly been taken up by the beau monde, which when it comes to flowers knows a good thing when it sees it. A present more welcome than insulting for a house that has plants but no resident green thumb might be

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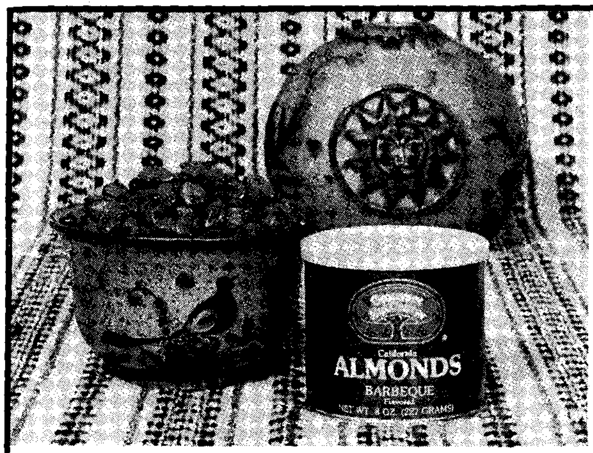

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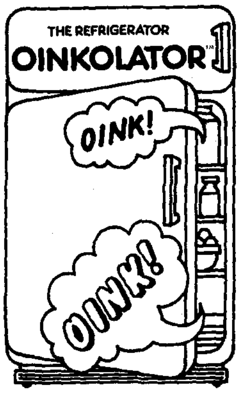
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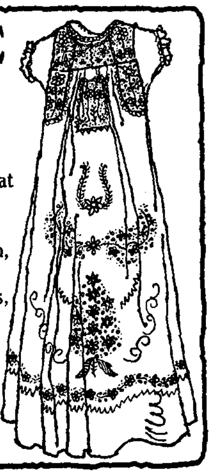

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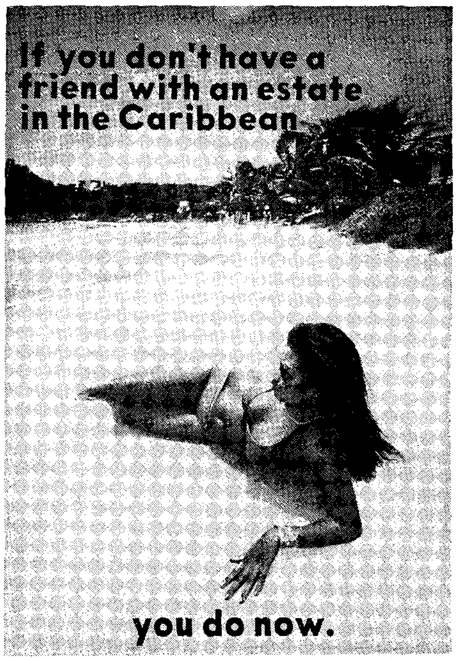
a gift certificate for the Plant Doctoring Service at Terrestris, 409 East 60th Street. A consultation fee is $25; pruning, repotting, and cleaning cost $35, plus materials. The spraying fee is also $35, plus materials. (By appointment only: 758-8181.)

THE "itty bitty" lamp is one of the most ubiquitous items of the season as well as one of the most unfortunately named. It is, however, a handy light for anyone who likes to read in bed at odd hours of the night and has a roommate. (It certainly beats reading under the covers with a flashlight.) It clips on to the back of a book, and can be plugged into a wall outlet or a battery pack, so it can be used by someone travelling second class on a European train or staying in an English inn in a room with one dim bulb hanging from the ceiling. It's adjustable, and costs $29.95. The quartz shower clock is equally visible in the stores. It is moistureproof, and would serve just as well in a greenhouse as in a shower. What it lacks is an alarm that could be set to go off every five minutes, for teen-agers who stay under the shower until threatened with financial sanctions. The Lee Bailey Shop has a battery-operated clock with a snooze alarm *and* a smoke detector, two inches by six, that isn't a bad idea for travellers, or for the bedside table—particularly the guest-room bedside table when guests who smoke in bed visit. It's $65. For those who, like Lady Plushbottom, jump up and go "Ee-eek!" at the sight of a mouse, someone has invented a wonderful little machine—better than a better mousetrap, because it *drives mice away*. Whether it's called Deci-Mate, Pest Sentry, or Sonic 2000, it sends out ultrasonic waves inaudible to human beings, dogs, and cats, but, according to one manufacturer, "sounds like an onrushing freight train or a 747 jumbo-jet takeoff" to mice. Such devices have been used in food-storage areas for some time. David Moskowitz, the manager of Gracious Home, 1220 Third Avenue (71st), told us that, in spite of some of the claims, they are no good for anything that goes in and out, such as flies. (The firemen of the 44th Engine Company, on East Seventy-fifth Street, were having trouble with flies in the firehouse last summer and tried one of these machines, to no avail.) Mr. Moskowitz says they work for anything that nests, and this includes cockroaches. Friends of ours bought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ne last June to put in the kitchen of heir country house, known as the Mouse Hilton, and in five months only ne mouse has been sighted, and no nouse traces. The machines have a ery low hum—much quieter than the efrigerator—and work in an area of p to two thousand square feet; Gra-ious Home has Deci-Mate for $70, ut any friendly hardware store will rder one for you. Then, there is the ordless telephone, and this is as far as ve're going into electronics. We have ne—from Radio Shack—that was nuch easier to set up and operate than he prose in the Owner's Manual vould lead the reader to believe. The nanufacturer seems to know this; here is a separate yellow page entitled ‘Some Helpful Hints,” which enables he reader to bypass the instructions thirteen pages, not counting the chematic Diagrams). The phone is reat if one either is waiting for a call nd wants to take a bath or can't stand he sound of a ringing phone that one nows one can't reach before it stops. bviously, it is particularly useful in he country, when one is weeding the arden or sunbathing. If your tele-hone arrangements are antiquated, onverter plugs are necessary—one for harging, one for connecting the base nit to the wall-telephone outlet. Oth-rwise, only a nine-volt battery is eeded to get it going. Once the basics f the Duofone ET-330 are mastered children catch on instantly), you can vork up to the frills: Intercom Capa-ility, Redialing Feature, and the Pri-acy Button; $200. The Simac six-up (almost) electric ice-cream-maker $249 at Zabar's. It requires no ice nd no salt, and is everything it laims. Sointu has a snappy Dutch mp called Along Came Bette, which vas inspired by Bette Davis and indeed atches her spirit. It's made of lipstick-ed enamelled steel, with a white disc hade that fits on the bulb at any angle, ke a hat. It *is* witty; $125.

THE number of small, inexpensive presents around this year is eartening. Pachuka, 124 West 72nd treet, is a gold mine. Besides the little hisk, the double-boiler trivet, and the amboo trays, it has small stainless-eel spoons (for eating boiled eggs), r $1.75; a glass sugar-and-creamer et, for $2.50; the old "Drink Coca-ola" bottle opener that screws on the all, for $2.75; and a cork-sharpener, r $1.50. The Pottery Barn has an il lamp the size of a baseball, for 4.95; a simple red or white enam-

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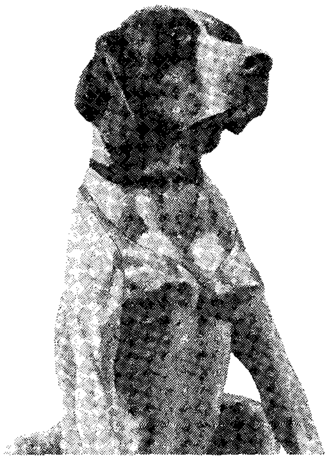
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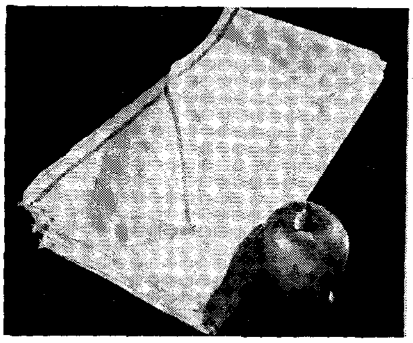

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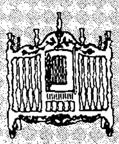

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elled-steel candlestand, for $4.75; eight emergency candles, with matches, packaged in a red-and-white metal tin that looks like a tennis-ball can, for $3.25; a set of six cotton dish towels in different red-and-white checks and stripes, which would also make good napkins, for $10; a facetted clear-glass vase, eight inches high, for $5.95; and a red teapot with a white tea cozy printed with small red teapots, for $14. Handsome matte-black pens (ball-point, felt, fountain, and highlighter), made in West Germany, cost from $12 to $20 here. Also here is a black molded-plastic carrying case that will hold twelve cassettes and fit under the car seat, for $12.50. Ad Hoc Housewares, which is on a red-white-and-black kick this year, has a heavy red or white plastic hanger with a swivel hook, for $1.25. A black sprayer with a red top, for plants or for the ironing, holds twenty ounces, and is O.K. to give as a present, because of its good looks; $3.75. The shop also has desk accessories made (most of them) of stiff black vinyl, with red buttons, or clasps, or elastics, or rings; from fifty cents, for a red heart-shaped eraser, to $8, for a black-and-white thermometer that is unusually easy to read. It carries the black Henckel's kitchen tools (butter curler, apple corer, peeler) for under $7 apiece. White slabs for sushi are $8 or $9, depending on their size. A round rubber jar opener, or sink stopper, which is neither red nor white nor black but is very efficient, is $1.75. The Lee Bailey Shop has a cassette entitled "Tin Pan Apple" that is a perfect present for relocated New Yorkers. It reproduces the sounds of traffic jams, collisions, fights, garbage trucks, fire engines, and other native noises; $5. Howard Kaplan's French Country Store, 35 East 10th Street, has a splendid oak yardstick, shaped like a square cane, with inches and centimetres and "Jack Daniels" on it, and a leather thong to hang it by; $6.50. This year, the Museum of Modern Art has got its engagement calendar arranged right: the week starts with Monday. (Splitting up Saturday and Sunday is confusing; the whole weekend should be on one page.) The theme this year is construction, and the cover is a pull-out crane, by Red Grooms; $5.

A wide-mouthed red thermos with a black top, and a black filter so the coffee can drip right into the thermos, is $27.50 at the Pottery Barn. (It even has a lid for the filter to rest on.) Sointu has some jazzy oven mitts in

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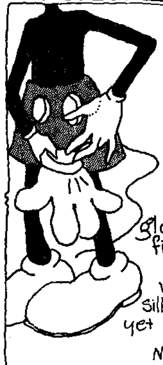

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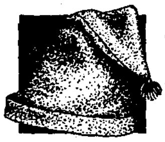

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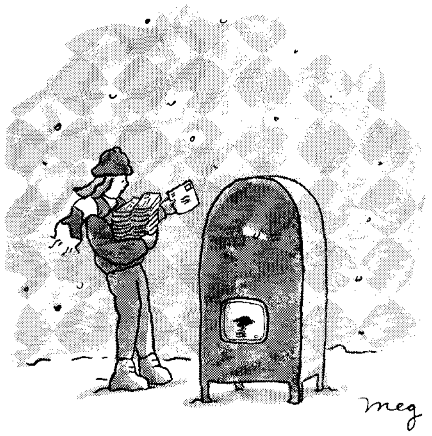
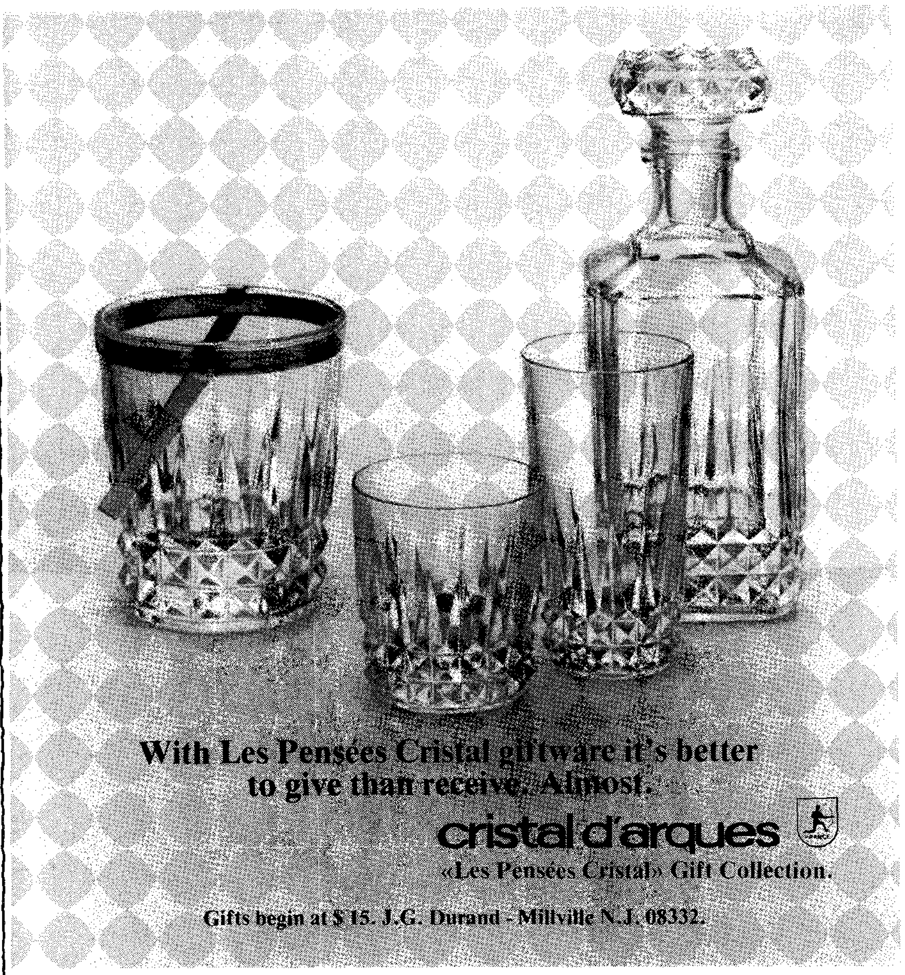
n-oven-mitt colors such as black and vhite stripes, or stripes of Shocking ink, acid green, and yellow, for $15 piece. A chrome tray stand at Turpan sanders would make a good suitcase ack, because it's high and suitcase acks are always too low; $19. Ad Hoc ıas the old baked-plastic ice bucket—n red or black, naturally—for $37. The virtue of this ice bucket is that t's large and can be thrown around vithout coming to any harm.) Dean & DeLuca has a painted bamboo swan asket—the swan with his head tucked ınder—two feet over all, and charming; it flies out of the store at $28.50. Two serious cedar hangers are $20 at he Lee Bailey Shop, and a rechargeable pencil sharpener, two inches by hree, is $36. Just plug it in. (A short undown on pencil sharpeners: at most tationery stores, battery-operated are etween $15 and $20; vacuum-nounted, $15; clamp, $12; wall-nounted, $12. A round pencil-and-rayon sharpener that holds the shavngs is eighty-nine cents at Lamton's.) Danny Alessandro / Edwin ackson, the fireplace people, at 1156 econd Avenue (61st), have a neat rass sign that reads "DAMPER IS LOSED" on one side and "OPEN" on he other; $25. (It is surprisingly difcult to remember whether or not the amper is open, and surprisingly dirty nding out.) Clark & Wilkins (534-110) will deliver a box of from six to ight birch logs, sixteen inches long, ɔ pose in a working fireplace out of eason or a nonworking one all the ime, or even to use when putting on he Ritz; $11.

In a somewhat loftier bracket, ointu has a fireplace stand made f tubular steel with a black enamel inish, which holds tongs, poker, earth brush, and blowpipe; $180 for ll five pieces. It's a knockout. A tradiional mahogany book rack, sixteen nd a half inches wide, with a railing

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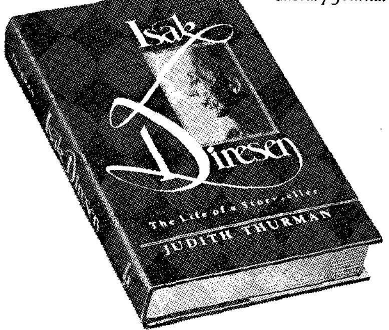

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and a movable bookend, would be a good thing to have on top of a (traditional) desk or table; $87.50 at Scully & Scully, 506 Park Avenue (60th). To wind up this list of oddments, Altman's has a collection of antique Chinese snuff bottles, about which we were very sniffy until we saw them. They come three to a box—a padded, brocaded box—and they're absolutely lovely, both to look at and to feel. There is one of agate, one of porcelain, and one of polished stone in each box. Most of the stoppers are not original, but each has its own cork and its own snuff spoon. There is not a damn thing to do with them except admire them; $250. (That's not true. A one-ounce jar of snuff is $6 at Caswell-Massey, Lexington Avenue at 48th Street.)

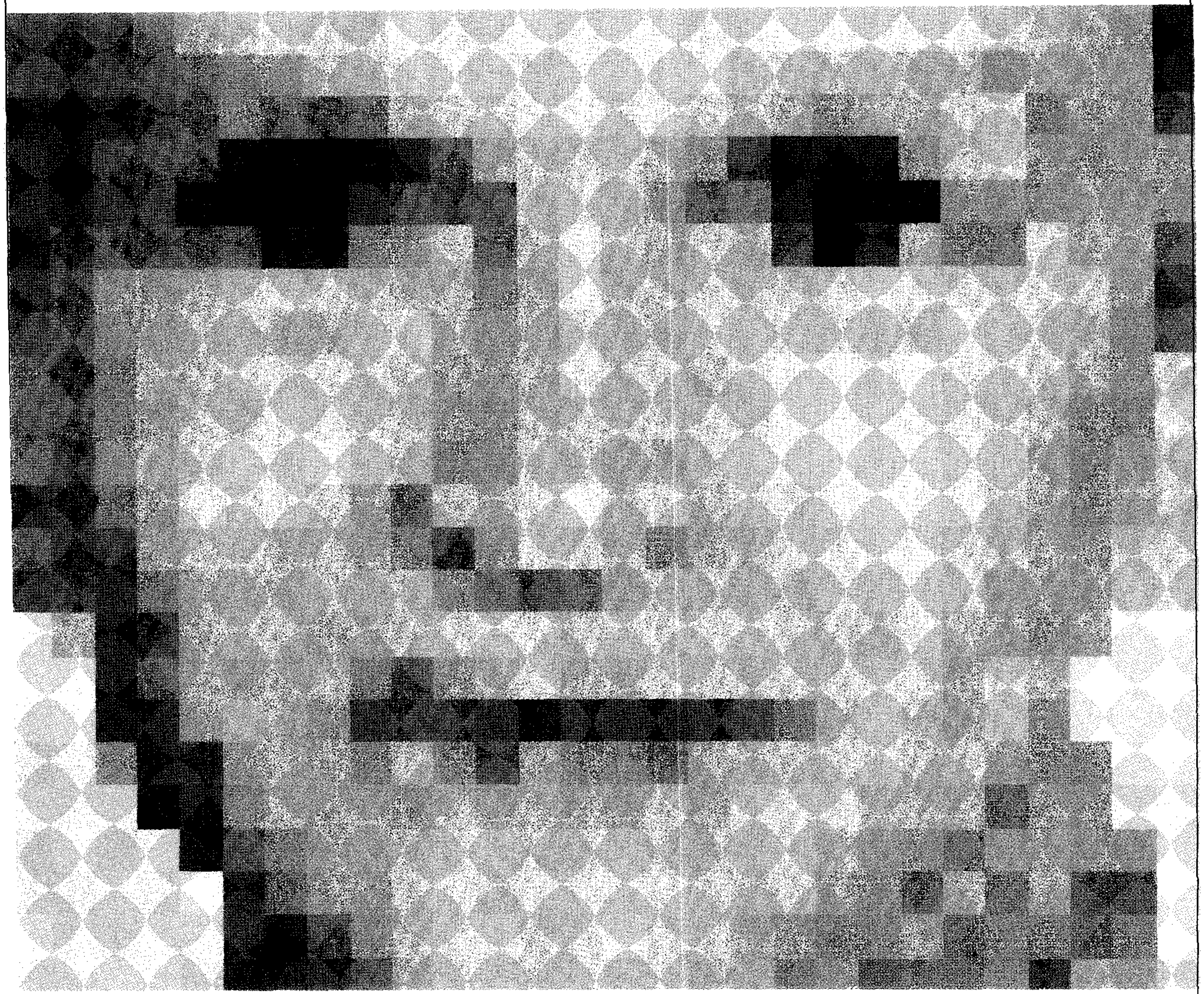
FAT-CAT presents: Kōshō, Ltd., 451 Columbus Avenue (81st), is a minuscule shop where the sell is so soft, the atmosphere so *shibui* that one is tempted to assume the lotus position and breathe deeply. On a wall is a magnificent white Japanese wedding robe. Some silk scarves and a few pieces of colored glass have been placed carefully about, and all are elegant, but the most arresting item is an eighty-inch red lacquer umbrella. Erase any thought of souvenir-shop umbrellas. The color, the light coming through the paper between the bamboo strips, the armature (exquisitely constructed of colored threads), the black lacquer post with bamboo bindings, and the workmanship make this a work of art. It's waterproof, too; $700. It can be ordered in almost any other color for $800; we particularly recommend the aubergine.

The James II Galleries have an invalid chair of character (as they say in the auction catalogues), English, c. 1830-60. It is a precursor of the Barcalounger, and a whole lot better-looking as well as a whole lot more expensive. It is a black leather (new) wing chair for a large man, and clearly bespoke. The arms unhook and swing open for easier ingress and egress; a gout stool (adjustable, of course) pulls out on a track from underneath; there are brass wheels and a splendid brass crank for raising and lowering the back; and everything works smoothly. The loudest noise you will hear when operating this chair is the sound of squeaking leather; $9,500.

An ebonized baby-grand piano, made right out on Steinway Place, Queens, is $12,500. Brush up on "Jingle Bells," and you're off and away.

CHRISTMAS trimmings and decorations are improving every year: that is to say, they are more traditional and less with-it. Fewer stuffed blobs with lots of hair, and more birds and angels. The Metropolitan Museum has a reusable Advent calendar, for $25. Each window has a small ornament in it, and the ornaments include figures for a miniature crèche. The box can be put away for next year provided all the little ornaments haven't been lost by the little dears Cherchez and Altman's have smal Victorian dolls to hang on the tree, fo $3 and $7, depending on their size Bloomingdale's has a good supply o the Italian papier-mâché angels playing ancient musical instruments, i three sizes, from $25. Bloomingdale' also has a six-inch red or green glas ball, for $17. The Pottery Barn ha candles that look like packed snow balls, for $2.50 each, and mini hurdy gurdies, painted bright colors, for $ each. The choice of tunes ranges fron "Jingle Bells" to "Für Elise" (particularly well suited to the medium). Pa American Phoenix has Mexican-ti trees ($10 to $15), and a kneeling angel sconce in tinware ($22.50). A Show of Hands has marbleized glas balls, in soft colors, for $19 apiece opaque and clear spiral glass balls, fo $15; and opalescent balls, for $17. A are hand-blown. The Glassmaster Guild, 621 Sixth Avenue (19th), ha handmade glass ornaments ($1.50 t $25): big raindrops; spiral, harlequi and iridescent balls; bangles of facette Austrian crystal; and airplanes (suc as the Sopwith Camel and the Pipe Cherokee) made of stained glass an solder. Leo Antiques and Gift Sho 2190 Broadway (78th), devotes its en tire second floor to Christmas decora tions. The emphasis is on the trad tional, and the prices range from fift cents for a round, old-timey tag wit an angelic child on it, to $6.50 for box of six glass Santa Clauses. The are birds and bells and wooden bloc and ceramic houses, and also pape ribbon, cards, lights—the lot. E Seated, 66 Greenwich Avenue, has wonderful collection of ornament lovingly chosen from German Czechoslovakia, India, China, Ta wan, Sicily, the U.S.A., and oth places. A box of twelve mixed gla ornaments (star, grapes, Santa, mus room, and others) is $20; a box

TIME



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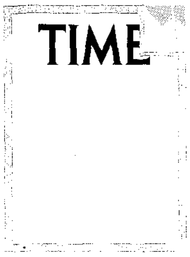
In all the glowing prophecies about this technological revolution, there persists an intriguing question: not what computers can eventually do, but what their capabilities can reveal about our own.

Recently TIME focused on this human aspect of our increasingly computerized society and found the subject profound enough to deserve a new ongoing section all its own: *Computers.* This new department will not only report on hardware, but on the softest software of all–the human mind.

The categorization of news into clearly defined sections is perhaps the most traditional aspect of TIME. Yet it is also the most indicative of TIME's responsiveness to the concerns and interests of a changing society–as well as to the inventions and perceptions that shape those changes.

Thus *Behavior* and *Environment* became regular departments in the late sixties. *Sexes* appeared in the early seventies, and *Design* and *Video* were added last year. And new departments will undoubtedly be launched as TIME continues to reflect the intelligent inquisitiveness of its audience–a weekly audience of 29 million men and women whose demographic qualities encourage advertisers to invest more dollars in TIME than in any other weekly magazine.



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•

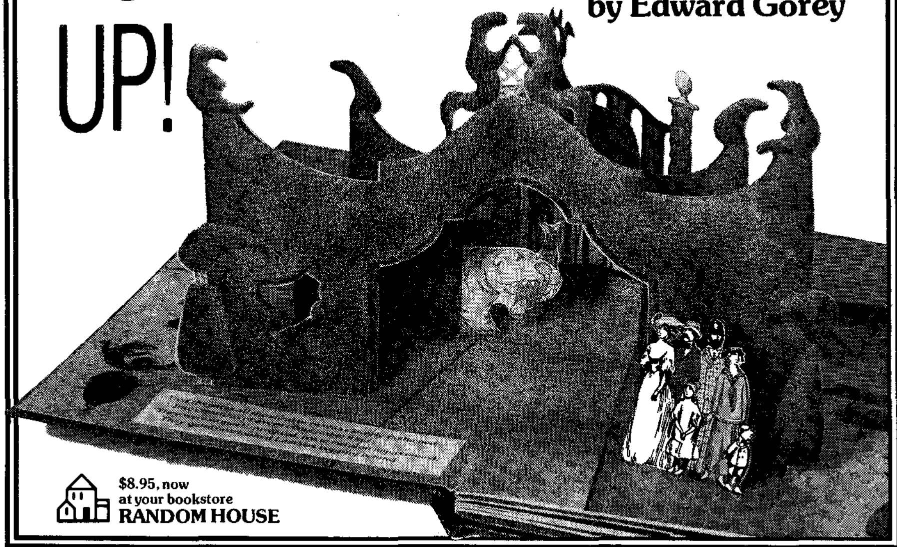
CHEYENNE, Wyo.—A Social Security ımber is supposed to last a lifetime, and en a woman who thought her number re the sign of the devil had a hard time tting a new one. Getting a replacement ok 10 months and a congressman's help er Linette Weaver decided she had to t rid of her old number, 520-66-6069. e got it when she was a teen-ager. The uble, said Weaver and her husband, mer, is that the number had three sixes a row—which they consider a sign of devil according to the Bible. The eavers sought the aid of Rep. Richard eney, R-Wyo., and finally an exception s granted and Mrs. Weaver received her w number—swallowed a car and an artment house parking lot, but geolo- ts say the apartments could still be in nger.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

It's the Devil's work, all right.

•

veryone remembers, for instance, how e West said, "Why don't you come up see me sometime?" to Cary Grant in e Done Him Wrong," even though at she actually said was, "Why don't bnme!uq!somethle and see me?"—*Sac- ento Union.*

That was when a censor was a cen-



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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

WHEN I read children's books in quantity—as I have just done, in order to offer some notes on what can be found on the children's shelves in bookstores this season—I feel as though I'd gone through the looking glass into a landscape at once familiar and mysteriously changed. No adult can read a book the way a child reads it. The word "magical" is often used to describe the special quality that reading possesses for us when we are young. Calling an effect magical amounts to admitting you don't know how it is done. The word has set me to remembering what it was like to read as a child. I wouldn't have called it magical then. I took it for granted, along with the other things I did that seem magical now: running so fast my hair streamed and my eyes blurred in the wind; jumping off a beam into a pile of hay to land with a thrilling bounce; walking in daisies up to my waist; squatting by a brook and watching for a timeless interval as grains of sand danced, minnows flashed, bugs swam, and spiders walked on the water like Jesus. There are still hay piles, daisies, and brooks, but they are different now. So is reading. When I read as a child, my body disappeared from consciousness, and events took place behind my eyes rather than in front of them. Nearly all books engrossed me. A few aroused such tremendous longing for more that I can still feel the frustration of turning the last page and realizing that what was in the book could not be found anywhere on earth. I yearned to enter Sherwood Forest and see Robin Hood. I pondered deeply the distance in time that separated me from Robin and his Merry Men. For a while, I spoke Olde English, baffling my family and friends. I wanted to enter King Arthur's world, too—so much that my longing led me to my first serious crime. In the medieval-armor section of a great museum, I touched the blanket of chain mail worn by a huge black charger and detached one small, round link. Holding the stolen link in my hand, I held a bit of King Arthur's time.

Time separated me from Robin and Arthur; something different separated me from the Land of Oz, which I also craved to visit. I don't have a good term for my childhood concept of what adults call fantasy. I disliked "make-believe," because it pronounced false something I cherished. One of the Oz books gives the words of a magic spell—"Udge, Budge! Go to Mudge!"—accompanied by the warning that saying the words and wishing will instantly transport one to Mudge, not the most attractive quarter of Oz. considered the possible consequence for quite a while before I decided tha the spell probably wouldn't work but i it did I was game for the trip. I sai the words, and I can still hear th silence of nothing happening. Lots o us have had similar experiences without suspecting that we, as readers, supplied part of the magic that breathe life into the words. That is why w tend to think our favorite books mu be golden for all time. Alas, they ar not, as we sometimes discover whe one of them is spurned by a presen day child. Changed customs and lar guage shed a different light o their pages, turning some dull an others unreadable. A handful the books I read in my youth su vive as classics, but most of t books children read today are co temporary.

Until a few years ago, there w a theatrical-scene shop on We Forty-eighth Street whose sig board said simply "Effects Effec ed." Since I am a bit wiser no about how literary effects a effected than I was at the dawn my reading career, it occurred me to read again some of t books that once held me spe bound to see what magic remain and how it was performed. No of my baby books are still arou except Mother Goose, whose pi tures I enjoyed; the verses ma no sense. The earliest book remember well was an old Ge man picture book that consisted horrifying cautionary tales vivi illustrated in sequences, like modern comic book. As a child found it interesting. August wouldn't eat and became as thin a piece of thread before fadi away entirely. Another boy ate much sugar that when he w out in the rain he melted and pigs drank him from the ditch. bad girl who raced with b broke her leg. Her pantaloon leg broke off in one piece, china, with a jagged edge. was carried home on a shutter, grieved parent carried the leg. a time, I thought this was h legs broke, and ran cautiou Otherwise, the book had no ef

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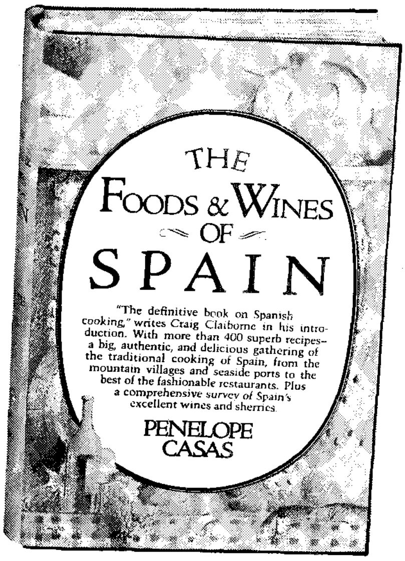
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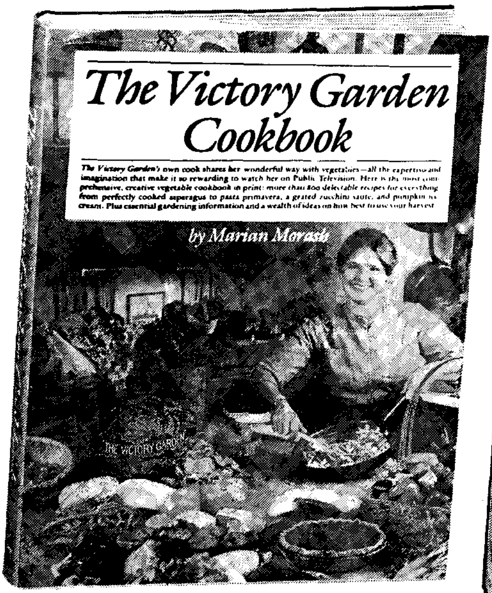
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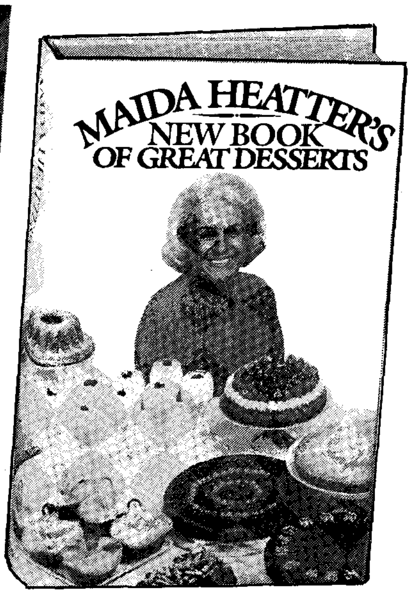
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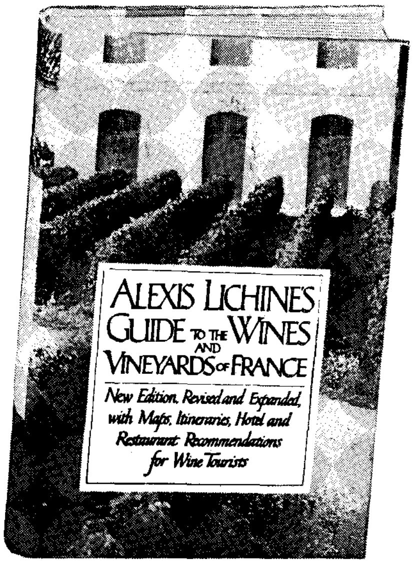
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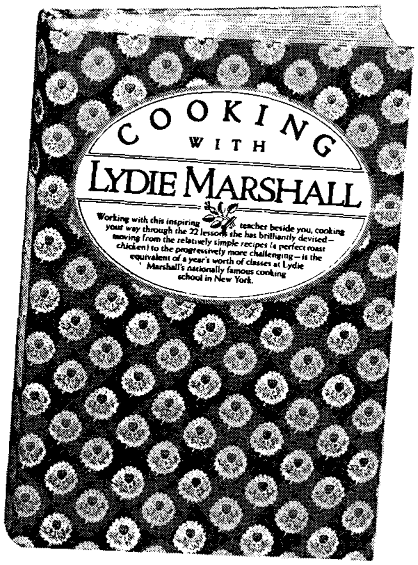
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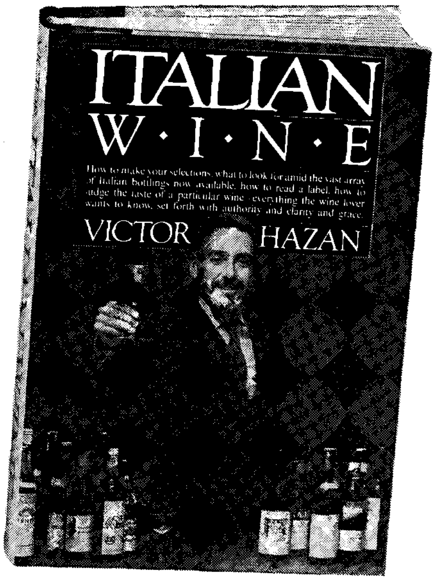
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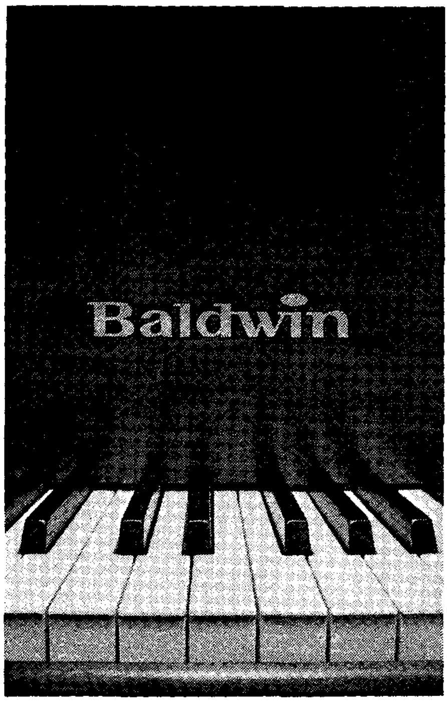

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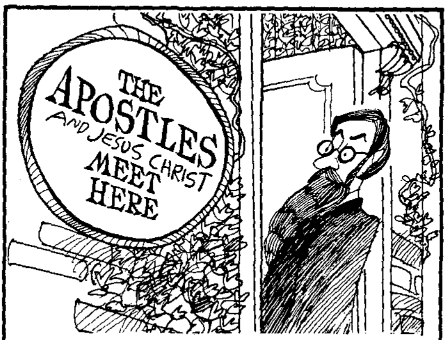
on my behavior or feelings. Years later, in a moment of hazy nostalgia, I gave the book to my own child. He thought it was scary and awful. Looking at it anew, I had to agree, but for me it once possessed at least the magic of horrid fascination.

One of the first books I read to myself was "The Velveteen Rabbit," by Margery Williams, which was published in 1922 and is now more popular than ever. Before rereading it, I made an effort to recall the earlier time. What came back was being in bed, very small, the book in my lap, tears running down my face, and a dreadful grief clutching my chest. Picking up the book a lifetime later, I couldn't recall why I had wept, but I spotted a clue in the opening line: "There was once a velveteen rabbit and in the beginning he was really splendid." "In the beginning" tells me this poor rabbit can only go downhill. Reading on, I am astonished at how rapidly his fortunes decline. On page 1, the splendid rabbit is a Christmas gift, but on page 2 he has already been forgotten by the spoiled boy who received him. On page 3, the rabbit feels inferior to the other toys. An old, broken-down toy horse, wise and resigned, explains the rules of the twilight world in which toys dwell—how even the newest and most beautiful toys pass into decrepitude and dust. A question stirs in the rabbit's mind. "What is real?" he suddenly asks. This is a question that has troubled better minds and braver hearts than mine. With it, the author had led me to the edge of an abyss into which we all fear to look. The horse replies, "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time . . . Really loves you, then you become real." Now the horse reveals the price: "Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby." These awful consequences do nothing to alter the rabbit's longing to be loved and become real, though he does wish all those "uncomfortable things" didn't have to happen. At last, his wish is granted. Nanny, unable to find "the Boy's" favorite toy, picks up the rabbit by one ear. "Here . . . take your old Bunny!" she cries, and throws him into the boy's bed. There love blooms. Rabbit and boy play games and whisper. When the boy sleeps, the rabbit "would snuggle down close under his little warm chin and dream, with the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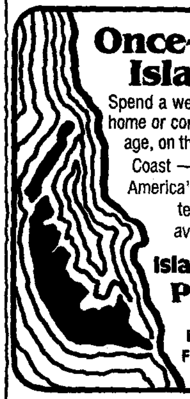

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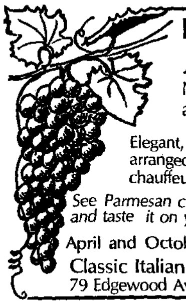

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Boy's hands clasped close round him all night long"—a description that might fit the union of lovers better than a child and a toy. I am beginning to see how this author's effects are effected. Soon, as the wise horse warned, love takes its toll: the little rabbit is "so happy he never noticed how his beautiful velveteen fur was getting shabbier and shabbier." Other lepressing details are given: his tail is coming unsewn and all the pink has rubbed off his nose where the boy has kissed him. Unaware of his deterioration, the rabbit remains in his fool's paradise until at last the boy, in a god- ike gesture, declares him "Real." The rabbit is ecstatic—he is "almost too happy to sleep," and "so much love stirred in his little sawdust heart that t almost burst." By now, my little non-sawdust heart is bursting with other feelings about the way this sly author manipulates her naïve readers. The boy takes the rabbit outdoors, where he meets flesh-and-blood rabbits, who challenge his reality. "Can you hop?" a furry rabbit asks, and auses our poor rabbit to realize that he lacks hind legs. He tries to hide his deformity, but the live rabbits mock him and run away, leaving him filled with sadness and shame. Suddenly, the oy is taken ill: "His little body was so ot it burned the Rabbit when he held im close." The rabbit endures the ain, never wavering in his love, as he reams of the boy getting well and of heir future happiness together. The uthor lays on prospective bliss like whipped cream, setting up her readers or the final tragedy. It comes when he boy's fever breaks. He has forgot- en the rabbit, and that night he sleeps with a new toy. A heartless doctor entences the rabbit to be burned, ecause he is covered with loathsome erms. Lying in the trash awaiting his nd, the rabbit reflects, "Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty nd become Real if it all ended like his?" And "A tear, a real tear, trick- d down his little shabby velvet nose nd fell to the ground." It was doubt- ss here that I sobbed so many years go. A page or two later, the author fers redemption as the rabbit's tear urns into a fairy, who transforms the y into a live rabbit, with hind legs. e hops off to join his own kind. I member that this ending failed to as- age my grief that the loving rabbit ad been so cruelly betrayed by the eartless boy.

Rereading this blatant tearjerker, I m not surprised that it once filled me

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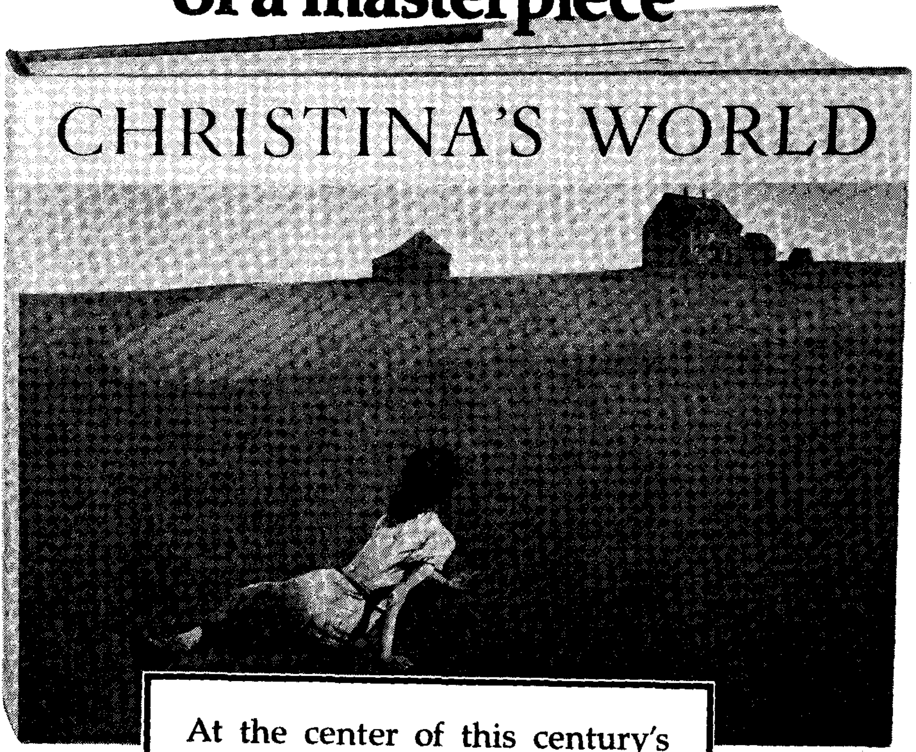

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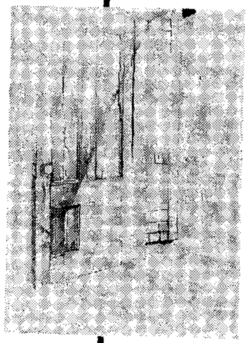

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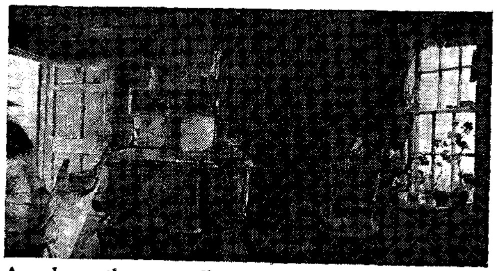

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with terrible feelings, too complicated to name. It is undeniable that the book has magic. It plucks at a child's deepest fears and longings. That is not necessarily wrong. The sin I can't forgive is its sad, sleazy message, as false as a three-dollar bill. The book gives no hint that there is any way to meet the tragedy of lost love and betrayal other than letting the heart break. I am a little angry that I was once subjected to this cruel book, and I hope that in my current reading I'll be able to spot any of the Velveteen Rabbit's descendants—rabbits of Orlon, Dacron, or other modern dress—and throw them out of the house.

After the shock of "The Velveteen Rabbit," I hardly dared open "Black Beauty," a book I also remember as sad. Beginning again, I find that the story is told by a horse and that the horse talks like a person. The device strikes me as funny at first, but, to my surprise, I soon accept it and am caught up in the theme of kindness versus cruelty. "Black Beauty" is a crusading social tract, an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for animals. There is violence in "Black Beauty," and there are harrowing scenes, but I doubt they are exaggerated, and they serve the legitimate purpose of demonstrating right and wrong. Though the book made me suffer, it may also have helped me clarify my feelings so that when I met cruelty in real life I knew how I felt about it. In this case, I am glad to find that my childish tears were shed for a valid cause.

Finally, I gathered the courage to revisit Oz, a land I once loved so much I would hate even now to have my memory of it destroyed. I picked up "The Wizard of Oz," which began L. Frank Baum's matchless series. Rereading it, I found that the landmarks were indeed familiar but mysteriously changed—a trick of the light perhaps. People and scenes that once were as real as the garden outside my window and the cat on the stone wall have become distant and a bit ghostly, as though seen through a mist. Never mind. The real Oz remains safe inside my head. Now I can notice what I didn't see before: Baum's marvellous power of *invention*; the skill in his tightly composed narrative; the provocative ideas, some quite subtle and sardonic; and his sly humor. I note that Dorothy always feels and behaves as I would want to in her shoes. When danger threatens, she feels a thrill of fear that never turns to panic. She is honest in her emotions,

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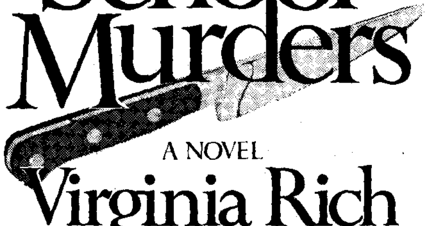

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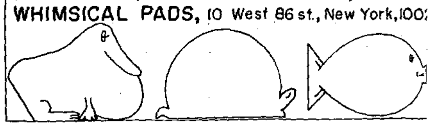

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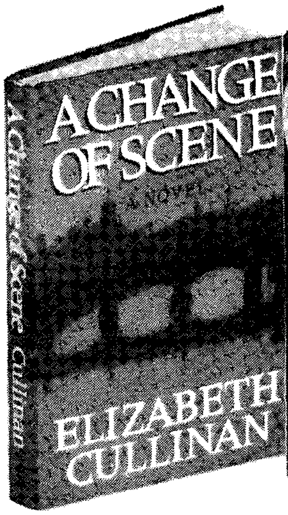
hedding no crocodile tears. She vastes no time regretting spilled milk nd is steadfast in pursuit of her goal —to return to Kansas. She is a little irl who is always in charge of herself, eeps her head, and never despairs.)orothy is kind. When the Wizard nstructs her to kill the Witch of the Vest, she weeps. "I never killed anyning willingly," she says, "and even I wanted to how could I kill the Vicked Witch?" In one sentence,)orothy has combined the moral and ne practical view, and in the Land of)z the two never conflict. In Oz, iolence is bloodless, without pain, and ıstified by self-defense. Dorothy and er friends meet each new problem ith naïve but staunch hearts, and alays surprise themselves, and the ader, by the cleverness of their soluon. When the Wicked Witch sends a orde of bees to attack them, the ader wonders how they can possibly fend themselves. The quick-thinkg Scarecrow surrenders his straw uffing to cover up Dorothy, her dog, nd the Lion. The bees are baffled and at the Tin Woodman instead; they eak off their stings on his metal, and at is the end of them. I still think at's a pretty neat bit of strategy, and like the idea that unarmed people can iumph over armed assailants simply using their wits. For every hostile counter, there is a warm and geners one. The simple folk of Oz offer ft beds and good meals. There is ndness and loyalty—something akin but not quite love—in the comradeip of Dorothy and her odd companns, implying that we need not be actly alike to be friends. Courtesy is ver forgotten, and it is startling to d how quaint politeness seems today. Dorothy leaves the Emerald City, thanks its Guardian: "I have been ry kindly treated in your lovely ty . . . I cannot tell you how grate- I am." "Don't try, my dear," the ardian replies. "We would like to ep you with us, but if it is your wish return to Kansas I hope you will d a way." How smoothly things go en people, especially public officials, ve good manners. The book also ntains lovely paradoxes, as when the mbug Wizard performs the real gic of giving each supplicant the ility he longs for and doesn't realize already possesses—brains for the recrow, a heart for the Tin Woodn, and courage for the Lion. rink," says the Wizard, offering Lion a potion. "What is it?" asks Lion. "Well," answers the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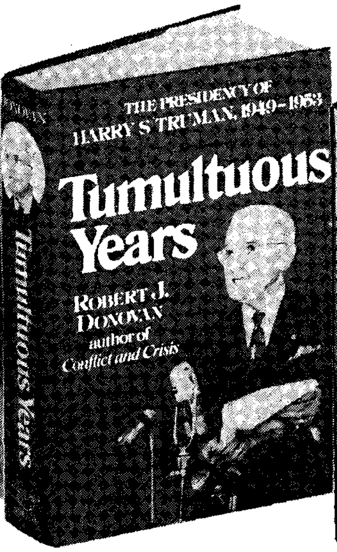
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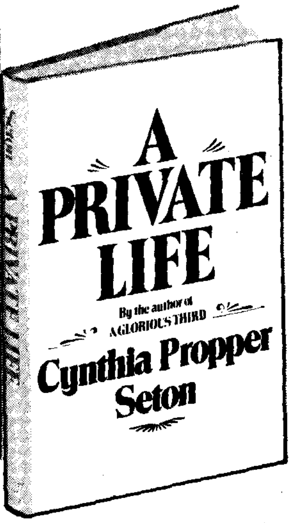
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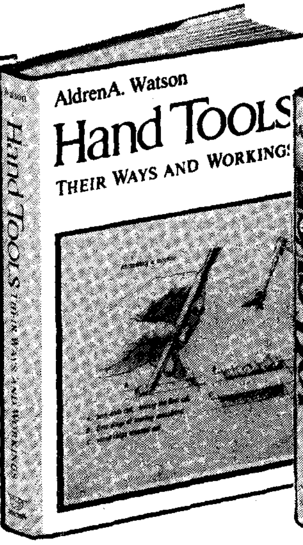
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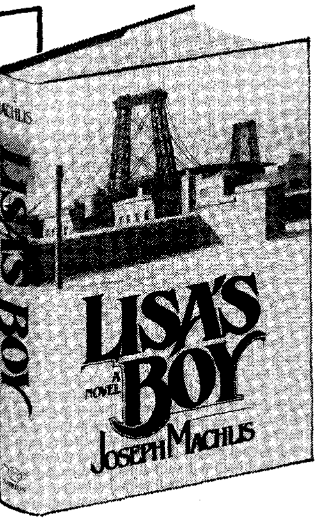
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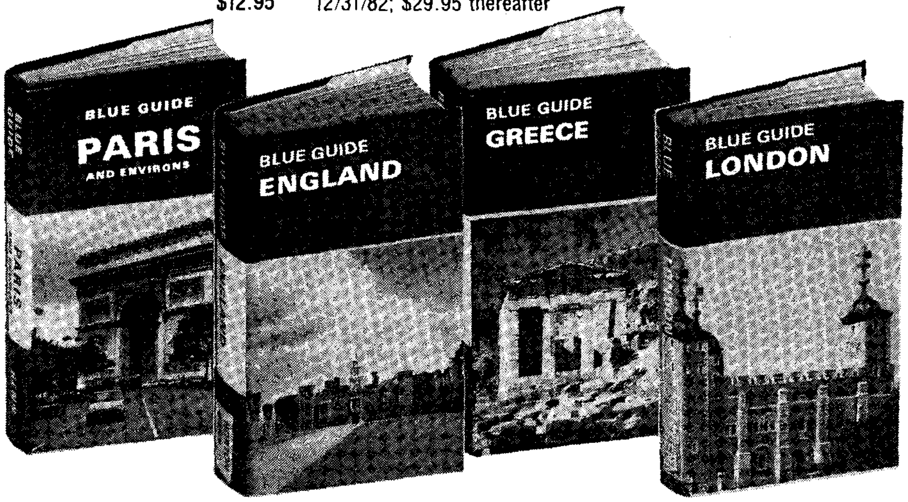
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Wizard, "if it were *inside you*, it would be courage. You know, of course, that courage is always inside one; so that this really cannot be called courage until you have swallowed it. Therefore I advise you to drink it as soon as possible." I still find this innocent sleight of hand delightful.

Rereading these three books, I can see why they once enthralled me. It was the shock of first encounter, as new ideas and powerful feelings materialized, like genies from smoke, into recognizable form for the very first time. "Black Beauty" deals with good and evil in the world, and is the simplest of the three. "The Velveteen Rabbit," though I dislike it, is a skillful book, touching on deeply emotional themes—love and loss, death and immortality, the transience of youth. "The Wizard of Oz" plays with reality and illusion, and makes logic spin before the reader's eyes like a wonderful toy.

Implicit in the Oz books is the thought that courage and reason have the power to subdue disorderly events. This is a heartening message for someone small, and is equally valuable to a book reviewer in my shoes, trying to pick from unsorted piles rising like ramparts in the living room, bedroom, and hall those books I would have liked as a child—books that might magically create new worlds inside someone's mind. After reading "The Wizard of Oz," I had the heart to make a new attempt. I stared at the wall of books until I could feel my brains crackling like the straw inside the Scarecrow's head, and asked myself, "What would Dorothy do?" Brave, practical Dorothy answered without hesitation. "Read," she said. "It's really very simple. Just read." I began to read. I read thin books, fat books, sad books, funny books, lousy books, and lots of good books. It was not quite as simple as Dorothy promised, but in due time the disorderly piles became neat stacks. The stacks became lists. The lists are offered here with Season's Greetings from Dorothy and the Wizard and all the folks in Oz.

THE first list is a selection of picture books, beginning with those for children as young as three or four, and continuing in roughly chronological order to books sophisticated enough for a child of eight or nine:

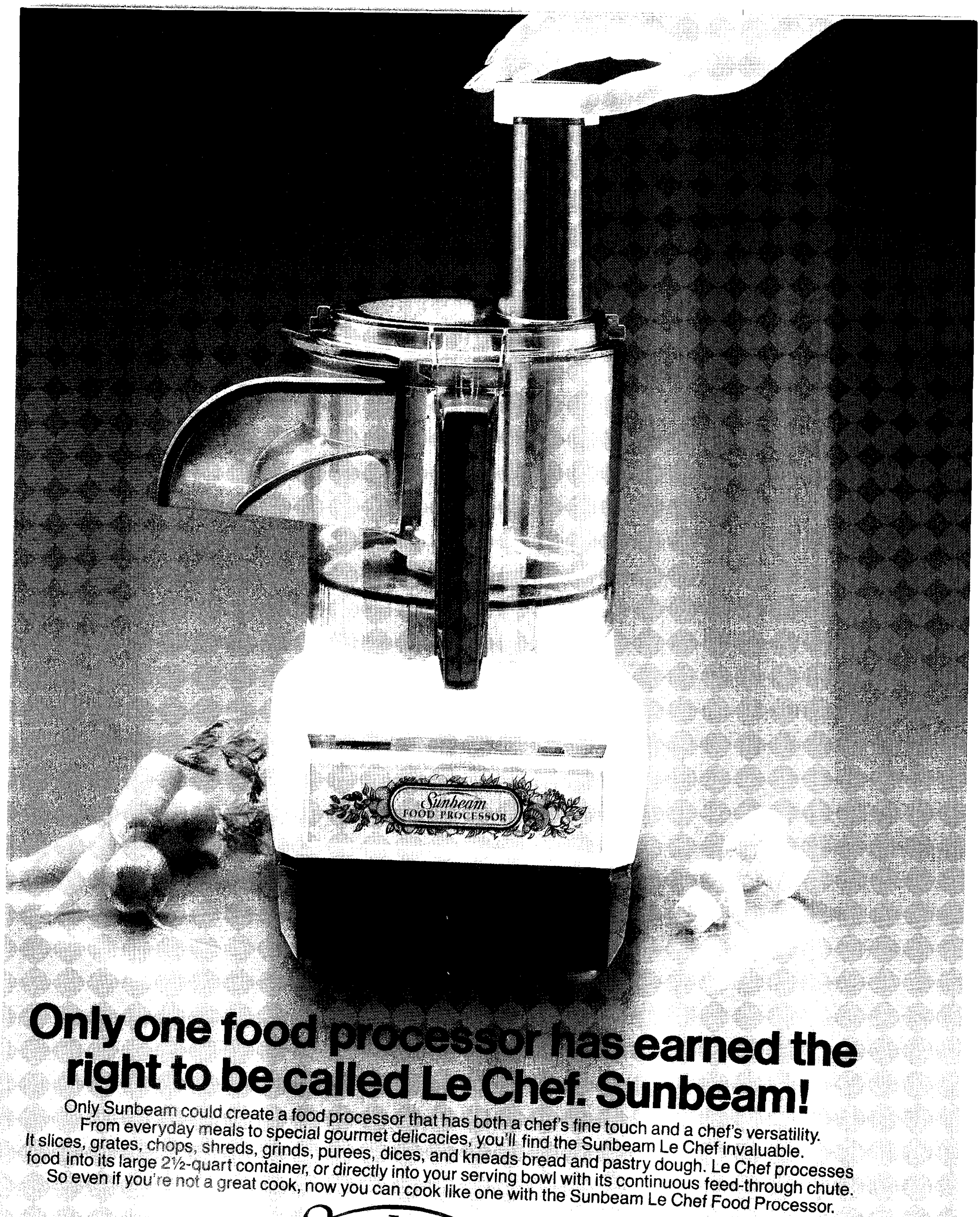
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MOON, by Frank Asch (Prentice-Hall; $9.95). This story about a bear who journeys *to a mountaintop* for a dialogue wit the moon unfolds in beautifully pictured scenes of starry nights. Artfull simple words lead to the fulfillment o his wish. It is a rare pleasure to fin such a satisfying book for a very youn child.

SMILE, ERNEST AND CELESTINE, b Gabrielle Vincent (Greenwillow $9.95). A picture book whose pencil and-watercolor drawings bring us th most charming Gallic visitors sinc Babar and Queen Celeste. Ernest a fatherly bear, Celestine a mous child wearing a smock and high-lace shoes. The word for her is "ador able." Ernest is someone any chil would *want to* hug. Celestine liv with Ernest and, in this episode, su fers an attack of jealousy when sh finds photographs of other mouse chi dren in Ernest's bureau drawer. Th illustrations are lovely—touchin alive with mood and feeling. Thr other stories about Ernest and Cele tine are in print.

THERE'S A TRAIN GOING BY M WINDOW, by Wendy Kesselman, i lustrated by Tony Chen (Doubleda $8.95). The view from the window a train as it travels through an eve changing dream landscape brings a li tle girl one exotic tableau after a other. She picnics with pandas amid bamboos, camps with camels beside t Nile, and tickles tigers at the T Mahal. The words are few and plea ant, the illustrations vivid and elegant

WE CAN'T SLEEP, by James Steve son (Greenwillow; $9.50). A bedti story for young insomniacs is made out of whole cloth by an imaginati grandfather, who describes a sleepl night when he went outdoors for so exercise, ran fifty miles up a mounta and went on to one stupendous adve ture after another. Mr. Stevenson's i imitable drawings show Grandfat riding a shark, tossing a walrus at attacking polar bear, extinguishing t flames of a dragon, and still not g ting a bit sleepy. Words and pictu are equally funny.

DOCTOR DE SOTO, by Willi Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giro $11.95). Dr. De Soto is a very g dentist and an indomitable one. Si he is a mouse, he must stand o ladder to treat large patients like p and wear rubbers when he works side the mouth of a cow. He usu avoids dangerous patients but rele in the case of a suffering fox. Suspe builds as the brave Doctor extracts fox's aching bicuspid. As usual, M Steig tells his story with a strai



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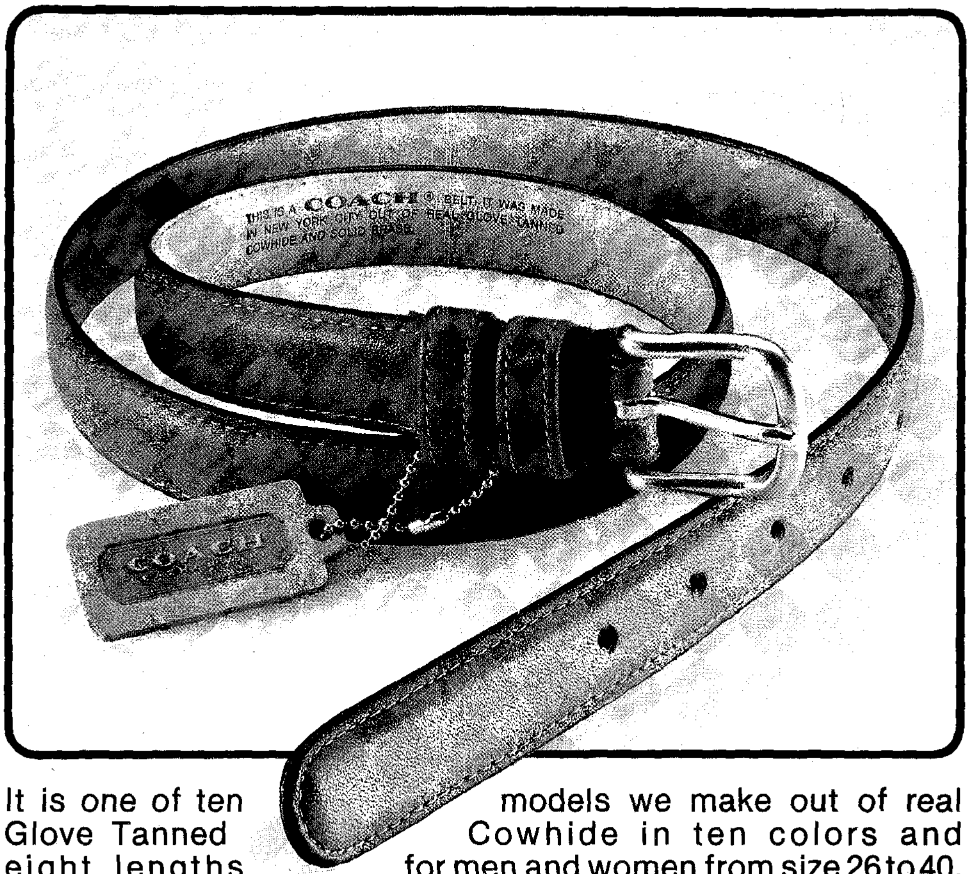
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ace, and lets the humor speak for tself. The brilliant dénouement leaves he good Doctor intact and the fox alking through clenched teeth.

HETTY AND HARRIET, by Graham Oakley (Atheneum; $11.95). Dissatsfied with her position in the pecking order, a hen named Harriet runs away from her home on a farm in the company of Hetty, the only hen lower than she on the social ladder. Seeking the perfect place to live, the runaways fluter and blunder from one narrow escape to another throughout an eventul story told in Mr. Oakley's detailed pictures and wry text.

THE PHILHARMONIC GETS DRESSED, by Karla Kuskin, illustrated by Marc Simont (Harper & Row; $10.50). One of the most inspired deas of the season is contained in a picture book that allows us to view ninety-two men and thirteen women aking baths or showers, drying, shavng, coiffing, getting into petticoats, horts, or long johns, and so on s each, in his or her own way, makes he careful preparations that precede heir coming together, from all corers of the city, onstage in Philarmonic Hall, where, as members f the Philharmonic Orchestra, they will perform. The graceful text is easy read, and Mr. Simont's endearing nd intimate pictures convey the marel of a hundred and five people of reat variety blending into one harmoious unit in order to play music beaufully.

THE BABY UGGS ARE HATCHING, y Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by James tevenson (Greenwillow; $9.50). oems in praise of a dozen nasty nonxistent creatures, ranging from Uggs ugly little green things that come ut of ugly eggs), through Sneepies which sleep in heaps) and lightngered Snatchits, to the dreary Dreeze, a sleazy, formless creature hat "only wants to squeeze you with s dreezy little arm." All the horrid ualities of this gallery of rogues are uggested in Mr. Stevenson's imaginavely ugly portraits.

MOON SONG, by Byrd Baylor, illusated by Ronald Himler (Scribners; 9.95). An Indian legend tells how e first coyote was born of the moon, ho left him alone in the desert, here he and his kind have become dept at fending for themselves but ill call for their lost mother. This ory has been worked by Mr. Baylor to a compelling poem. Mr. Himr's black-and-white illustrations are led with the romance of moonlit

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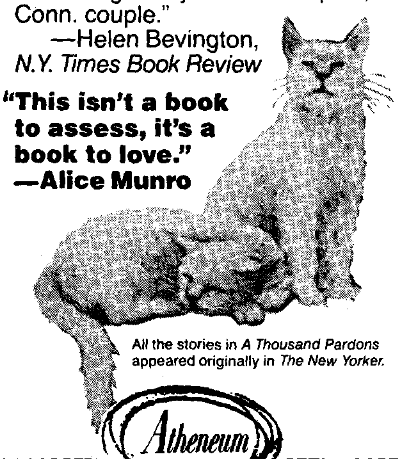

All the stories in *A Thousand Pardons* appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

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—Claudia Roden, author of *A Book of Middle Eastern Food*

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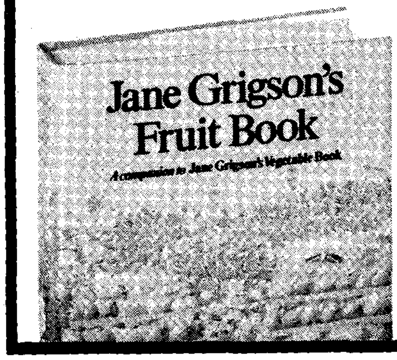
Jane Grigson's Fruit Book
A companion to Jane Grigson's Vegetable Book

desert scenes. A brief book, and a lovely one.

Paddy Goes Traveling, by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; $6.95). Another of Mr. Goodall's delightful stories that need no words begins when Paddy, a pig, takes the boat train for the Riviera. From there, mischance transports him, dressed in his bathing suit, to the Swiss Alps, where his adventures continue. The scene is Edwardian. The cast includes mice, rabbits, cats, and many other animals, dressed in appropriate costumes. As always, Mr. Goodall paints each detail and gesture with loving amusement and exquisite skill.

Sir Hamm and the Golden Sundial, by Sal Murdocca (Delacorte; $11.95). This is essentially a comic strip glorified by book covers, but without doubt kids who have a taste for cynical jest will be amused by the adventures of Sir Hamm, a pig in Lancelot's clothing, blundering his way through a knightly quest. The dialogue heartlessly demolishes the romance of chivalry and reduces the Round Table to splinters.

The Giant Fish and Other Stories, by Svend Otto S. (Larousse; $10.95). Masterly watercolors illustrate three adventure stories set in the Far North. In Greenland, two Eskimo children lose their way amidst icebergs lit by the midnight sun. A blizzard overtakes an Icelandic boy riding his pony over green meadows. In the Faroe Islands, two boys fishing in glassy green waters hook an amazing monster. Nature, immediate and urgent, is the theme that unifies the stories. The illustrations bring us a thrilling sense of seeing these dramatic regions with our own eyes.

Here are four books for beginning readers which are equally good for reading aloud:

Oliver, Clarence & Violet, by James Stevenson (Greenwillow; $9.50). A beaver, a turtle, and a turkey are the above-named characters in this lifelike drama. A frog, a fish, and some bats also play important parts. Living at close quarters in a swamp, they experience a peculiarly human problem: sometimes they need each other in order to have fun, and sometimes there are things about each other they simply can't stand. Not being human, they express their feelings frankly, and the dialogue is terrific. So is the plot, which concerns the beaver's effort to build a boat and leave his troublesome friends behind. As always,

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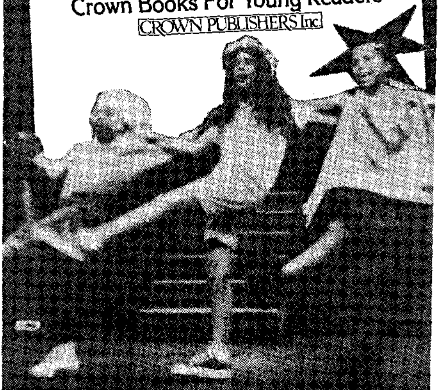

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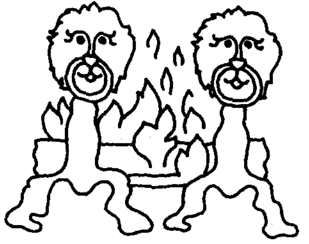

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Mr. Stevenson's comedy is fresh and ffortless.

SECRETS OF THE GNOMES, by Rien 'oortvliet and Wil Huygen (Abrams; ;19.95). The collaborators who decribed gnomes in a best-selling book ve years ago have revisited them and ow present a definitive work—two undred pages of notes, drawings, and ascinating narrative. This time, the uthors become gnomes themselves. 'heir adventures are shown in beautiul full-color illustrations. Interesting acts about actual life in the North lend seamlessly into beguiling fanasy.

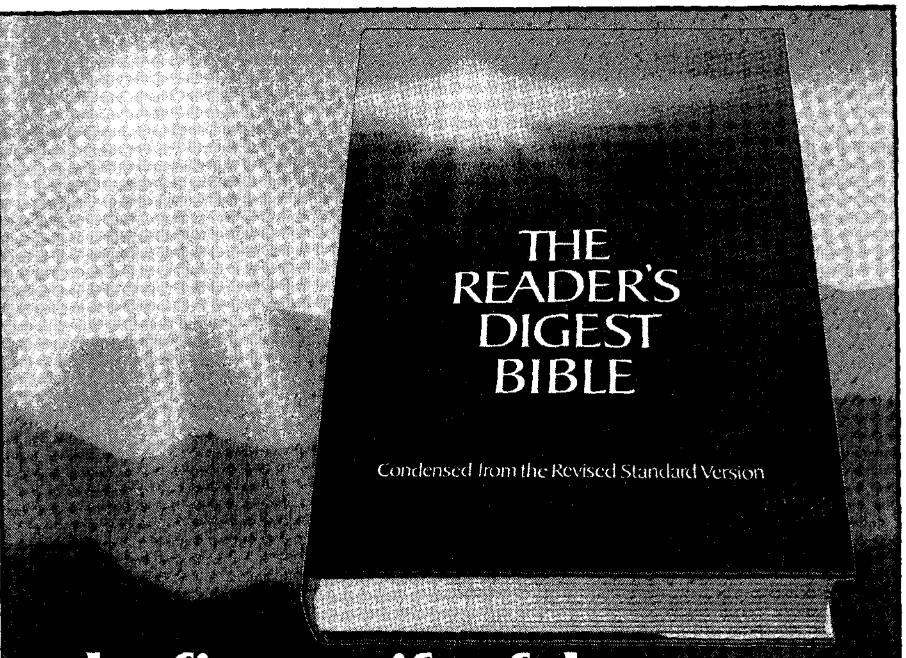
FAIRY TALES, by Terry Jones, ilustrated by Michael Foreman Schocken; $14.95). The familiar omponents of classic fairy tales—oblins, witches, little girls, prinesses, toads, and all the rest—have een reassembled in new stories with nazing success. Mr. Jones, an Enlish actor and director associated with ie "Monty Python" series, has inented thirty fantasies that are funny, itty, graceful, and full of surprises. A iper-wonderful fairy-tale book.

THE GREEN BOOK, by Jill Paton Valsh, illustrated by Lloyd Bloom Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95). 'he green book is a diary that begins hen a child, Pattie, and her family in a band of other refugees who dly but bravely leave the dying earth, avelling by spaceship to settle on a nall, unexplored planet orbiting anher sun—a journey that is made to em totally credible. A colony is unded, but, like the Pilgrims of ymouth, the pioneers must await eir first precarious harvest before rvival is assured. An enthralling ory, flawlessly told.

HERE are half a dozen nonfiction books that are suited to children ho read well and might be interested these particular subjects:

AUDUBON SOCIETY BEGINNER UIDES, by George S. Fichter (Ranm House; $2.95 each). Four paperck guides—jeans-pocket size—give sic information on birds, wild wers, reptiles and amphibians, and cks and minerals. A reader intimited by the dryness of most such field ides will find here what he needs to come an instant expert on any of ese subjects. Excellent stuff for the ht Christmas stocking.

THE CAT'S ELBOW AND OTHER CRET LANGUAGES, collected by Al- Schwartz, illustrated by Margot mach (Farrar, Straus & Giroux;



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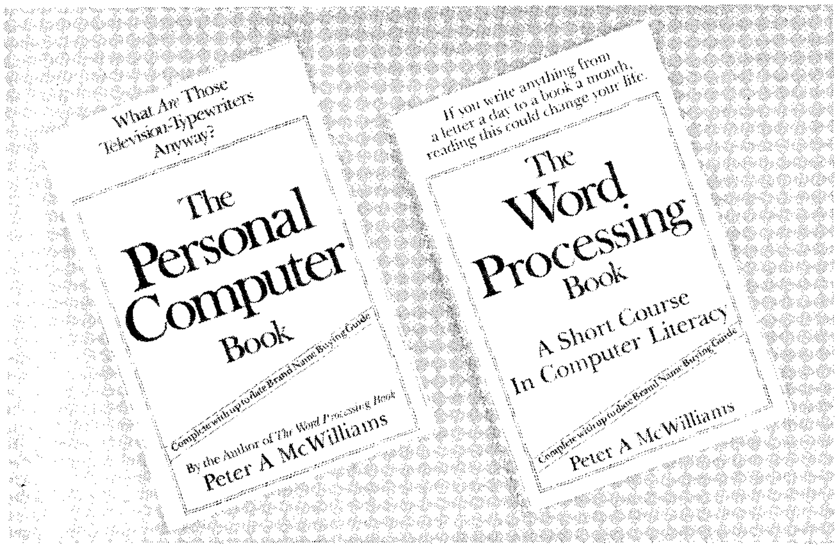

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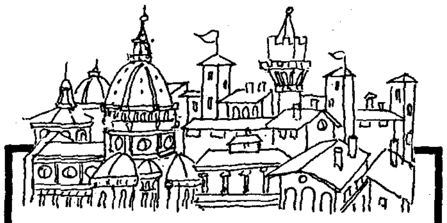

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$9.95). "Cat's elbow," in German, means "funny bone," and it is also the name of a secret language in which the word "cat" is disguised as "cocatot." In Sa-La, a Chinese secret language, "cat" becomes "catlatsat." Ziph, a language used by eighteenth-century English children, transforms "cat" to "cagat," and in Iggity, an American variation, it comes out "catiggity." With the help of Mr. Schwartz's easy lessons, which are pleasantly leavened with drawings, rhymes, and riddles, anyone can become fluent in thirteen languages and drive his parents crazy.

LIVING FOSSILS, by Howard E. Smith, Jr., illustrated by Jennifer Dewey (Dodd, Mead; $8.95). Darwin coined the term "living fossil" to describe the oldest woody tree on earth—the ginkgo, which has survived unchanged for millions of years. This irresistible book explains the ginkgo's survival and gives us thumbnail sketches of ten other plants and animals of incredible antiquity—such as the tuatara, which is a reptile with a vestigial third eye, and the cockroach, which, of all creatures, was the first to fly.

DISCOVERING LIFE ON EARTH, by David Attenborough (Little, Brown; $19.95). The myriad manifestations of life and the reasons that such variety arose are the theme of this summary of creation. Three and a half billion years of evolution are set forth in a clearly written, thoughtful text; more than five hundred color photographs show representatives of all the animal kingdoms. This is a condensation of a larger book based on a distinguished television series.

THE CHILDREN'S SOLAR ENERGY BOOK EVEN GROWN-UPS CAN UNDERSTAND, by Tilly Spetgang and Malcolm Wells (Sterling; $6.95). A book that must be seen to be believed, this remarkable bit of invention achieves the near-impossible feat of being funny while discussing solar power. Its gimmick is a classroom full of skeptical and irreverent kids, drawn cartoon-style, whose byplay, heckling, and sharp questions almost but never quite overwhelm a valiant teacher. No matter how tepid its readers may be about the sun, this book will warm them with its wit and exuberance while painlessly imparting valuable knowledge.

DRAWING FROM NATURE, by Jim Arnosky (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $10.50). Here are lessons in how to look with a fresh eye at familiar things

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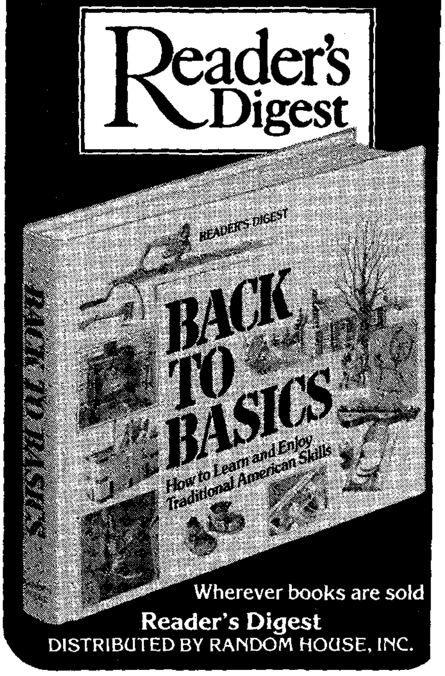

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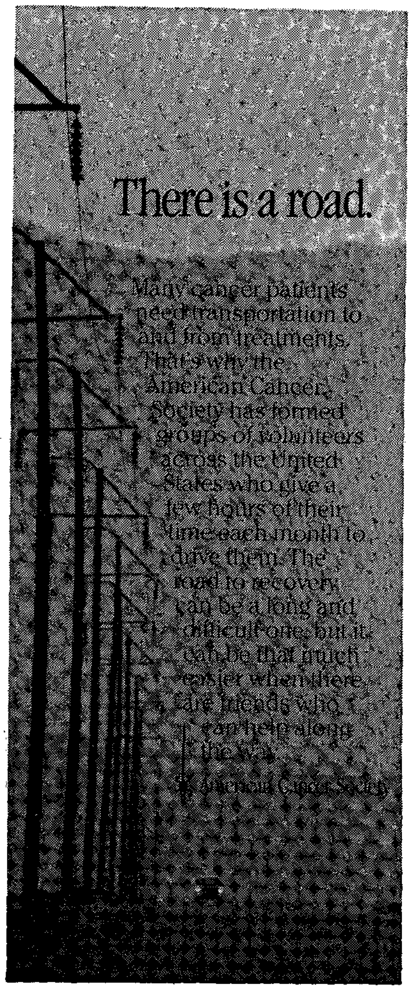
—leaves, trees, a drop of water, a swimming frog—and, by understanding their dynamics, render them on paper. The artist's simple, elegant drawings and instructions make this far different from the ordinary "how-to" book. He invites us to look at both art and nature in an unusual way, so that looking is more fun and drawing seems within anyone's reach.

THE following works of fiction can be recommended to any child who likes to read but are meant especially for readers of ten or eleven through the early teens:

SUMMER SWITCH, by Mary Rodgers (Harper & Row; $9.50). If you can suppose you are a twelve-year-old boy on your way to a god-awful summer camp, envying your lucky Dad and wishing you were in his shoes, and that Dad, on his way to Hollywood, simultaneously wishes he were in your shoes, and that—presto!—each gets his wish, you will catch the drift of this very amusing book loaded with one-liners. The comedy of switched identities has been surefire since Shakespeare, and this version, which flatters its readers with an aura of sophistication, will delight all twelve-year-olds, and even some Dads.

ASK ME NO QUESTIONS, by Ann Schlee (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $14.50). Beyond the grim mystery of what is happening within the walls of a "school" for poor children lies the grimmer question of why neighbors do not care to investigate the plight of the waifs and orphans housed there. Set in mid-Victorian England, this Dickensian novel, based on an actual case of cruelty to charity children, tells how two well-to-do youngsters discover misery their elders prefer to ignore, and do their small best to remedy it. Miss Schlee has made a fascinating story of a sombre subject by means of sensitive, imaginative writing filled with genuine feeling.

UPON THE HEAD OF THE GOAT—A CHILDHOOD IN HUNGARY, 1939-44, by Aranka Siegal (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95). The child in this gripping memoir is nine when she hears gunfire for the first time. What follows is a simple and beautiful account of the life of a Jewish family as, step by step, war and anti-Semitism creep closer to the Hungarian town in which they live, finally engulfing them. The story ends as the girl, now fourteen, and her family are herded aboard a train for a destination unknown to them—Auschwitz. Written



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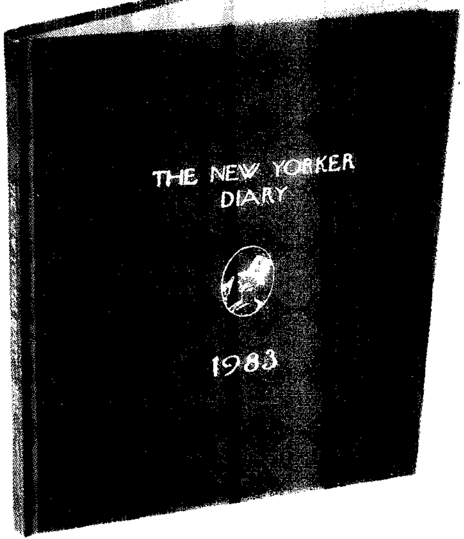

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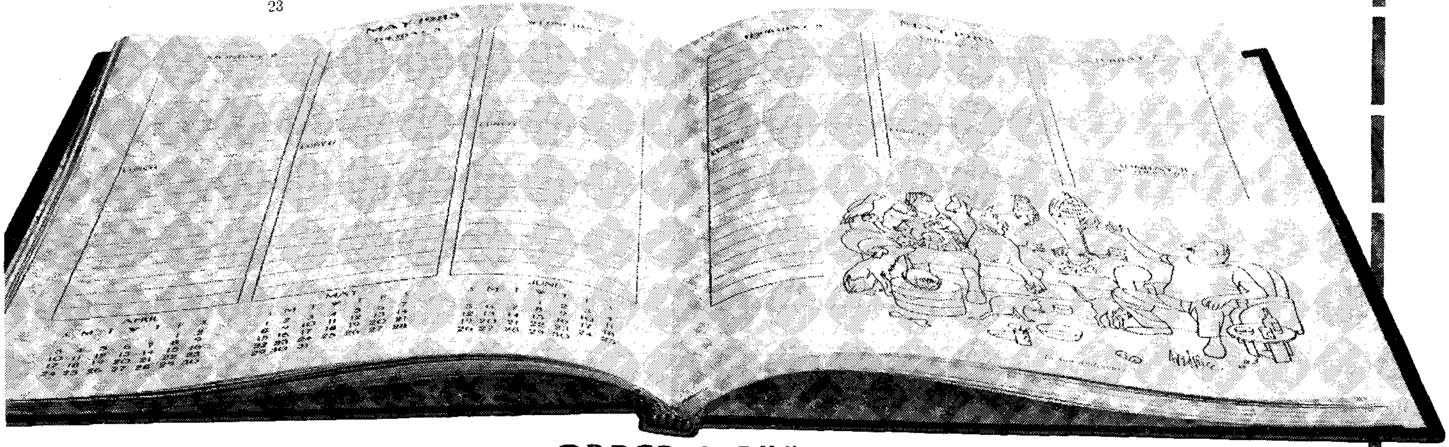

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with love and dignity, the book can convey to young readers a sense of the Holocaust while stopping short of the ultimate horrors.

PLAYING BEATIE BOW, by Ruth Park (Atheneum; $9.95). The name of Beatie Bow, a child who lived a hundred years ago, is still remembered in a scary game that children play. Suddenly Beatie herself appears, and Abigail, our fourteen-year-old heroine, follows her down a dark alley to find herself living in Beatie's time. A powerful story that makes the life of another era uncannily real.

GOOD NIGHT, MR. TOM, by Michelle Magorian (Harper & Row; $11.50). Willie, a London slum child who is sent to a country village to escape the bombs during the Second World War, is taken in by a gruff, lonely man whom he calls Mr. Tom. Slowly, the frightened boy learns to trust him. Then, after it has dawned on the man how abused and deprived Willie has been, the boy is ordered back to London and the terrors of his former life. Will Mr. Tom rescue him in time? This is an engrossing and poignant story, with much sunlight to balance the darkness.

HOMESICK, MY OWN STORY, by Jean Fritz, illustrated by Margot Tomes (Putnam; $9.95). It is a rare writer who can recapture the intense feelings and bittersweet flavor of childhood as honestly and convincingly as Jean Fritz has done in this story of her early years, when she and her American parents were living in China. Her narrative is vivid, moving quickly from event to event, but it is her portrait of the inner life of a lively, loving, immensely likable little girl that makes this a wonderful book.

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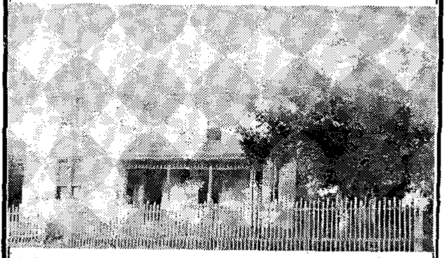

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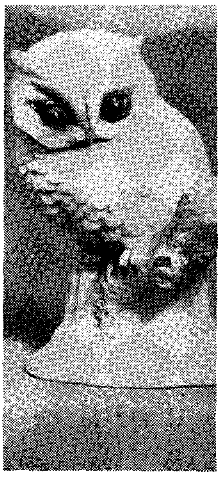

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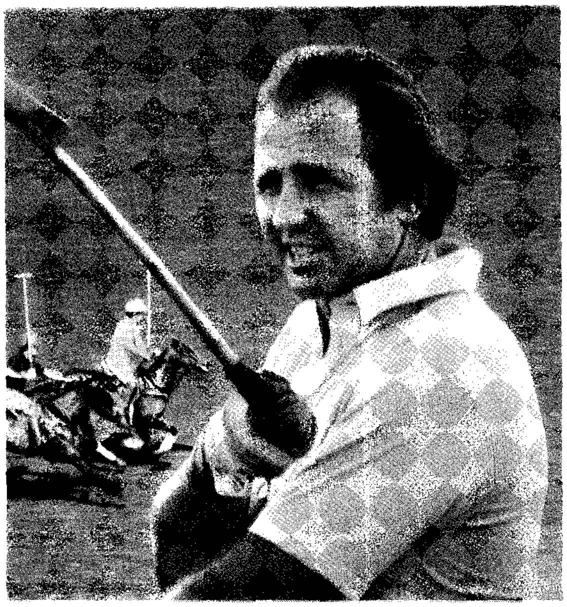

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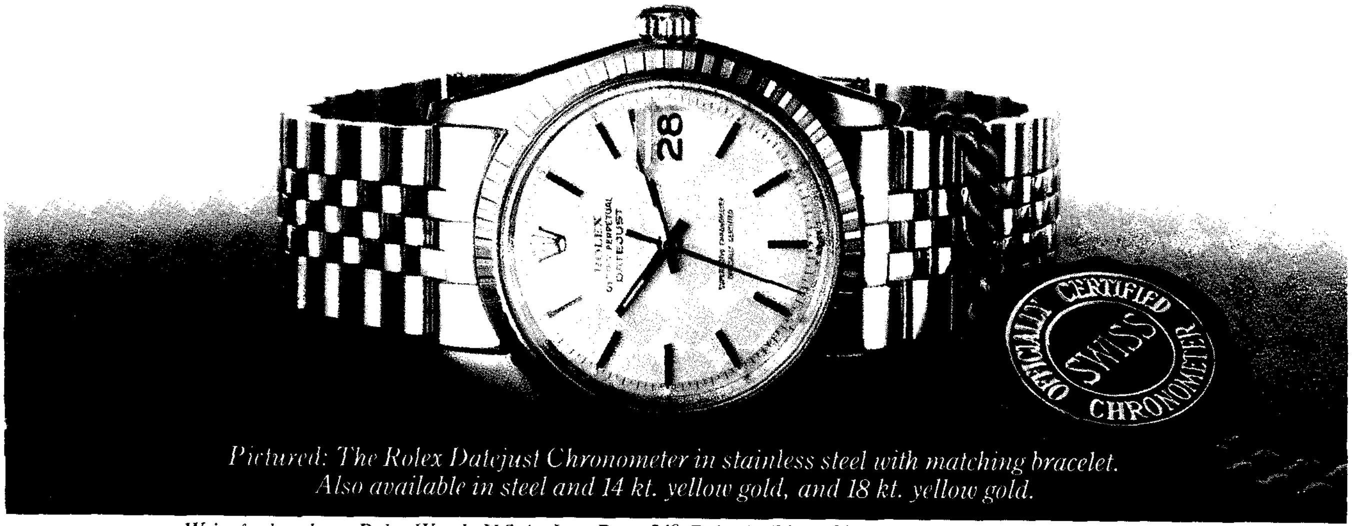

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